

COUNTRYMAN

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2646

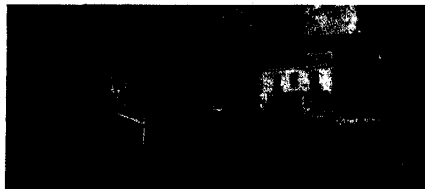
OCTOBER 3, 1947

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By direction of Commander W. B. Pirie, R.N.

SOUTH DEVON COAST

1½ miles frontage to the Salcombe Estuary providing first-rate yachting facilities
The valuable Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property



HALWELL HOUSE, SOUTHPOL, NEAR KINGSBRIDGE

The moderate-sized house, which occupies a delightful and sheltered situation approached by a drive, is well equipped and in good order. Three reception rooms, 7 best bed and dressing rooms, servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Modern domestic offices with "Aga." Main electricity. Ample water supply. Septic tank drainage. Modern system of heating. Stabling and garage premises. Attractive gardens.

Two sets of farm buildings. Five cottages and balliff's flat. The land comprises fertile grass and arable, in all ABOUT 280 ACRES, at present carrying an attested herd of Guernseys.

For Sale by Auction at an early date (unless sold privately).

Auctioneers: Messrs. CURTIS & WATSON, 12, Market Place, Alton, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS

5 miles from Horsham, 1½ miles from the station. Bus service passes drive.

VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY (suitable for the use as a Racing Establishment)

Fine old Manor House built of mellow brick with lovely Horsham stone roof, dates in part from the 15th and 18th centuries and occupies a retired situation approached by a long drive.

Four reception rooms, boudoir, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, domestic offices with "Aga" cooker. Main electricity and water. Modern drainage. Central heating.

Delightfully laid out garden. Three modern cottages.

Entrance lodge, garage and stabling.

Exceptionally fine model buildings (Attested T.F. Licence)

the main block (nearing completion) built at considerable cost. Main water to buildings and many fields. Fertile grass and arable and woodland.

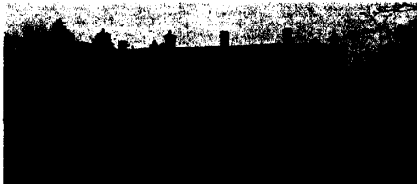
ABOUT 152 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, privately or by Auction later.

Vacant Possession by arrangement.

An offer for the manor house, entrance lodge, garage and stabling with 10 acres considered.

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (43,847)



CAMBERLEY

Golf course ¼ mile, station 1 mile. London 29 miles.

Occupying a well-chosen position about 300 feet up on sand and gravel soil facing south.

A TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE IN GOOD ORDER THROUGHOUT. Built of brick with tiled roof and approached by a drive. Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Excellent domestic offices, including kitchen with "Aga" cooker. Company's electric light and water. Central heating. Telephone. Main drainage.

Stabling, garage for 6-8 cars. Two cottages each with 6 rooms.

The gardens are well laid out and inexpensive to maintain, and are surrounded on three sides by woods. Hard and grass tennis courts. Dutch, Tudor and flower gardens.

ABOUT 7½ ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD or Let Unfurnished.

Agents: Messrs. CHANCELLOR & SON, 28, High Street, Camberley, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (42,007)



27 MILES NORTH OF LONDON

A DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE

Adjoining a village and close to bus route.

Built of brick with tiled roof and in good order throughout. Secluded position facing south and approached by long drive.

Four reception rooms, 9 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, day and night nurseries, 4 bathrooms.

Central heating throughout. Main water and electricity.

Ample garages. Four good brick and tiled cottages.

Charming gardens and grounds nicely timbered and well maintained. Fine old walled kitchen garden. Grass and arable land.

ABOUT 27 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

With Vacant Possession.

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (39,118)





JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 5318/7

CIRENCESTER, NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL, CHICHESTER, CHESTER, NEWMARKET AND DUBLIN

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. NEAR CHEFSTOW THE MODERNISED 17th-CENTURY RESIDENCE in a woodland setting. WYE COTTAGE, TIDENHAM

Seven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms (one 80 ft. long). Main electric light and power. Main water. Beautifully wooded grounds. Lot 2: A very fine building. Site overlooking the famous horse-shoe bend of the River Wye.

Total extent about 9 ACRES

Auction October 17, 1947, at the Banquet Hotel, Cheltenham, at 2 p.m.
Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/5) and LEWIS TRUBMAN, Esq., F.A.I.R.A., 26, Moore Street, Cheltenham (Tel. 388).

RADNORSHIRE—ON THE HEREFORDSHIRE BORDERS Prestige 4½ miles, Hereford 26 miles, Kingston 6 miles (G.W.R.), Knighton 6 miles (L.M.S.).

ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD, RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING PROPERTY KNOWN AS

NEWCASTLE COURT ESTATE and comprising

a truly delightful GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Well modernised and equipped and containing 11 bedrooms (8 fitted basins), 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, sun parlour, cloakroom, offices with Aga cooker. Own electric light and water supply. Central heating. Cottage and lodge.

HODDILL FARM, 86 ACRES. EDNOL FARM, 249 ACRES. CHADDEY 108 ACRES. NEWHOUSE FARM, 108 ACRES. HOME FARM, 84 ACRES. YOKLEY FARM, 86 ACRES. NORTHGATE, 10 ACRES. KINNIBTON COMMON, 8 ACRES.

In all about 1,000 Acres, including the Valuable Woodlands, extending to some 82 Acres and affording some of the finest shooting in the county. Good hunting available with two packs.

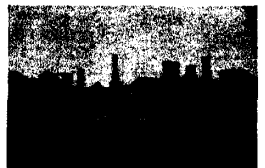
For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) as a whole or in Lots, at the Law Society's Auction Rooms, Hereford, on Wednesday, October 15, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. precisely. Sale particulars, price 2/6, from the Solicitors: Messrs. PINNEY & CO., 6, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham (Tel. 2-5231) and JACKSON-STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 234/5).

AUCTION FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

A part of the Historic, Residential and Agricultural

DUNWICH ESTATE, SUFFOLK COAST

Twelve 30 miles. Norwich 26 miles. London 96 miles. One of the prettiest coast villages.



Accommodation and development lands. VALUABLE FREEHOLD WOODLANDS. Particulars (price 2/6), JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Newmarket (Tel. 2235).

Gravenor 3151
(3 lines)

SURREY HILLS

Only 25 mins. by rail from London. Under 20 mins. by road. Over 600 feet above sea level with excellent views.

A MARVELOUSLY FITTED SMALL MODERN RESIDENCE



Six bedrooms, sun room (on high bedroom), bathroom, hall and 3 reception rooms.

Main services of electricity, water and gas. Garage and room; outbuildings.

Lovely terraced grounds

PRICE £9,500, WITH ABOUT 2½ ACRES

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 46, CURZON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

By direction of Dr. W. R. Hartley.

WORLD RENOWNED OLD COTSWOLD COTTAGE "RODWAYS," AVENING, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Nailsworth ½ mile (L.M.S. and G.W.R.). Stroud ½ mile. Tetbury 1½ miles. Cirencester 1½ miles. Good bus service.

Comprising dining hall, lounge, modernised offices, 4 or 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity and power. Partial heating. Own water with electric pump, septic tank drainage. Garage for large car. Well maintained and attractive hillside gardens and small paddock. In all about 1 ACRE (more or less).

For Sale by Auction (unless privately sold) on Wednesday, October 29, 1947, at 2.30 p.m., at the Church Institute, Stroud.

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS, Old Council Chambers, Cirencester (Tel. 234/5). Solicitors: Messrs. POTTER & GRIFFITH, 77, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

By direction of Lt.-Col. H. O. Wray, M.C.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Market Harborough 4 miles. Leicester 12 miles.

With Vacant Possession of the major part.

The well-known Freehold Agricultural Property

SHANGHAI HALL FARM, KIBWORTH

comprising a convenient position with a gentleman's farmhouse of character. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Attractive garden. Extensive farm buildings. Three cottages. Bungalow. The land, of farming quality, is considered to be some of the best in the county. It lies compactly together and extends to

256 ACRES

Which will be offered by Auction, in two lots (unless previously sold privately), at the Assembly Rooms, Market Harborough, on Tuesday, October 14, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. (subject to the Conditions of Sale to be then produced and read).

Particulars of the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Northampton (Tel. 218/8); Messrs. SHAKESPEAR, NOTKING & GRAHAM, 17, Wellington St., Leicester (Tel. 22785).

SOMERSET

Wells 5 miles. Bath and Bristol within 15 miles.

Two typical Georgian Residences.

EDEN GROVE AND THE HOLMES, LEQ SQUARE, SHEPTON MALLET

Overlooking the quiet small 18th-century square, accommodation comprises:—

Eden Grove. Hall, 3 rec., 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 baths, 10 closets. Walled garden about ½ acre Freehold.

The Holmes. Hall, 3 rec., 6 bed and dressing rooms (4 with basins), 2 baths, modern domestic offices. Garages, outbuildings. Walled garden about ½ acre Freehold.

Both Residences with main services and total central heating.

VACANT POSSESSION.

For Sale by Auction in separate lots (unless sold privately) on the premises at Eden Grove on Friday, October 24, 1947, at 2 p.m.

Particulars, price 6d. from the Auctioneers.

Solicitors: Messrs. WOOLLEY, TYLER & BURY, 5 and 6, Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2. Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Hereford (Tel. 1088); Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 26, Hanover Square, London, W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 2771).

WINKWORTH & CO.

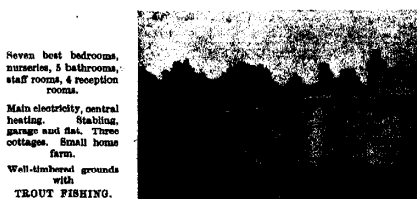
46, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

Recently renovated by present owner.

WEST BERKS

In a most favoured residential area, 400 ft. above sea level with pleasant views. Reached by two drives.

A MEDIUM-SIZED GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE



Seven best bedrooms, nurseries, 5 bathrooms, staff rooms, 3 reception rooms.

Main electricity, central heating. Stabling, garage and flat. Three cottages. Small home farm.

Well-timbered grounds with
TROUT FISHING.

PRICE £17,500, WITH NEARLY 30 ACRES

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 46, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

SUSSEX. 30 MILES FROM LONDON

On the outskirts of a market town within 1 mile of the station.
500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL WITH GOOD VIEWS
An attractive well-built modern House



Three reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Central heating throughout. Conservatory, electric light, gas. Main water. Main drainage. Telephone. Garage for 3 cars with flat (vacant possession). Entrance (vacant possession).

Attractive gardens and grounds including small formal garden, kitchen garden and orchard.

ABOUT 3 ACRES FOR SALE FRESHOLD
Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (41,48)

WALES

CARMARTHEN AND CARDIGAN BORDERS

An attractive stone-built House in good order having beautiful views.



Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 3 attic rooms, bathroom. Complete domestic office. Central heating. Electric light. Good water supply. Telephone. Garages.

Stabling. Four-roomed cottage. Tennis court.

Good sporting facilities, including first-class salmon and sea-trout fishing in river.

ABOUT 4 ACRES FOR SALE FRESHOLD

Excellent mixed Home Farm of 140 acres with farmhouse and cottage also available

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (48,558)

Merch 27/1
(20 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

ABOUT 4 ACRES FOR SALE FRESHOLD
Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (48,509)

Telephone:
Galliard, Wexley, London.

Reading 4441
Regent 0828/3377

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

1, STATION ROAD, READING: 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

Under a long reserve—to close an estate, being the unsold portion of an important estate.

BERKSHIRE

Between Wargrave and Henley. 85 miles from London.

Sale of "TEMPLE COMBE"

A well-known country seat in rural country.
Grand views.

Approached by a long winding carriage drive with lodge entrance, it has halls, 4 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.

SPLENDID STABLING. FARMERY.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.



Auctioneers: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading, and 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

A very fine walled kitchen garden with glass.
GROUNDS OF GREAT NATURAL BEAUTY
WOODLANDS AND MEADOWS.

IN ALL 40 ACRES

For Sale privately or by Auction,
October 16, 1947, in Reading.

Full particulars of the Solditions: Messrs. TYNBRO, SAINSBIE & WISE, 61, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2, and of the

44 ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

Regent 0911 (2 lines)
Regent 2888

SUSSEX

AN IDEAL SMALL COUNTRY HOME FOR A CITY GENTLEMAN
The residence dates from the 17th century. It was added to in 1903 and subsequently all modern conveniences were installed. The whole property is in first-class order and the garden are exceedingly beautiful. Away from all main roads.



Accommodation: 8 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, spinet office with maid's sitting room, kitchen with "Aga" cooker. Main water. Main electricity and power. Telephone. Septic tank drainage. Fine old oak barn (40 ft. x 15 ft.).

Part used as garage. Stabling of 4 stalls. Total area about 7 ACRES including a 5-acre meadow. Hard tennis court, kitchen garden, lawns. The grounds are magnificently timbered and full of interest. Many thousands of spring bulbs.

Valued Possession March, 1946.

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK, as above. (L.R.21,048)

FINE RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING

ESTATE
About 50 miles from London.
MANOR (with Vacant Possession)
Several farms, woodland and numerous cottages.

Total area about 5,000 ACRES
For Sale Freshold as a whole or the Manors will be sold with any convenient area down to about 50 ACRES

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1 (Tel.: Regent 0911).

WEST SUSSEX

OUTSTANDINGLY BEAUTIFUL OLD TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSE
with high ceiling, large lounge, main room, 8 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light. Main water.

Gardens of great charm, in all 4 ACRES. FINEST STRAIGHT FRESHOLD
Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.21,771)

CHILTERN HILLS

Reading 6 miles

A MOST ATTRACTIVE BLACK AND WHITE TUDOR HOUSE
In a lovely position. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garage for 8 cars. Fine garden and paddock.

IN ALL 4 ACRES. PRICE STRAIGHT FRESHOLD
Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.21,878)



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8888 (10 lines)

Telegrams: "Belantid, Picoy, London"



To Institutions, Hoteliers and others

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Closes to Berk, Middlesex and Surrey borders. Only 10 miles Hyde Park.

"WRAYSBURY HOUSE," WRAYSBURY



Conspicuously property providing delightful old-world Residence, part Tudor, Hall, 5 reception and a billiards room, 7-10 bed, dressing room, lavatory and bathrooms and domestic offices, also a Tudor Lodge and modern detached Villa. Gardens, grounds, kitchen garden, orchard and meadowland.

ABOUT 18½ ACRES with deep gravel soil. Co.'s c.i. and water. VACANT POSSESSION except modern building.

For Sale by Auction on October 22 next (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. BLAKENEY & MARSDEN POPPLE, 22a, Grove Vale, East Dulwich, S.E.15. Particulars from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

SURREY HILLS

MAGNIFICENTLY POSITIONED FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

"OLD QUARRY HALL," BLETCHINGLEY



Well-planned Elizabethan-style Residence 600 ft. up with wonderful views. Three reception, magnificent banqueting hall, billiards room, 18 bed and dressing, and 5 bath. Lodge. Two cottages. Garage, stabling, and flat.

Delightful gardens and grounds, hard and four grass tennis courts and tennis pavilion.

Woodlands and paddock extending in all to over 21 ACRES.

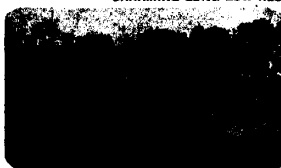
For Sale privately or by Auction October 18 next.

Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

SURREY

Delightful unspoilt district between Farnham and Guildford. Close to the King's Road.

CHARMING LONG LOW RESIDENCE



(Part oak) with old oak beams and other features. Drive approach with sweep. Hall and cloakroom, 4 attractive reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, compact offices.

MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER. Two garages, dog kennel and run.

Neatly maintained and well timbered grounds forming a pretty setting to the residence.

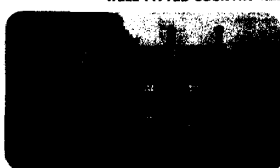
2½ ACRES. PRICE FRESHOLD £25,000 OR NEAR

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (S.52084)

RURAL HERTFORDSHIRE

4½ miles from Town, 1 mile main line station.

WELL-FITTED COUNTRY RESIDENCE



In good order.

Three reception, 6-7 bedrooms (4 h. and c.), bath.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MAIN SERVICES.

Garage. Grounds of

5 ACRES with paddock and some grown timber

FRESHOLD £27,500. POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (S.5900)

ENGLEFIELD GREEN, SURREY

A property of distinction in the beautiful countryside between Egham and Sunningdale

TOWN GREEN FARM "



Gentleman's freehold Pleasure Farm comprising modern residence in Queen Anne style. Hall, 5 reception, 9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms and offices. Co.'s electric light, gas, water. Constant hot water. Central heating.

Picturesque Model Farm Buildings with garage, man's room, etc., all standing in pleasure and kitchen gardens and good cropping arable and meadow land, in all ABOUT 48 ACRES with VACANT POSSESSION.

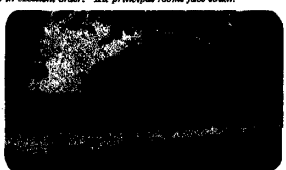
For Sale by Auction on October 22 next (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. J. ROTHWELL DYSON & CO., 3, Montpelier Square, London, S.W.1. Particulars from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

SHROPSHIRE

THIS IMPOSING MANOR HOUSE AND NEARLY 10 ACRES

Situated in an elevated position some 6 miles from Shrewsbury amidst delightful unspoilt country. Easy to run and in excellent order. All principal rooms face south.



Hall, 4 reception, 5 principal bed and 2 dressing rooms, staff accommodation 5 bathrooms, excellent offices, etc. Central heating. Co.'s electricity.

Charming gardens and grounds of

NEARLY 10 ACRES. Well maintained and including PADDOCK OF NEARLY 8 ACRES.

Walled kitchen garden, etc. 2 cottages, 2 garages.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (W.51109)

HAMPSHIRE

1 mile from Winchester Station. Occupying a delightful situation adjoining private estate.

GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE IN GOOD CONDITION



Hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 8 bathrooms, completed domestic offices with maid's sitting room.

Co.'s water and electric light. Central heating.

Large garage and useful outbuildings. Excellent cottages.

Attractive garden, orchard, kitchen garden, paddock and woodland.

the whole extending to ABOUT 8 ACRES

PRICE £12,500 FRESHOLD

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (H.51166)

EAST SHEEN, SURREY

Overlooking Richmond Park, close to golf, recreation, and river for boating.

"THE ANGLER," 25, FIFE ROAD



Delightful detached architect designed Residence presenting a veritable snare-trap on only two floors. Hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Completed offices. All communications services. Telephone. Main drainage. Central heating. Basins in bedrooms. Oak floors and other features.

Garage (2 cars), smaller garage or workshop.

Delightful pleasure with stone-flagged terrace, lawn and kitchen garden, with VACANT POSSESSION.

For Sale by Auction on October 22 next (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. ALLPORT SMITH & SUPPLIFFE, 151, Shaftesbury Lane, S.W.14. Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

Regent
4394

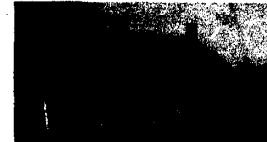
OSBORN & MERCER

28, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

12 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN

Occupying a picked position on high ground, within convenient reach of station and a first-class shopping centre. AN OUTSTANDING MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER the subject of illustrated articles in architects' and surveyors' journals.



Designed for complete comfort and labour saving, and to obtain the full benefit of the sun. Fully paneled dining and drawing rooms, 4 bedrooms, splendidly fitted bathroom.

All main services. Large garage. The pleasure grounds have been the hobby of the present owner and have great charm. There are lawns, hard tennis court, brick terrace, rocky flower borders, and a number of young fruit trees.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Most of the furniture including some genuine antiques would be sold if required. Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,942)

KENT COAST

In a delightful position surrounded by woodland and open country, commanding beach and views.

A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE with 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with Aga cooker.

Modern Conveniences. Brick garage. The garden extends to about 1/2 ACRE but has not been maintained during the war years and is at present in very overgrown condition.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500

Vacant Possession.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (M.2476)

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS. Delightfully situated, high up, commanding magnificent views and excellent golf course.

AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE in first-class decorative condition, well planned and quite up to date.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths. All main services. Central heating. TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID FLAT OVER.

Extensive grounds with orchard, kitchen garden, 2 grass tennis courts, hard court (under reurfacing), the whole extending to

ABOUT 4 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £6,950

Quick sale desired as owner going abroad. Inspected and highly recommended by the Owners' Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,929)

MERTS (WITHIN 40 MINS. OF TOWN)

In lovely rural country but within convenient reach of station and golf course.

A MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER ideally planned and designed with a view to providing every modern convenience for comfort and labour saving.



SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL APPLE AND CHERRY ORCHARDS. Three reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. Delightful grounds simple in character and requiring the minimum upkeep. There are wide sunny lawns, flower beds and borders, productive apple and cherry trees.

ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION. Inspected and recommended by OSBORN AND MERCER, as above. (17,940)

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Greenwich
1033-33

BUCKS—BEDS BORDERS

On fringe of old-world village. Blotchy (1 hour L.M.S.) 4 miles. Beautiful Woburn Park 2 miles.

GENUINE "WREN" PERIOD HOUSE 17th A.D.

THE SUBJECT OF AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE IN "COUNTRY LIFE".

Situated in miniature park 300 ft. up. Handsy soil. South aspect. Eight bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Valuable oak panelling. Wing with large nursery. Main electricity, power, water, drainage.

Garages. Stabling. Cottage. Lovely gardens and lawns. Kitchen and fruit garden. Shady terrace. Grass. Parkland.

In all about 22 ACRES

FREEHOLD, £18,000 OR NEAR OFFER

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Personally recommended by Joint Agents: FOUL & PARKER, Woburn Sands (Tel. 2200) and RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

GUILDFORD 4 MILES. GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE. PARTIAL FARM of just over 70 ACRES with FINE PERIOD HOUSE in first-class condition. Nine bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath, 4 reception. All main services. Partial central heating. Modernized farm buildings. Up-to-date one house with tubular fittings and water born. Two cottages and several residences. FREEHOLD FOR SALE. UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR CITY MAN.—Sole Agents: RALPH PAY AND TAYLOR, as above.

NEWMARKET, CLOSE TO THE HEATH. Pleasantly situated corner site adjoining road leading to racecourse. SUBSTANTIALLY BUILDY HOUSE of red brick with stone millions. Five reception rooms, seven bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception and sitting room. All main services. Stable block with 10 stalls, 2 rooms. Matured garden over 1/2 ACRE. FREEHOLD, £6,000.—RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

SURREY—HANTS BORDERS. High position in most attractive setting close to village, one hour from TOWN. ARCHITECT-DESIGNED HOUSE OF CHARACTER in excellent repair ready to step into. Six bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. All main electricity and water. Large garage. Inexpensive gardens and land in all about 7 ACRES. FREEHOLD, £16,000 OR OFFER.—RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

IN A WEST SURREY BEAUTY SPOT

Excellent position with extensive views. Near bus service to Haslemere Station (Southern Electric); 15 minutes Waterloo.

A MODERN HOUSE OF CONSIDERABLE CHARM



Lounge hall, 8 reception, billiards room, 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, separate self-contained maisonette for staff with 8 bed, sitting room and bath. Central heating. Main services. Garage, lodge, hangers-out-cottage.

Delightful gardens and woodland.

For Sale as a whole (10 ACRES) at £15,000, or £16,000 with Lodge and 6 ACRES, or £22,000 with 8 ACRES (including Lodge and Cottage). Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO. 40, PICCADILLY, W.1. Tel. Regent 2421.

THIS IS A SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED GEORGIAN HOUSE DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED ON HIGH GROUND ON THE BORDERS OF ESSEX AND SUFFOLK

Overlooking a pretty valley and a little over an hour from London by driving 7 miles to Harlow (on the Great Eastern Railway) and 12 miles to Liverpool Street.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 51 ACRES

Including lovely old gardens and a grandly timbered small park.

The Residence has an elegant and charmingly decorated interior and is approached from the village by a long drive with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: L-shaped hall, cloak room, 4 lofty reception rooms, gun room, 9 bedrooms, 3 principal bathrooms; 2 bedrooms and bathroom for staff in separate wing. Central heating. Running water in every bedroom. "Eco" cooker.

Main electricity, gas and water.

Garage, stables, lodge, cottage, squash court.

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £12,500 with vacant possession of the Residence and 20 acres on or after November 1, 1947.

Inspected and enthusiastically recommended by the Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO. 40, PICCADILLY, W.1. Tel. Regent 2421.

184, BROMPTON ROAD
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington
7152-3

QUITE UNUSUAL

Being offered at very little above pre-war value yet in absolute perfect order. The reason—IMMEDIATE SALE NECESSARY.

SURREY—ADJOINING GOLF LINKS. DAILY REACH LONDON MODERN RESIDENCE

Very convenient, beautiful drawing room, 5 other rooms, 8 bed (10 fitted beds), 2 baths. Excellent office, A.G. Main services. Central heating. Inexpensive gardens and 7 ACRES

Immediate inspection necessary to secure.

Best offer over £6,000 to sell at once. Vacant possession.

CHANCE FOR A SMALL BARGAIN

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, London S.W.3 (Ken. 0124/5).

VERY FINE ESTATE NEAR NORWICH GENTLEMAN'S FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE 710 ACRES

CHARMING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Most attractively situated. Four res., 8 bed, 2 baths. Well-equipped domestic offices. Triplex garage, Ideal boiler, etc. Main electricity throughout. Lovely gardens. Tennis court. Sunken Dutch garden, etc.

Secondary residences. Two sets of excellent modern barn buildings. Garage 4 cars.

Five cottages. Very good shooting.

VACANT POSSESSION. FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Ken. 0124/5).

Grosvenor 1883
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
Westminster W.1.
Belgrave Sq.,
and 60, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

BEAUTIFUL OLD HEREFORDSHIRE HOUSE

DATING FROM 18th CENTURY, OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST
with carved oak beams, limed and other panelling.

Twelve bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main electric light, ample water. Modern drainage. Partial central heating. Garage for 4 cars. Stabling for 4. Two cottages. About 4 ACRES of gardens and grounds, 2 ACRES pasture.

IN ALL SOME 13 ACRES

PRICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, £10,000, FREEHOLD

(7848)

SURREY NEAR GUILDFORD

Finest position close to Standon Corner, with wonderful panoramic views to the South Downs, best residents' district and close to buses.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

In first-class order throughout. Five bedrooms (all with bath), 2 bathrooms, hall, 2 reception rooms, servants' sitting room, kitchen, pantry, etc.

Power points in every room.

All main services.

Two garages. Tennis court.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 1 ACRE

SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTION IN PRICE

Confidently recommended by the Owner's Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.1818)

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Eaton 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.

(Regent 4885)

TREE TOPS, MARLEY HEIGHTS, NEAR HASLEMERE

On the Sussex and Surrey borders, secluded, with lovely views.

A REALLY CHOICE HOUSE on two floors in the midst of gardens, woods and meadowland of about 75 ACRES

Large hall, drawing room 20 ft. x 17 ft., small lounge, dining room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fine bathrooms, modern sitting room.

Central heating, electric light, oak strip flooring, oak doors.

All in perfect order.

Excellent garage for 2 or 3 cars, with spacious flat over. Small stable, etc.

LOVELY GARDENS.

With lawns, fine bowling green, clipped yew hedges, rhododendron banks, kitchen garden, glasshouses, enclosures of pasture and really beautiful woodland.

REMARKABLY CHOICE PROPERTY.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: MAPLE & Co., LTD., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. and Messrs. FRIDGES & Co., 7, Station Way, Chesham, Surrey.



CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON

48, Osnott Street, SHREWSBURY
1, Imperial Square, CHELTENHAMPhone: Cheltenham
85450 (8 lines)

SALOOP—WORCS—HEREFORD BORDERS

THE VERY ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY PROPERTY

NASH COURT, NEAR LEOLOW

High up, facing south, in lovely country.



FINE EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE

of mellowed red brick, approached by drive with lodge. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 5-12 bed and dressing and 3 bathrooms.

CENTRAL HEATING, EXCELLENT WATER SUPPLY.

Two cottages. Extensive outbuildings and farmery. Beautiful grounds and parkland, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 30 ACRES

For Sale privately or by Auction in October.

Joint Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury (as above), and LEAR & LEAR, 105, Promenade, Cheltenham.

MORTON HALL, INKBERROW, WORCS

PERFECT SMALL ESTATE. Lovely country 26 miles from Birmingham. LAVISHLY EQUIPPED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE in park-like surroundings. Lounge hall, 3 large reception, 10-12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Modern offices, "Aga" kitchen. Main electricity. Central heat. Cottage, capital buildings and farmery. For sale including valuable contents. A very choice property.—Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury (as above).

N. DEVON. 37½ ACRES £7,250

NEAR EXCELLENT MARKET TOWN AND SEA. CAPITAL MODERN HOUSE in old parklike grounds and good land. Seven bedrooms, all h. and c., bathroom, 8-4 reception. Excellent buildings and farmery. 108885810N.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

COTSWOLDS. £4,750

SMALL STONE-BUILT COTSWOLD HOUSE, high up, lovely views, 5 miles northwest of Stroud. Lounge, hall, 3 reception, 3 bed., bath., main service. Delightful old garden, orchard, 2 ACRES. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.—CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861.

Telegrams: "Cornishman, London."

COTSWOLDS

21 ACRES

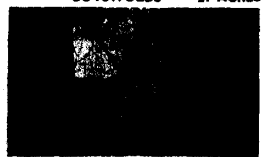
£7,250

Nearly 400 ft. up.

This charming Residence dating from 17th century.

In good order throughout, polished oak floors, central heating, gas cooker, etc. Hall, 4 reception, 3 bath., 10 bed., 10 bath. Garage, stabling, cottage. Lovely gardens, walled kitchen and fruit gardens, and land (let).

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (B.1175)



WILLIAM AND MARY RESIDENCE 35 TO 100 ACRES

BORING, 7 miles Reading, 1½ mile station. Charming old Country House, lounge hall, billiard and 4 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, attic. Central heating, main electricity, Aga. Garage, stabling, car house, 2 lodges, flat and man's room. Grounds with lake. Hand tennis court, croquet, pasture and woodland, 50 ACRES or with 100 ACRES including FARMHOUSE & 5 HOUSES COTTAGES and FARM BUILDINGS. For sale freehold or leasehold would be let unfurnished with the gardens.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (B.1194)

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

17, BLAUGRAVE STREET, READING. Reading 5920 & 4118.

IN THE HEART OF RURAL COUNTRY

A delightful little 18th-century House in East, beautifully restored and with cottage and 6 acres. Cloaks, 3 sitting, 3 bed., bath.; central heat, main garage.

FREEHOLD £7,250



AN IMMENSELY ATTRACTIVE TUDOR STYLE HOUSE with oak panelling, parquet floors and view to Stratford Hill. Cloaks, 3 large sitting, 7 bed., 3 bath. Central heat, main. Garage; wooded grounds, 7½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £12,500.

GEORGIAN HOUSE ON ISLE OF WIGHT. Cloaks, 3 sitting, 6-7 bed., 3 bath. Central heat, main. Garage and oak stabling. 1½ ACRES. £2,500 ACCEPTED.

SUNFISHLY MODERN HOUSE in the Chilterns. Cloaks, 3 sitting, 6 bed., 3 bath., 3 bath. Central heat, main. Garage; 2½ ACRES. FREEHOLD. £14,500.

6, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grossvenor 5181 (8 lines)
Established 1878

COVE, HANTS

Station 1 mile. 50 minute train service.

A PICTURESQUE FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE

Modernised. In perfect order.

Five bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

Charming old barn as garage.

Old-world gardens.

About 1½ ACRES (further land available).

Personally inspected.

FREEHOLD £5,800. POSSESSION

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

HIGHCLIFFE, HANTS

Easy reach of Christchurch and Bournemouth.
Miniature park sloping to the coast. Fireworks right to view
650 ft. Private bathing sea. A.

EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE

Thirteen bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms,
billiards room.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Domestic hot water.

Garage with 2 stalls. Lodge.

Squash court. Stabling.

Well timbered gardens, paddocks, etc.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

NEAR WINCHFIELD, HANTS

9 miles from Basingstoke.

MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE

adjoining a well-known estate.

Seven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garage and outbuildings. Four-roomed cottage.

Attractive gardens and grounds. Orchard and plantations.

ABOUT 8 ACRES

All in excellent order.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE £13,500 OR OFFER

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

EDWARD SYMONS & PARTNERS

36, BERKELEY STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1.

Mayfair 0915 (8 lines)

RURAL SURREY

Easy reach main line station. London 35 minutes.

MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE MOST TASTEFULLY DECORATED



Three reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, well-fitted offices, Aga cooker.

Main water and electricity.

Garage. Two-stall stable.

Tennis lawn. Quantities of fruit. Paddock.

2 ACRES

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: EDWARD SYMONS & PARTNERS, Chartered Surveyors, 36, Berkeley Street, Mayfair, W.1. (Po. 792)

HEREFORD-GLOS BORDERS

Within 2 miles of River Wye, bounded by a tributary and adjoining golf course.
SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE WITH COLOURFUL HISTORY

THE HOUSE

partly 18th century, contains 4 reception, 7-11 bedrooms, 2 fitted dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electricity.

Two cottages and farmery.

10 ACRES



FOR SALE FREEHOLD, £19,000

Agents: EDWARD SYMONS & PARTNERS, Chartered Surveyors, 36, Berkeley Street, Mayfair, W.1. (Po. 812)

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central
6944/6/7

Established 1790
AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:
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HERTFORDSHIRE

Within ½ mile Knebworth Station



FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

4 BEDROOMS, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS.

BATH ROOM, LOUNGE HALL.

DOMESTIC OFFICES.

COMPANES ELECTRIC LIGHT AND
WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.

GARAGE.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS
with HARD TENNIS COURT and
KITCHEN GARDEN.

In all about

3 ACRES.

VACANT POSSESSION.

PRICE £7,000

(Subject to contract).

For further particulars apply: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

25, HIGH STREET,
COLCHESTER

C. M. STANFORD & SON

Tel.:
8165

TENDRING HUNDRED, ESSEX

6 miles Preston-on-Sea, 12 miles Colchester.

GENUINE TUDOR RESIDENCE

Luxuriously appointed. Perfect decorative repair.

Wide sweeping lawns studded with cedar and other ornamental trees.

LAKE WITH FISHING.

The accommodation is compact, conveniently arranged and comprises 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main water and electricity are installed. Excellent outbuildings. Walled kitchen garden.

TO LET FURNISHED for a period of approximately one year by arrangement with the Agents as above.

Telegrams
"Wood, Agents, Woods,
London"

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

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Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

THE KEYTHORPE ESTATE, NEAR TUGBY, LEICESTERSHIRE

Between Leicester and Loughborough
AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1,285 ACRES

IMPORTANT RESIDENCE

Hall 3 reception rooms & principal 6 secondary
and 6 staff bedrooms 5 bathrooms modernised offices

CENTRAL HEATING
COMPANY & ELECTRICITY
TWIN LODGES HUNTING STABLING
SQUASH COURT 31 ACRES

Two farms 585 and 500 acres, with modern
buildings



SMALL HOLDINGS BUSINESS PREMISES

MODERN RESIDENCE

ALL WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Your farms from 72 to 176 acres Six cottages
Accommodation land

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in lots unless
sold privately at Leicester on November 12, 1947

Auctioneers SHAKESPEARE MURPHY & GRAHAM 17 Wellington Street Leicester KNOTT & CO 14 Cromwell Place South Kensington S W 7 JOHN D WOOD & CO
23 Berkeley Square W 1 Particulars price 2s

MID-SUSSEX, 2 MILES FROM HAYWARDS HEATH



Well built Modern 1st Residence Four reception rooms
billiards room, 5 principal 3 secondary and 4 servants bed
rooms 2 bathrooms Modern offices with Base cooker
Main electricity Company's water gas and drainage
Central heating Ample outbuildings Small factory
71 res cottages together with 85 ACRES rich pasture and
arable land

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) on October
7, at the Haywards Hotel, Haywards Heath, Sussex.
2 lot Auctioneers: T. HARRISON & Co Market Place
Haywards Heath (Tel 607) JOHN D WOOD & CO 23
Berkeley Square London W 1 (Tel Mayfair 6341)

WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

THE SILSDEN ESTATE NEAR ILKLEY OF 1,500 ACRES

Including THE FAMOUS BLACK POTS GROUND MOOR
OF 1,000 ACRES

One of the best of the smaller moors in the West Riding
Average yearly bog for the 10 years 1935-1944, 190 brs
For Sale by Auction, together with about 200 other
lots (unless sold privately) at Skipton Works on
October 15 1947

Side particulars price 5 £r m 11 Auctioneers
JOHN D WOOD & CO 23 Berkeley Square London W 1

MARLFIELD, CABINETEELY, CO DUBLIN

11 mins 6 miles 1 Dublin

IDEAL FAMILY RESIDENCE

Four reception 7 family bed and 3 servants rooms, elec-
tricity and power etc. In excellent repair Suitable out-
buildings with cowshed and stabling Two stages
Entrance lodge Spacious grounds with walled garden and
tennis courts

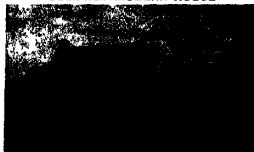
IN ALL 36 ACRES

Would Sell Residences with 10 ACRES

HAMILTON & HAMILTON 1st Dawson Street Dublin and
JOHN D WOOD & CO as above

CABRAMATTA, FAIRMILE COMMON, ESSEX

Completely secluded yet only 17 miles from London
COMPACT MODERN HOUSE



Two reception 9 bed and dressing rooms (rust with
beams) 2 bathrooms Age color (rust) heating
(hauffur) a cottage with garages Hard 6 mile court
Main electricity and water Large ornamental lake and
timbered grounds of 27 ACRES

FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) on
October 22, 1947, at Essex Survey
WELLS ROY & GIBBONS Guildford and
JOHN D WOOD & CO as above

JAMES HARRIS & SON WINCHESTER

Tel 1 2451

THE KITNOCKS ESTATE, NEAR BOTLEY, HANTS

1,181 ACRES

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Beautifully situated on high ground with views to the Isle of Wight

Four reception 6 principal beds 2 baths

GARAGE FOR 2 MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY

(COTTAGE 80 ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

PIV AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS, ACCOMMODATION LANDS AND COTTAGES
800 ACRES OF WOODS

For Sale by Auction, October 14, 1947, as a whole or in 27 Lots

Vendors Solicitors Messrs WILSON & CO 5 North Bailey Durham

Surveyors Messrs PINK & ARNOLD Wickham Hants also at Winchester

Auctioneers Messrs JAMES HARRIS & SON Jewry Chambers Winchester from whom
particulars (price 2 £) may be obtained



SALISBURY
(Tel 2491)

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and at RINGWOOD
& ROMSEY

EAST WELLOW, HAMPSHIRE

3 1/2 miles from Romsey

CHARMING QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

of moderate size situated in beautiful country surroundings on the borders of the New Forest
Hall 3 reception rooms 6 principal bedrooms 2 bathrooms excellent domestic offices

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT PARTIAL CENTRAL HEATING

Garage for 2 Delightful gardens Paddock

in all nearly 13 ACRES

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TRANSACTION

PRICE, FREEHOLD £9,500



Full particulars from WOOLLEY & WALLIS Estate Office, Romsey Hants (Phones 129 and 167) and at Salisbury and Ringwood

BOURNEMOUTH
WILLIAM FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
W. SHOOTER FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
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BRIGHTON
J. W. SYKES & ELLYNOTES.

NEW FOREST

One of the most delightful situations, on high ground, commanding extensive views. About 3 miles from Lyndhurst, 12 miles Southampton, 18 miles Bournemouth.

THE WELL-APPOINTED MODERN
GEORGIAN STYLE FREEHOLD
RESIDENCE

"THE WHITE HOUSE,"

THE GROVE,

STONEY CROSS, MINSTEAD, HANTS.

An outstanding Residence of charm and character, architect designed and expensively appointed.



Solicitors: Messrs. CAMERON, KENN & CO., 120, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2.
Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 2-8, Gibbs Road, Above Bar, Southampton (Tel. 3641-0)

Five-six bedrooms (4 fitted basins h. and e.), 2 fitted bathrooms, gentleman's cloakroom, lounge, 20 ft. by 12 ft., magnificent dining room, study, ultra-modern kitchen and office, labour-saving to a degree.

CENTRAL HEATING.

EXCELLENT GARAGE.

Beautiful thudded grounds, simple and inexpensive to maintain.

IN ALL ABOUT 8 ACRES

To be Sold by Auction at the Royal Hotel, Southampton, on Tuesday, October 14, 1947 (unless previously sold privately).

OLD SHOREHAM, SUSSEX

Worthing 5 miles, Worthing 1 mile, shops and station on direct Worthing-London line, 2 minutes.

PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC OLD WORLD FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE

"THE COTTAGE," OLD SHOREHAM,
SUSSEX

Four bedrooms (2 fitted basins), tiled bathroom, separate w.c., charming lounge, dining room, study, excellent well-lighted domestic offices.

Delightful secluded grounds of about ONE ACRE including matured lawns, numerous fruit trees, kitchen garden, old-world herbaceous borders.

Two large greenhouses. Garage. Two garden sheds. Modernised regardless of expense. Part central heating.

VACANT POSSESSION.



FRONT ELEVATION

THE LOUNGE

To be Sold by Auction (unless previously sold by private treaty) at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Tuesday, October 14, 1947.

Solicitors: Messrs. STILLOMS, 6, Backville Street, London, W.1.

Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 9201 (6 lines).

MID-SUSSEX

In an attractive residential district, close to the South Downs and commanding extensive views over the Adur Valley. Shops, station and mainline roads within easy walking distance.

ST. PEREGRINE'S, CASTLEWAY, STEYING
A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE



Fitted and equipped throughout in the best modern manner.

Four bedrooms, bathroom, barroom, lounge, dining room, sun lounge, cloakroom, well-fitted kitchen. Two garages.

Delightful well-matured and well-stocked gardens. Main electricity and power, gas and drainage. Telephone. Central heating throughout.

VACANT POSSESSION

To be Sold by Auction (unless previously sold) at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Tuesday, October 14, 1947.

Solicitors: Messrs. STONEY CARR & CO., 4, Pavilion Parade, Brighton.

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With prime access to the Beach.

WEST SUSSEX COAST

Chichester main line station 3 miles. Occupying a fine position on the central sea front and enjoying delightful views of the English Channel and to the Isle of Wight. Close to shops, churches and Southdowns country service. London 70 miles.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN DETACHED
MARINE RESIDENCE

Superbly appointed and fitted. Newly redecorated throughout.

Seven principal and 3 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, cocktail bar and excellent domestic offices. Main electricity, water and drainage. Double garage. The pleasure grounds include terraced lawns, sunken garden with ornamental pond, flower beds and borders, and kitchen garden.



IN ALL OVER ONE ACRE

PRICE £12,000 FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

Apply: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 9201 (6 lines).

BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST

Highly situated in a secluded and magnificent position. 12 miles from Bournemouth, 17 miles from Southampton and about 96 miles from London.

THE CHARMING SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE
"WOOTTON WOOD"

WOOTTON, NEAR NEW MILTON

With perfectly appointed house of charm and architectural merit and fitted with every modern convenience.

Five bedrooms (4 with basins h. and e.), 2 fitted bathrooms, attractive lounge 20 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in., dining room, study, maid's bedroom, complete domestic offices.

Garage for 3 cars. Chauffeur's room. Splendid cottage. Heating.

Company's electricity and power. Main water. Central heating throughout. Modern drainage installation. Telephone.



Tastefully laid out and well-maintained grounds including lawns, delightful flower beds and herbaceous borders, walled-in garden with peaches, nectarines, gooseberries, etc. Well-stocked kitchen garden. Six-Ton Car temple hard court. Two valuable paddocks with extensive pond frontage.

TOTAL AREA 5½ ACRES

Vacant possession on completion of the purchase (an additional 10 acres can be purchased if desired).

To be Sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Milton Road, Bournemouth, on October 6, 1947, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. PEARSON & REDWAY, Hinton House, Hinton Road, Bournemouth.
Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and at Southampton, Brighton and Worthing.

44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH,
(12 BRANCH OFFICES)

Bournemouth 6300
(8 lines)

Telegram:
"Hampshire," Bournemouth

ESTATE

Remington 1490
Thameside
 "Estates, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

34-36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES

Survey Offices:
 West End
 and Mansions

EAST DEVON c.2

Near village, 1 mile marsh land and 14 from the coast.



MODERNISED FARMHOUSE

facing south and with lovely views.
 Three reception, 4 bedrooms, bathrooms. Excellent water and electricity. Also cooler, garage and outbuildings.
 Gardens and 2 orchards. In all about 2½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £5,500

VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents: HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (Tel.: Remington 1490.)

GLORIOUS PART OF SURREY c.3

Within easy reach of several first-class golf courses and famous beauty spots.



SUPERBLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE

Erected regardless of cost. Central hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light. Modern conveniences. Entrance lodge. Garage with lift.
 Useful outbuildings. Park-like gardens and grounds, with tennis and other lawns. Kitchen garden, orchard and woodlands.

IN ALL ABOUT 40 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Remington 1490. Estd. 1907.)

FAVOURITE PART OF HERTS c.4

Surrounded by the Green Belt, 1 mile from station, 500 P. up, beautiful surroundings.



FASCINATING LONG LOW HOUSE

Built regardless of cost, cavity walls, polished oak floors, every conceivable convenience.
 Hall, 3 large reception rooms and flower room, 6-7 bedrooms with beams and old, 5 bathrooms, arranged on miles. Most domestic offices. Central heating. Independent hot water. Co's electric light and power, water and main drainage.

Double garage. Two workshops. A lodge with 4 rooms. Beautifully matured grounds, with avenues and flowering shrubs, wide lawns, herbaceous borders, kitchen garden, paddock, etc.

IN ALL 6 ACRES

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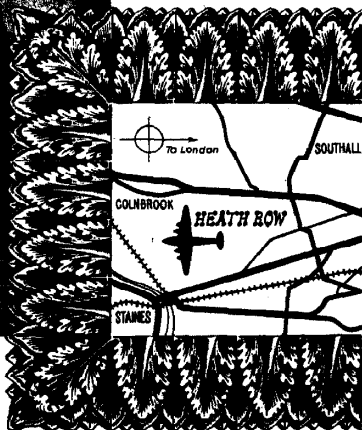
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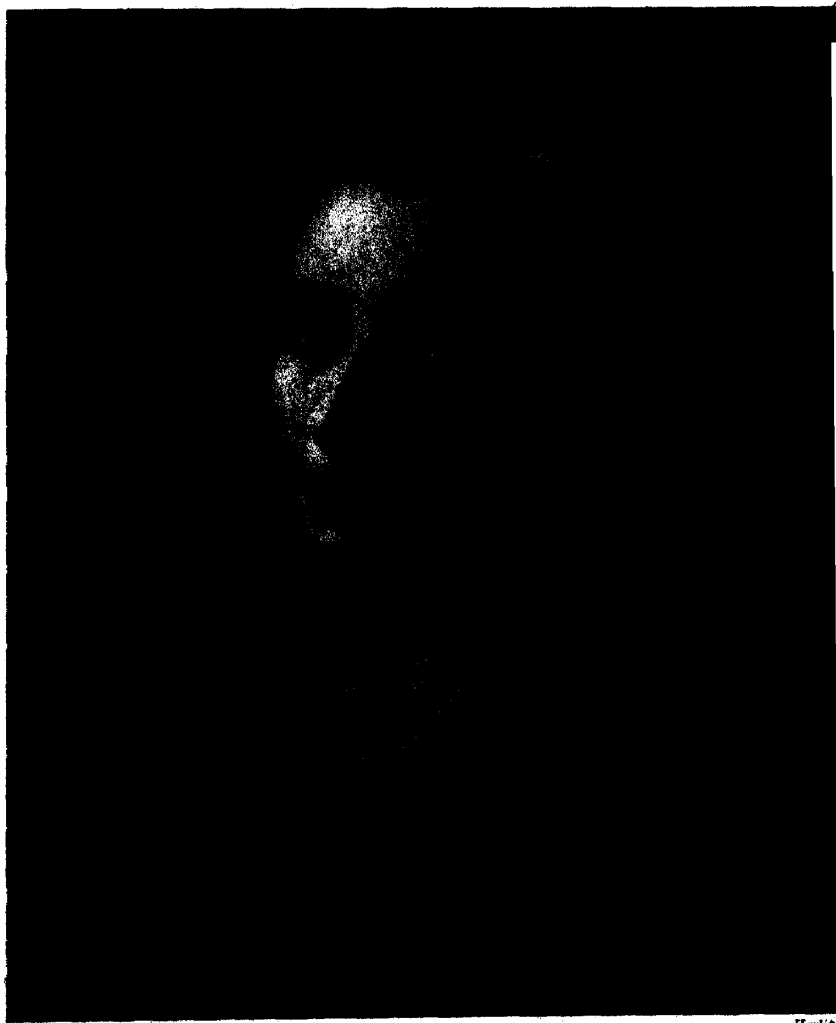
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2646

OCTOBER 3, 1947



Harlip

MISS DIANA BOWES-LYON

Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, who is to be a bridesmaid to Princess Elizabeth, is a daughter of the late the Honourable J. H. Bowes-Lyon and the Honourable Mrs. Bowes-Lyon and a niece of Her Majesty the Queen

COUNTRY LIFE

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HOUSES FOR AGRICULTURE

THERE are signs that the Government are now taking a closer interest in the provision of more houses in the farming districts. Mr. Bevan is proud of the Ministry of Health's achievement in inducing rural district councils to place orders for the 20,000 Airey houses which no one wanted a few months ago. He hopes that tenders for the erection of 13,000 of them will have been approved by the end of this year, and that these houses will be ready for occupation by next summer.

The Airey houses made a bad start, but they have much to recommend them in these days of shortage. Constructed of concrete slabs faced with shingle, one slab overhanging the other to look like a timber weather-boarded house, they are easy to construct without the skilled labour of bricklayers and the other craftsmen whose output is insufficient to-day. Also they are comfortable enough insulations, even when timber imports have been slashed and the whole housing programme put out of gear the rural districts cannot afford to be too particular in their choice. The film showing the construction of the Airey house, which is to go round the country, should remove the prejudices of local builders against this type of house and encourage them to offer reasonable tenders for erection. Agriculture needs every house that will provide convenient accommodation for additional regular workers.

More effective measures must be taken to ensure that the new houses, Airey or otherwise, that are built in rural areas go to those who are doing priority jobs for the nation. Rural district councils allocate their new houses under a points scheme which gives preference to men with large families who are living in the worst conditions of overcrowding, and additional points are given for service in the Forces. These special considerations, perfectly proper in normal times, must be overridden now by the need to provide extra houses for the men that agriculture must employ if the targets of increased food production are to be attained. Those who sit on the local councils and have a say in such matters would no doubt welcome the advice of the county agricultural executive committees, who should be able to point to the particular districts and the particular farms where more housing accommodation is most urgently needed. There should be much closer co-operation between the agricultural authorities and the housing authorities.

In many instances farm workers can most conveniently be housed in villages and hamlets where there are the amenities of water supply and electricity and a near-by school and shop. But there are cases where the interests of food production demand that an extra pair of cottages should be built on the holding itself. This is hardly an undertaking for the local authority,

and although private-enterprise building has so far been frowned upon by this Government, the land-owner or owner-occupier who is prepared to build houses and who has the backing of the agricultural executive committee should now be encouraged to do so.

Building cottages is an expensive investment nowadays, and it will not be undertaken lightly by private individuals. Moreover, the farmer has to consider whether an extra man, to whom he will pay about £250 a year, will earn a better return in food output and farm profits than the investment of the equivalent capital sum of about £6,000 put into more

OCTOBER

BOOKS congregate and drift with languid wings

Before the wind, and whirl and fall; their call is somnorous... but, of the season's choir, The robin is the only bird that sings.

A moment to the branch the blue tit clings, Is blown with faint "chee-chee" a mile away; Larks leap in silent flocks upon the ley; The robin is the only bird that sings.

The martins weave their last... Their twitterings Were yesterday's... To-day they are no more. The west wind dies. About the cobble floor, Alone and piercing sweet, the robin sings.

G. A. SQUIRES.

modern equipment in the cow shed or into machines such as the combine harvester. There is no difficulty to-day in raising money for carrying out capital improvements. It may be almost as difficult to get material for such work as to get a permit to build a farm worker's cottage, but we have to realise that labour is now a much more expensive item than ever before in farm production costs. Indeed it is questionable whether agriculture will be able to employ the extra 100,000 men of whom Ministers have spoken as being necessary to make a success of the food production drive.

RIGHTS OF WAY

SIR ARTHUR HOBHOUSE and his Committee on Footpaths are to be congratulated on their sensible and statesmanlike report, and Sir Lawrence Chubb and those who have supported him through long years of strenuous work in preserving rights of way upon the translation of their aims and ideals into a workable design for legislation. How long that legislation will be in coming is now the main question. Mr. Silkin is "heartily sympathetic" towards the report and its recommendations, but the Ministry of Town and Country Planning can give no idea of when the necessary primary legislation will be introduced, and talk—apparently without a sense of irony—about the intricacy of the legislation required and the lack of Parliamentary time. The Government certainly have enough upon their minds at present, but there seems no reason why one at least of the Hobhouse Committee's chief recommendations—that every footpath which is a right of way should be mapped within a certain time by the county council in whose area it lies—should not be made effective at once by Ministerial direction. It is true that the Committee suggest a simplification of the legal process for finding out the boundaries of particular areas, but the disputes by resort to Quarter Sessions, but in the vast majority of cases there is and will be no dispute.

FREEDOM TO ROAM

THE second main recommendation of the Hobhouse Committee is more controversial—that all uncultivated land should be open to the public for "pedestrian exercise" and fresh air unless it comes within certain excepted classes of land. The Committee, when it was appointed, was specially instructed to consider "the provision of access to mountain, moor, heath, down, cliff, common land and unculti-

vated land generally, with particular reference to the recreational use of the countryside by the public." Here one recognises the influence of the ramblers' Clubs of the North and the Midlands, where large urban populations have long refused to recognise that they could ever "trespass" over the vast stretches of moorland surrounding them, and empty, to their minds, of all "property" but a few grouse. The grouse problem the Committee solve by recommending that public access should be allowed for the first of the year except for "periods not exceeding twelve days during any shooting season." Whether this solution is adopted or not, other freedoms for roaming are not quite so simple to apply—especially where the "uncultivated" or common land involved is in a preponderantly cultivated area, and the public use of rights of access is likely to be serious. Water boards are rightly concerned about the contamination of their supplies and farmers have good reason to think twice before welcoming strangers from the towns to the rough pastures where their sheep and cattle feed. The Hobhouse Committee evidently recognise that their suggested education of the urban public in a "country code" is not likely to be immediately sufficient, for they also outline a scheme of designation by local authorities of "access land," under which objectors to designation would be able to state their case at local enquiries and for paying compensation in certain cases.

MR. SILKIN APPROVES

THE City of London's reconstruction plan, an account of which appeared in our pages in June, has received the official blessing of the Minister of Town and Country Planning, although his approval is "without prejudice to any views which the London County Council may express." Mr. Holden and Professor Holford, the City's consultants, divided their scheme into ten-year and thirty-year terms from 1948. No doubt under the changed economic outlook little if anything permanent can be attempted in the next two or three years, but at least the framework of a new City now existing in a skeleton state, the men and the materials can be spared. Mr. Silkin particularly approves the proposals for keeping the south-east view of St. Paul's clear, opening up a section of the City wall and increasing the area of open space near the Tower. One criticism made of the plan when it was published was that too many of the proposed open spaces would be islands in a whirl of traffic. Mr. Silkin has suggested that further consideration should be given to increasing the area of open space, and that as a temporary measure some of the bombed sites should be laid out as gardens. The shortage of restaurant and café accommodation, which was deepened by the bombing, would be eased if some temporary cafés were put up at the same time.

AUSTRALIAN FOOTBALLERS

THE rain has come to soften the ground and make it less ferocious for the Rugby football players, and already the Australian touring side have given a filip to the new season. They seem to possess the same sort of qualities that have made the All Blacks and the Springboks so formidable in earlier years. They are clearly strong, heavy, fast and fit, with a capacity for suddenly piling up tries in a short time. It always seems rather a pity that these touring teams have to meet a good many sides which are, at any rate at the beginning of the season, essentially scratch ones. This must naturally be so; there are so many clubs that would compete for the honour of meeting them that they must play counties rather than clubs; but a county XV, though made up of a number of good players, is apt to lack something of the combined quality that belongs to the club XV that contributes them. The visitors will no doubt be more severely tried later on by club XV's, as has happened already in Wales, but even so it is apparent that they are most dangerous adversaries, and that the best of international sides will have to put their best feet foremost. Nobody is likely to take Australians too lightly whatever the game.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IT is seldom indeed that one has the satisfaction of commenting on the shortage of a pest these times, when though grouse, partridges and trout seem to be almost extinct in many parts of the British Isles, every undesirable feature of the countryside, such as jays, magpies, rats and white butterflies, seem to be in greater numbers than usual, and I am wondering if readers in other parts can report, as I can, the complete disappearance of the wasp this autumn. The weather was, until lately, so entirely favourable for the propagation of this unwelcome visitor to the dining-room at meal-times and to the kitchen during the important task of jam-making, that it is remarkable that not one specimen was seen in these parts during August and the early part of September. The winter, of course, was an exceptionally severe one, but the various insects that hibernate usually survive the most protracted frosts, and there was no marked falling-off in the numbers of the various garden butterflies that come forth in the early spring; in fact, in these parts the brimstones seemed to be more plentiful than usual.

THIS is the third year in succession that the wasp has failed to establish itself in this corner of Hampshire. In 1945 there were far more queens in evidence in the early part of the spring than is normal, and on one small cotton-aster in April that year almost every flower was accommodating an insect which, if all went well, would produce many hundreds of her kind later in the year. In May, however, we had a severe frost which had a most disastrous effect on the early potatoes and orchards, and which apparently at the same time wiped out the wasps to the last queen, since none was seen later in the summer. In 1946 there was probably insufficient warmth to hatch the eggs of the few queens that did manage to establish a nest in the sodden soil, and there was certainly enough rain later to swamp out the few immature insects that did manage to incubate themselves. This year, however, has provided those ideal conditions for the wasp that should have enabled it to be present in such abundance that life during August and September would have been a wasp-ridden burden, but not one specimen has been seen by anyone in the vicinity. I have not heard anyone complain about this shortage, though I have no doubt that if one asked the local badgers they would have quite a lot to say about being deprived of their usual summer luxury, judging by the thoroughness with which they dig out every reasonably situated nest in normal years.

Should writing the above I have as I might have expected to see one wasp, but what a miserable, dull-coloured, under-sized specimen—the sort of wasp one would meet in these days of rigid austerity.

I RECENTLY received a revised edition of *The Wild Ducks and Various of Egypt*, which Sir Thomas Russell Palaia, of Cairo, has written some years ago for the benefit of our troops in that country, and I marvel, as I did when I first used it years ago, at the amount of solid and useful information crowded into a tiny pocket volume. Although the booklet, which is obtainable from the Anglo-Egyptian Bookshop, Scaria Qasr el Nil, Cairo, 4s. post, is written mainly for the Nile Valley shooting it is most useful also in this country, since in the briefest possible language it describes the distinctive features of the various wild duck, paying particular attention to the colour of the bill and legs, which, as the experienced wildfowler knows, are the only sure criteria for identifying the females of certain varieties. So frequently



EVENING SHADOWS

F. H. CROW

when one is shooting on the Avon and elsewhere in winter time, a duck or two figure in the bag which, memories being what they are, have to be classified as doubtful until one can examine one's bird book at home. On these occasions I have often wished I had Russell Palaia's pamphlet in my pocket, but I sent my one and only copy in the year 1942 to an 8th Army man whose need was greater than mine, seeing that he was meeting duck of almost all varieties in the many coastal lagoons on the way from Benghazi to Tripoli and was finding time even during that strenuous chase after Rommel's beaten force to put in an hour or so with the gun in the evening.

The following extract, which represents sound information on the birds of the Nile Valley seen by the wayside, will be of particular interest to readers in this country, since some of the varieties mentioned are also visitors to the British Isles.

"On the canal bank you will see a small owl who will bob to you. He is the little owl; and as likely as not you may see a blue kingfisher skimming along close to the bank. He is a winter visitor to Egypt and is smaller than our English variety. Standing on the far side of the canal you will see a handsome black, white and brown plover with a jerky manner. This is the spurs-wing plover. As you cross the half-culti-

vated sandy lands on your way to your butt you will very probably see a big flock of medium-sized waders, and they'll run for a bit and then wheel off together. Obviously you won't shoot one for identification, and therefore you must guess—they will probably be ruffs and their ladies, reeves, in winter plumage, and therefore difficult to distinguish."

THE book also contains a list of colloquial Arabic sentences likely to be used on a shooting expedition, such as: "Mind nobody takes my cartridges"; "Stop talking"; and "Shut up, you son of a donkey!" Since one wishes to make such remarks, or something like them, when one shoots in England, but refrains from so doing for the quite reasonable fear of giving offence, it might be useful to learn the Arabic versions and thus be in a position to relieve one's feelings without upsetting those of the other man, unless of course he happens to hail from the Orient. Among the instructions for the general behaviour of the tyro in the duck butt is one that will open up horizons for those who have managed to maintain their confidence in the natural honesty of the human race, and who regard shooting as a sport and not a competition: "Don't pick up for the first hour unless your birds are drifting downwind to a greedy neighbour."

IN PRAISE OF PHEASANTS

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

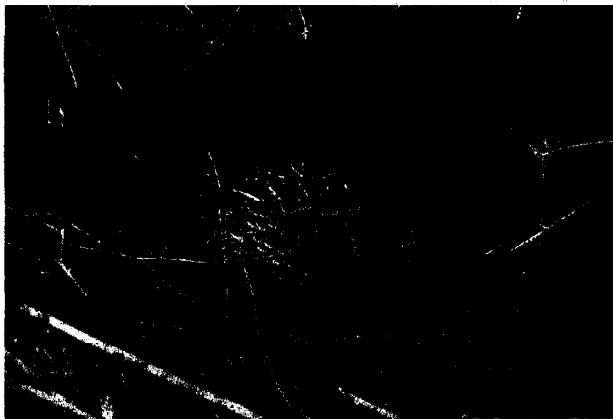
TALL woods, tall as those of Helicon, clothe high hills like castle walls, grey, misty and indefinite. They hang like faded tapestries against the scarp of the hills, their fabric shot with old gold and scarlet, where still a few burnished leaves, the last flames of autumn, cling tenuously. Within the stillness of the pillared aisles of oak, beech and birch, faint mists of winter curl like smoke of forgotten fires. Below the woods, on the falling slopes of these steep hills that guard the Marches of Wales, stand the guns, silent, immobile dots, spaced regularly sixty yards apart, like outposts of an army, while the thin winter sun strikes pale gleams from steel barrels.

Faint and far, in the dimness of woods high above, comes the tapping of sticks, the grunted gutturals of advancing beaters who speak that odd, unwritten language of the peasant in pursuit of game. "Ash! Grrr! Aouch! Hpp! Hpp there! Ha! Ha! Ha!" I sometimes think that the mastodon was roused from his swamps, the woolly rhinoceros driven to his doom, the sabre-toothed tiger flushed from dim, prehistoric woodlands by such neolithic vowels and consonants grunted by little stocky men in skins—forebears of those buskined beaters up above.

A thin clatter of wings high in the timberline and a blown sight of birds swings out over the valley, far beyond the range of guns. Pigeons. The first and wildest, too wise to be caught napping, too wise to fly low. They fade into the china blue of the winter sky, harvest robbers, bandits of the bean fields, robbers of stacks, purloiners of seeds, the farmer's worst enemies.

Even as one watches their fading forms there comes one of those rare sights that one may still see in the forgotten corners of England—a raven, huge, black, broad-winged as fits the bird of death, swinging in a slow boating sweep from the tall trees over the great valley where once his ancestors flapped creaking in the train of marching armies. His croak, cavernous as a trumpet note of slaughter, fills the silence hoarsely, waking the echoes of history. From that high hill, from the aged woods that clothe it, he follows the airways of his breed in a straight line for the mountains and grouse moors that mark the ramparts of Wales. When a raven leaves that ancient wood he follows the same unseen pathway of air, which is why they call this valley Raven's Causeway.

Then, even as the eye follows that boding bird far into the misty hills, comes the first cock, a crossbow shape flying arrow-straight above the timberline, high, so high that you would swear no gun could reach him; higher than any Hampshire bird, an archangel whose



1.—A HEN PHEASANT ON HER NEST

like is never seen in Norfolk. You wonder why these Herefordshire hills, this Shropshire timber-line and those far blue hills of Brecon (the Black Mountains) are not higher in the hierarchy of great pheasant shoots. Where, you pray inwardly, is the magnum 12 or the 10-bore that last boomed its message to the wild grey geese?

For at Stanage Park, which is in Radnorshire (Fig. 3); at Itton, which hides its grey gate tower and Queen Anne façade in the Monmouthshire mountains; at Powis, the "Red Castle" above Welshpool, in Montgomeryshire; at Chirk, in Denbighshire; here, at Foxley in Hereford, and at a dozen other places on these Welsh Marches and over the border in Welsh Wales, they can show pheasants higher than anywhere in England, not excepting that celestial stand at Little Green, near Uppark in Sussex, where I have missed more than I will ever own to.

As Mr. Coltman Rogers of Stanage Park, has sardonically put it:

"We do not run much risk of being mobbed by clouds of birds flying over us, as close and thick as the sun-obscuring arrows in Homeric combat, and in such mathematical precision that the skilful shooter, on his day, often

arrests them with similar mathematical precision, standing too generally the same attitude, and dealing out scientific death at mostly the same angle. With us there are few of such niceties and regularities. The birds come to us in varied ways at all angles and all heights. Now a sky-scraper, at another time it is your hat that is in danger of being whisked off by a fast and low skimmer over the young copse, as you stand poised on a steep incline. On the side of such a hill there is no doubt piquancy of position that adds charm and chance, if not grace, to the performer. Man by nature is a biped, but if he were a centipede, he would be none too much over-legged when he came to shooting on steep banks of this sort. It is a case often of first on the one leg, then on the other, occasionally on none at all, and you find yourself in a position so sedentary that it outrages dignity, and gives impudence an opportunity of unsympathetic mirth."

Yet who thinks of Wales as pheasant country? Who ever will? The pheasant kingdom is, and will remain, on the flat lands of Suffolk and Norfolk; in the high downland woods of Hampshire above Itchen and Wallop Brook; in the deer-parks of Northamptonshire and about the warm valleys where Thames waters Oxfordshire meads and Nene glens woodlands. Is it because, though Wales and its Marches may give, as we were given that day at Foxley, the tallest rockets that man may dream of or pray for, it is not, and cannot be, true pheasant country? For you must always, in that land, *beyed* to keep a stock. And that, I think, is because the climate is too damp. The hill-sides are full of running water; the clouds lie grey and too often on the tops; the dews are evermuch. And this does not suit the pheasant.

That is one potent reason why there are few pheasants in Ireland. The other reason is, of course, that you cannot trust any game bird in an Irish parish without a keeper to chaperon it. They have shot their grouse to the same perdition as they have their native gentlemen.

No, the pheasant does not like a wet climate. Yet he will thrive and wax mighty in Norfolk and Suffolk reed-beds and in the fastnesses of my native Wicken Fen. For there we have the lowest rainfall in all England, the bluest skies, the driest winds. Heaven may not weep for us when the clouds (not unnaturally) for the palm-singing Welsh and the ditch-shooting Irish, but she smiles upon the rough men of East Anglia with a most bestial sun.

That is why one may shoot pheasants by the cart-load in the flat potato fields of Lincolnshire or where the Norfolk heaths step



2.—A COCK REEVE'S PHEASANT, CONSPICUOUS BY ITS PIED HEAD AND LONG TAIL

down into the black Fens. There you will see pheasants flushed in scores from the shining sugar-beet, the dyke-side withies and the purple and silver of lobelia. You may shoot them at most respectable heights as they skeedaddle with the Fen wind in their tails for the warm woods about the Hall or the rusty bracken on the heaths beyond. Sun, my friends, sun; and the sun does not shine overmuch on Wales and less on the Irish.

Of all the pheasants I have ever shot the biggest, the wildest and the best-flavoured were shot in the reed-beds of Hicking Broad and the drowned woods of Burnley Hall, near West Somerton in East Norfolk, where Martham Broad melts into marshes that Hawker shot over and the marshes join the sandhills that step into the bitter cold of the North Sea. Those, indeed, are pheasants. They have everything

a pure-bred pheasant in this "progressive" England of to-day? The land is overrun with mongrels. Even the ring-neck which ousted the gallant ringless Old English pheasant with his soberly brilliant plumage and barndoor breast, forty or more years ago, is now tainted with Chinese and Mongolian or Mutant blood. One shoots pheasants whose wing coverts betray any and every sort of cross. A dozen different sorts of pheasants, a hundred sorts of mongrels, are running wild in England to-day.

I have shot golden pheasants flying low, and whistling, like feathered flames of gold, at Croxton Park which lies hidden in the heaths and fir forests between Thetford and Watton, in Norfolk, and they were but an oddity, an exotic freak. At Merton in the old days, Reeve's pheasants (Fig. 2) would come over the guns, flaunting great five-foot tails, and Tom de Grey,

pioneer, his motto over thousands of years has been, "Go West, young man, Go West!" For he was no true native of Roman Italy. Jason and his crew of golden heroes first brought the pheasant from the reedy swamps of the river Phasis in Colchis, when Greece was young and the splendour of Rome was but a dream.

Of all birds in England the pheasant is the most kingly, the most royal in colours, imperial in bearing, lordly in mien. He fights like a cavalier, using his spurs as a man might use a rapier.

The cock pheasant pays court to his chosen lady like an 18th-century gallant and, true to form and period, keeps and loves not one but many. He is a roué most flagrant. But no hen can resist him. That is the way of most roués.

He can fly at from 35 to 40 miles an hour and, unlike the wily partridge, or the



3.—A LINE OF GUNS AT STANAGE PARK, RADNORSHIRE

—reed swamps which are their natural habitats, full of every sort of food, a dry climate and dense cover.

Yet I will not belittle those Foxley pheasants on that day of which I started to write. They were true and authentic little Gabriels. Out of that high timber-line of woodland whence flew the raven, where, said my neighbour gun, there were, like enough, wild fallow deer, they came high and straight. And the mighty men of Hereford, to whom such celestial pheasants are but commonplace, pulled them down in a style to raise the hats of honest beholders. And I—shall I confess it? I missed and missed—and missed again.

"Shoot two yards farther in front than you'd ever dream of doing anywhere else—and swing! Swing and follow through—for your life!" said that friendly neighbour.

So swing I did and I led with a mighty lead and (may Ripon rise up and call my neighbour blessed!) thrice did far-seen cocks, high as Hamon, crumple up and crash to the autumn leaves in a whirl of floating feathers. Hit in the beak as all good cocks deserve. And for that trinity of the blessed would I have bartered them and there a half hundred of the low, terrestrial flyers of the flatlands. Which merely shows that you can never have it both ways, even with pheasants.

But why, oh why, can we not at least have

sixth Lord Walsingham, that peerless shot, would, I believe, have shot dead the man who slew one.

There were in the last century, and may be still for all I know, Reeve's pheasants wild in the woods of Guisachan, in Inverness-shire, and at Balmacraan, on the shores of Loch Ness. Which proves that Scotch air is good for most things. But when, at Braxted Park in Essex, on December 21, 1946, I shot at dusk from a tiny covert in a round knoll above the long lake in that wild, walled park a true, a veritable, an unmistakable Old English cock (*P. Colchicus*) I raised my hat to Heaven and walked for an immortal moment in the company of Hawker and Gervase Markham. But though the "fesante" was a rare fowl when Gervase wrote, in 1621, his immortal *Hungers Prevention or the Whole Arte of Fowling*, it was even then no newcomer to England, though no native.

Harold ate a pheasant at a State Banquet years before Senlac was fought. Some will tell you that the later Saxon kings who were no insular bores but travelled men who went to France and even to Rome, brought the pheasant to England. Others praise the Romans. No man may say with certainty. But I like the pretty thought that when those early Roman galleys grounded on Sussex beaches they brought the rabbit and the pheasant. You may say, indeed, of the pheasant that, like a true

disconcerting snipe, he neither "jinks" suddenly on seeing the gun nor goes into the cork-screw defeat of the snipe. He comes straight for you, rising higher, climbing to the stars, his tail going like a pump handle. His defiant "cock-up! cock-up!" is the last, fine defiance to the world of man which brought him to England, which bred him, reared him, petted him and finally slays him. And his downfall, as, hit clean in the beak on a frosty winter's day, he thumps earthward in a cloud of feathers like jewels, is like the downfall of princes.

There was a saying, when Edward VII was King and all the rural world of England was full of shooting stars, which went: "Up gets a crown, bang goes turpence, and down comes half a sovereign." It was not far short of the mark in those gay and gilded days when most pheasant shooters were either peers or princes, when cartridges cost twopence each for the best (it's often fourpence to-day for the worst), and a pheasant cost half a sovereign to rear from egg to cartridge. He was, indeed still is, the only article of hand-produced food in this country that almost invariably is sold to the customer at a price far less than the cost of production.

Indeed, pheasants were far more expensive in 1512, when the *Northumberland Household Book* of the Earls of Northumberland valued "fesante" at twelve pence each than they were

in, say, 1888, when 40 pheasants were sold to Mr. Haws for 85 and a haunch of fat park venison for 22 5s. by old Squire Tower of Weald Hall, near Brentford, whose game books lie open before me. You could buy 15 ducks for 30s. then, which makes one realise that the bad old days were quite good after all.

The pheasant has always been a royal and epicurean dish. The Romans reared and fattened them. Richard Coeur de Lion liked their roast. Becket and Becket ate a pheasant on the day he died. December 29, 1170. Charles IV of France allowed none but nobles to take pheasants from the nest, and Henry VIII kept a French priest as a regular "fesaunt breeder."

Those who tell you that the pheasant is a pampered, petted creature which cannot endure or exist without feeding, gamekeepers and protection from vermin are confounded and confuted by history. Where there is light, dry land and plenty of cover there will always be pheasants. And, odder enough, where there are great reed-beds bordering marshes, there will always be pheasants. The strongest, wildest pheasants in England live as nature bred them in the great reed beds of the Norfolk Broads.

Record bags of pheasants mean nothing, for anyone with the right soil, the right woods the right keepers and the right pure can rear pheasants by the thousand. More than 3,000 have been shot in one day on more than one

estate in England and Scotland. But the record bag for Great Britain is, I believe, that got at Hall Barn, near Beaconsfield, Lord Burnham's estate, on December 18, 1919, when seven guns, King George V, the Prince of Wales, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Lord Lichester, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest and the Hon. H. Stonor, shot 3,937 pheasants, 3 partridges, 4 rabbits and 1 various, a total of 3,945 head. The 1 various might have been anything, from a wood-pigeon or a jay to a stoat or a tom cat.

At Crometh, which is so near Liverpool that a friend who shoots there tells me that they can kill pheasants flying over the park wall and pick them up on the city tramlines, they shot no fewer than 2,373 pheasants, 20 partridges, 319 hares, 123 rabbits, 6 woodcock and a snipe on November 21, 1883. In the four days' shooting of which this was one, six guns killed 7,691 head, of which 6,036 were pheasants. I always regard that as an outstanding example of what can be achieved on an estate much of which lies in the heart of a vast industrial area.

Plenty of people will, of course, decry such large bags, particularly those who have never had the chance to take part in making one, or lack the skill to do so if invited, but there is a side to the picture which it is well to remember in these days of food shortages. When I see pheasants sold at 15s. to £1 each, wild ducks at

7s., rabbits at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., and hares at 7s. 6d. to 15s., I comfort myself that the "bad old days" of heavy game preserving and big bags were not so bad for the working man and the town housewife, for then you could buy pheasants at 2s. 6d.; hares at the same price; partridges, 1s. 4d.; rabbit, 1s.; woodcock at 2s. 6d.; wild duck, 1s. 6d.; snipe and teal, 1s. each, and pigeons at 4d. As late as 1896 I was selling shot rabbits of my shoot in Essex, at 3s. 6d. a dozen—3/4d. each—and we gave away hundreds in the villages in the course of the season. Who can afford to do so to-day? And, if not the working man, who is the loser thereby?

To go back for a moment to the study of big bags, a perennial and amusing arithmetic to most shooting men. Surely one of the best bags made at pheasants with muzzle-loaders was in 1861 at Bradgate Park, near Leicester. Then, in two days, 13 and 14 guns respectively killed 736 pheasants which, with 267 rabbits, 193 hares, 7 woodcock and 3 various, made the respectable total of 1,208 head. It was, however, a pale shadow of the bag of over 1,000 pheasants in one day, made with muzzle-loaders by 9 guns at Buckenham, in Norfolk, in 1845. That is excellent shooting when one reflects that to load and prime a muzzle-loader—and swab it out each time before reloading—takes several minutes. I know, as I killed my first cock pheasant out of a reed-bed on Wicken Fen with a muzzle-loader thirty-five years ago.

HUNTING BUFFALO ON HORSEBACK

By Lieut.-Colonel A. FORBES

ALMOST all forms of hunting and shooting are improved by having an animal friend with you, who enjoys it as much as you do. The excitement shown by a dog on seeing the gun taken out of its case, or of a hunter on seeing hounds, always causes one some pleasure, even though sport be poor. Almost all the famous big-game hunters of the last century used horses to pursue big game, and thrilling stories can be found in the books of Cotton-Oswell and Selous.

Nowadays game is far scarcer and, since much of it inhabits thickly forested and fencible country, I do not use horses as widely used for hunting big game. In the Sudan, however, a number of District Commissioners have ridden down and killed lions, and a full account of this sport can be found in *Memories of a Game Ranger* by Blayney Percival. If you can press him hard from the start a lion will give in fairly soon, especially if he has just eaten, and you can then dismount and kill him. It may not be quite as easy as that, but if you have a good staunch pony, a good rifle and suitable country it is perfectly practicable.

In 1938 I was posted to Bor, a district on the east bank of the Nile, about 200 miles north of Khartoum, in Uganda. I found a good country at Bor, but, at the proper season, plenty of buffalo. About thirty miles to the south an ideal piece of country stretches for about four miles on the east bank of the Nile. The first mile inland is very thick with palm scrub and after that it opens into a sandy plain, about three miles wide fringed by fairly thick forest. At dawn the buffalo can be surprised in their just back from the river as they emerge on to the open plain. Old hunters like Selous used to ride into the herd, pick out their buffalo and then shoot him from the saddle. I have never felt sufficiently expert to try this method, so when I went hunting there I decided to stick to the best and, then you can then dismount and kill him. It may not be quite as easy as that, but if you have a good staunch pony, a good rifle and suitable country it is perfectly practicable.

My first two or three efforts were complete failures, and the buffalo got away into the thick forest. My first success came by chance. I was riding with my eyes on the edge of the scrub, hoping to try a little pig-sticking with a warthog, when I spotted a lone buffalo on the plain about four hundred yards away. I collected my .404 magazine rifle from Nial, my Nuer syce, and off we went. I forgot that he was also carrying my cartridge belt. We quickly got quite close to the buffalo and as the going was pretty good we rattled him up well, and, letting Nial follow him, I got past him, dismounted and gave him a couple of shots. He staggered a bit and then galloped on and looked like getting to the

thick cover, but Nial, who had stayed mounted, managed to edge him off, and after a short gallop he stopped under a tree and looked back. I got off and fired two more before I realised that I had only one cartridge left, with a buffalo still on his legs facing me. My last shot had no apparent effect and I was just preparing to jump my pony, when Nial arrived with my belt. The next shot finished the buffalo.

I have had more practice since then and have killed several more buffalo. Almost the most exciting part in selecting a buffalo and trying to cut him out of the herd. It is fairly easy to split the herd into small parts with the help of syces, but the last two or three buffalo seem to hang together indefinitely. When you have got one on his own you must push him as hard as you can. When you see he is beginning to tire you should be ready to turn and go like fury, as he is almost certain to try to charge you. Eventually, when he is really beaten, he will relapse into a walk and then is your chance to dismount and kill him.

My last buffalo I killed in this way took forty minutes to chase round and round a piece of thinly wooded country badly cut up by elephant tracks. He charged four times before he was tired enough for me to get off and shoot, and I was so blown that it took several shots to finish him.

It would be useless to try this sport without a pony who really enjoys hunting and is not afraid. The Sudani pony is ideally suited to it. He is usually between 13 and 14 hands, but stocky and capable of carrying big weights. Most of them are bred by the Baggara Arabs of Kordofan and Darfur. They grow up in their own country and are accustomed to being handled from their earliest days. In the winter the whole family treks south as the water dries up down to the Bahr el Arab (River of the Arabs) and the ponies get used to every sort of going and to meeting game. They have been used for generations for the Arabs' favourite sport of crack hunting, and the young pony quickly takes to chasing game, and is soon



THE PONY THAT WITHSTOOD A LION'S CHARGE IN THE SUDAN

anxious to go after anything he sees. I had about a dozen ponies at various times at Bor and most of them became expert hunters.

I used to hunt in the woods round Bor on most evenings when I was in station. Two dogs composed my pack, and we were always followed by my two Red Hussar monkeys. We hunted almost everything, from elephants to hares, and though we never killed, we used to have a lot of fun and the ponies got used to bush country and to game getting up all round them.

Later, in February and March, large herds of zebras which inhabit the plains to the east of Bor are forced by the drought to move down to the river, and I used to hunt them and catch a few young ones to send to the Zoo or to keep as pets. They gave me a really grand gallop, and when a pony gets used to catching such a strange beast as a zebra he thinks nothing of chasing a buffalo and enjoys the hunt as much as the rider does.

I was lucky enough to take over from my predecessor at Bor a half-bred pony which I think at one time had been used by Arabs for giraffe hunting. He loved hunting and would pull one's arms out to get after game. He was extraordinarily clever at negotiating the phant tracks and cracks in the ground and in many hunts never gave me a fall. On the only occasion on which I got a lion on horseback I wounded it and it charged before I eventually killed it. The pony stood beside me without moving and then came up and snatched the corpse. I had one or two other ponies who became just as good as he was and got to love hunting.

THE DARTMOOR SHEEP-DIP

By DOUGLAS GORDON

I NEVER thought to dip a Scotch sheep again, Sir," an old flock-master remarked to me this summer, when once again the great annual Dartmoor ceremony was well under way. Small wonder that owners of moorland cattle took a gloomy view of the general prospects during the bitter months of early 1947. On Dartmoor it is estimated that 25 per cent. of the sheep perished, compared with about 10 per cent. in a normal winter, and it is remarkable that any survived, and that occasion for historic functions such as shearing or dipping remained in spite of the catastrophe.

Among all moorland activities in connection with sheep, dipping takes precedence, since it is a compulsory proceeding, scheduled to take place in all upland districts every summer. On the preceding day, all flocks grazing on the Dartmoor hills must be rounded up and confined in enclosed pastures, to ensure that an entire clearance of the Moor is effected in advance of the appointed date. The reason for this rigid ruling is that some flocks might evade the provision if allowed to remain on the wide hill-sides until actually required, since an exhaustive inspection would be necessary to discriminate between dipped or undipped animals. The measure is not popular among moorland farmers generally. "It isn't worth it!" (illustrated by a vigorous finger-and-thumb snap) was one verdict which I recently heard pronounced with obvious conviction. "Dipping when they have no wool on them to speak of is like washing after shaving. It just slips off after the next shower or two, and they'll get maggots again within a week."

Technically, of course, the primary purpose of dipping is not the discouragement of the blow-fly, but the removal or prevention of tick. In the moorman's opinion, however, the practice should provide against all ills, since it is, compulsory, and he would prefer to postpone it until autumn, when the heavier fleeces retain the liquid, with more permanent benefit—or so he thinks. An additional or supplementary autumnal dip is customary, and since there is no prescribed date for this, the farmer can pick his own day, with obvious advantages, such as in choosing favourable weather or securing adequate help.

On the great day the labour problem is usually solved by combining forces. Every holding does not possess dipping facilities and one bath is made to serve several, each man bringing his flock and lending a hand with the general work. Since the number of Dartmoor sheep has increased enormously within recent years, however, more and more dips are required to meet the growing demand, and it is now the rule rather than the exception to find one upon any farm of considerable size. Many of these structures are home-made, crude but efficient, with the ubiquitous galvanised iron serving in place of the time-honoured Dartmoor granite.

One shown in the accompanying photographs evolved more or less by chance. Hindered in his ordinary work by a snowstorm, the farmer turned a lost afternoon to account by designing a dipping apparatus, which he badly needed. He cleared the necessary space then and there, and, having once started, proceeded with the work, collecting rough paving stones from the adjacent moorland, often by lanternlight. It was all ready for the following summer, and I saw 1,800 sheep assembled

waiting to pass through it this year.

These woolly, bleating mobs make an impressive picture in the roughly walled intakes where they are temporarily imprisoned. The nimble semi-wild Scotch sheep of which Dartmoor's largest flocks consist are not easily kept within bounds against their will. They vault the walls like goats, and mass escapes are frequent. Sometimes farm girls, mounted on ponies, patrol the moor-gates to cut off contingents heading back for the hills, and when patrols are not available, the swift-ranging collies, always in attendance upon such occasions, are kept busy. The perspicacity displayed by these dogs is almost human. I have seen an old shepherd suspend work, lift his correspondingly old collie on to a stone wall, point to a receding file of sheep on the hill-side, and resume his duties without taking any apparent interest in what followed. He knew that everything necessary would be done.

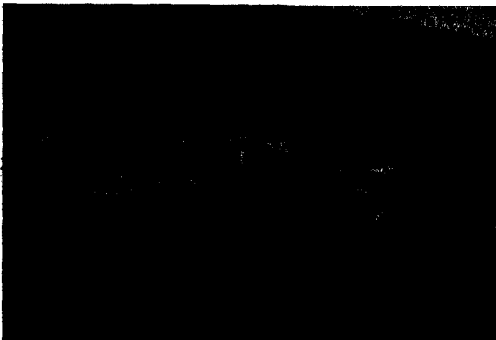
The construction of the dip and the general technique employed conform to a more or less general standard, with inevitable variations of method according to locality. Formerly on Dartmoor the services of two men were considered necessary to plunge an adult sheep into the bath. One held the fore, the other the hind legs of the animal, which was upturned for the process. Now it is steered to the edge, or dragged by the horns—if it has any—and pushed in, either way up, the man in charge of the bath doing the essential and actual dipping. For this a wooden crutch is used—an implement curved to fit either round the animal's neck or under its horns, as required. It serves the dual purpose of pushing the sheep under water, and helping it out if it is weak or exhausted. As a rule, sickly or injured animals are weeded out and set aside in a reserve pen for individual treatment. The use of arsenic or other poisonous

preparations, of course, involves special care, since sheep may swallow a fatal dose if over-ducked. An ordinary bath holds about 200 gallons and requires periodical refilling, for which reason access to unlimited water is desirable. That is why one sometimes sees a dipping outfit erected at some suitable corner beside a moorland stream, not necessarily anywhere near a farmstead, which often is not adequately supplied with water.

Each sheep, even when light-fleeced, absorbs a good deal of dip, and to avoid wastage after quitting the bath, they are kept standing a few minutes in a specially constructed passage with a sloping floor, down which the dip trickles back to the bath after draining from the fleeces. From this passage they are released in batches by means of a sliding hurdle, as part of a human queue is admitted through a ticket barrier. (Fig. 3). Upon the moors no division of ewes and lambs can take place, and when rounded up for these functions they are mixed and dipped indiscriminately. When they are assembled in great flocks before release, however, it is interesting to see how quickly each lamb finds its mother, or each ewe her missing lamb, and when the wide Moor is again thrown open to them, every flock returns to its own customary pastures within an incredibly short space of time. Seen on their native hills the following day, the widely scattered, quietly grazing animals bear little resemblance to the terrified and—as the men think—extraordinarily difficult and obstinate beasts that passed through the bath, contesting every part of the proceeding, a few hours before. Indeed, but for their freshly-tinted fleeces and a faint chemical taint on the heather-scented air, one would find it hard to believe that such an upheaval as the great annual moorland dip had ever taken place.

The illustrations are by R. E. St. Leger Gordon

1.—COMING DOWN FROM THE MOOR

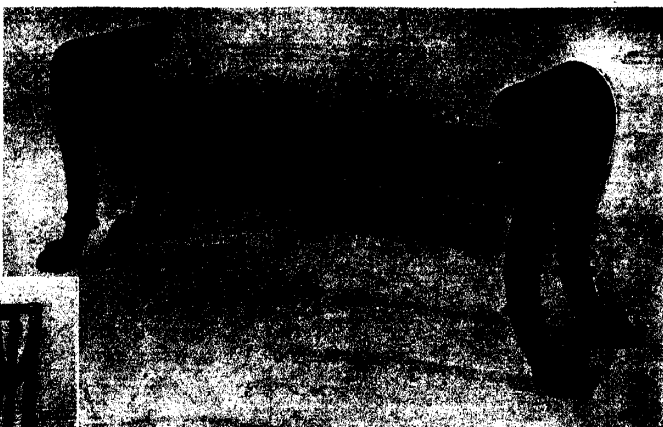


2.—DIPPING IS HOT AND HEAVY WORK (Right) 3.—DIPPED SHEEP BEING RELEASED FROM THE DIPPING PASSAGE

EARLY 19th-CENTURY FURNITURE AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND

By MARGARET JOURDAIN

IN the long architectural history of the Bank of England (to which Sir John Soane was appointed architect in 1788) most extensive alterations were made during the French wars between 1793 and 1815. As the business of the Bank grew, its increase required great additions to the site. Soane's work at the Bank pointed stylistically towards the Greek revival, and it was said by critics that Sir Robert Taylor's Rotunda had been replaced by "a naked piece of Roman-like building with little more than fluted lines as surfaces of interest." It was inevitable that he with his great faculty for minute attention to detail (or as a recent writer terms it, his "fanatical attention" to detail) should have been the controlling influence in



1.—BENCH WITH INCURVED SCROLL ENDS, PART OF THE ORIGINAL FURNISHING OF THE BANK

chairs were 98 shillings each. Chairs with the back wholly or partly filled by a diagonal trellis appear in Sheraton's designs for furniture. The bench (Fig. 1) and a hall chair which are also part of the original furnishing of the Bank, show simplicity of form, a partiality for uninterrupted surfaces and an absence of carving except in the treatment of the feet, carved with a lion's paw, a legacy of classical antiquity. During the last reconstruction of the Bank by Sir Herbert Baker additional pieces of furniture were acquired which match the original furniture in both style and date. The sideboard seen in Fig. 6 resembles one made in 1810 for Charles Madryll Cheere, of Papworth Hall, and described on the accounts

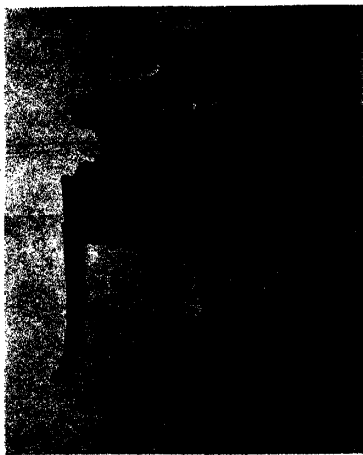
as a "capital mahogany sideboard supported on a stand, reeded legs and carved and bronzed paw feet, with antique bronze heads." The Papworth Hall sideboard was flanked by "pedestals to match." Its maker was George Oakley, of 22, St. Paul's Churchyard, whose name first appears in London *Directories* in 1790 and continues at the same address until 1795. In 1796 the firm appears as Oakley and Kettle, and in 1799 returns to the style of George Oakley. George Oakley (cabinet-maker) appears among the subscribers to Sheraton's *Cabinet Dictionary* (1803), and, from 1809-1811 his addresses are given as 22, St. Paul's Churchyard and 8, Old Bond Street. The Papworth Hall accounts show that the house was completely furnished by him in 1810, and among the items are drawing-room furniture in satinwood and calamander wood.



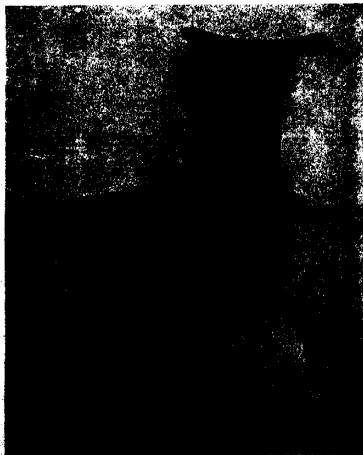
2.—ONE OF A SET OF TRELLIS-BACK ARMCHAIRS SUPPLIED FOR THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN 1809.

the choice of furniture for the Bank, and that the pieces that date from Soane's period should share the austerity of his interior decoration. As Soane maintained in his tenth lecture, "it is in simplicity that all real decoration is to be found. A multitude of ornament may materially injure, but never improve the effect of any composition."

A set of trellis-back chairs (Fig. 2) are Soane's in design, and there are some arm-chairs of the same pattern in Sir John Soane's Museum. The chairs at the Bank were supplied for the Governor's Room in 1809 by David Bruce, who describes them in his bill as "twenty mahogany trellis chairs, the back and legs reeded and fluted, the seats covered with best leather," for 84 shillings. The elbow-



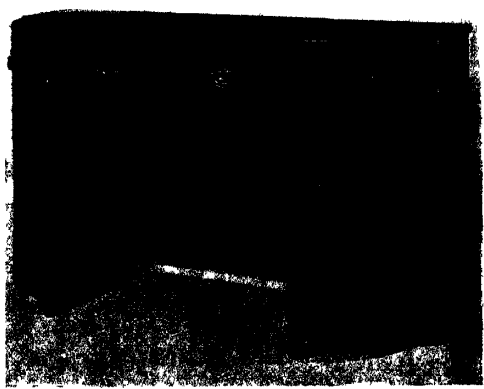
3.—LEATHER-COVERED ARMCHAIR WITH BRASS INLAY. Circa 1815. 4.—CROSS-FRAMED CHAIR



a calamander wood circular loo-table upon a pedestal and claws, the top inlaid with a border of stars in brass and ebony, a "mahogany winged library case in the Grecian style," and an "elegant satinwood winged wardrobe, enclosed with panelled doors formed of choice woods and elaborately inlaid with ebony."

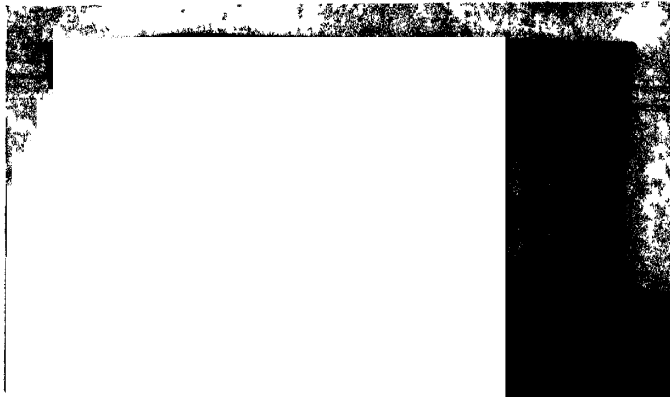
Among the furniture-makers employed by the Bank in the early years of the 19th century was John Robins, of Warwick Street, Golden Square, (a friend of Soane) who supplied a library writing-table for £32 8s. The writing-table shown in Fig 5 is, however, one of the later purchases. The centre is fitted with a rising desk, and the angles with an "antique" lion mask with ring handles. The two sideboards (Figs 6 and 7) show the simple and convenient pedestal form developed in the early 19th century. In one (Fig 6) it is backed by a plain moulded pediment of Greek type, with antefixæ at the ends. Both pieces are fully in keeping with the theory, which was advanced by Soane and generally accepted by contemporaries.

(Right) 5.—WRITING-TABLE WITH BRASS LIFTING HANDLES
EARLY 19th CENTURY



(Above, left) 6.—SIDEBOARD WITH GREEK BACKBOARD. Circa 1810.
(Right) 7.—SIDEBOARD WITH PEDESTAL CUPBOARDS.

(Left) 8.—MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD MADE ABOUT 1810 BY GEORGE OAKLEY



ary designers and cabinet-makers that ornament should be cautiously introduced in interior decoration.

The leather-covered arm-chair (which is also one of the more recent purchases) is an instance of the later development of brass inlay, cut out of sheet brass in scroll and floral forms (Fig 3). As the 18th century advanced this form of enrichment was extended and overloading with brass was condemned by Richard Brown in his *Elements of Drawing Cabinet and Upholstery Furniture* (1820), especially in the work of Bullock whose furniture was "over-charged with Buhl" which contributed to its "massy and ponderous appearance." In this "curriele" arm-chair, there is a wide band of inlay on the top rail, and a narrower band is carried down the arm-supports.

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XXIII

CULROSS, FIFE

By OLIVER HILL

Culross is the most completely preserved of the little 17th-century Scottish ports trading with the Baltic and the Low Countries, and once famous for the making of iron "girdles." The Palace and other chief buildings are vested in the National Trust for Scotland

JAMES VI described Fife as "a grey cloth mantle with a golden fringe." The coast is dotted with many burghs and harbours which were once busy centres of trade with the Baltic and the Low Countries: Culross, Inverkeithing, Kirkcaldy, Dysart, Elie, Pittenweem, Anstruther and Crail. They lie round the estuary of the Forth, and they have all retained something of the character of the 17th century, a time when their prosperity reached its zenith. Enough of the old town of Culross remains to show what a small Scotch township of the 17th century was like. Fortunately the most interesting buildings here are now in the safe keeping of the National Trust for Scotland, which has done much to preserve the unique character of the place.

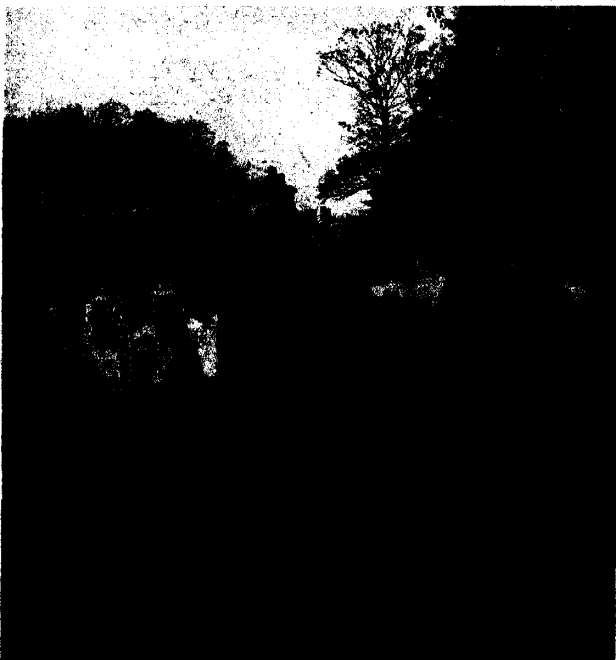
Culross rose to prosperity in the 16th century, chiefly on account of its coal workings and the manufacture of salt. Incidentally, it was at the time also famous for girdles, then, as now, indispensable utensils of a Scottish kitchen. The smiths or "hammermen" of Culross held a monopoly, which was ratified by James VI in 1599, for making these things.

The Cistercian Abbey of Culross, which was founded in 1217, shows work of six successive centuries, but I am here concerned with secular buildings of the 17th century, of which the town retains many examples. The most interesting is the Palace. Fife was once noted for the number of its palaces, although in this particular instance the appellation is really a misnomer. The house was formerly known as the Colonel's Close or Great Lodging, from its one-time proprietor, Colonel John Erskine of Carnock, known as The Black Colonel. It seems to have acquired the designation Palace from a later proprietor, "identifying with a royal residence the *Palatium* or palace in the Title Deeds, the word *palatium* in Latin law phraseology is used to denote any large or imposing building," in the words of Thomas Ross.

The Palace was built between 1597 and 1611 by George Bruce, later



1.—TOWN HOUSE OR TOLBOOTH, WHICH DATES FROM 1626



Lord Carnock. It forms two sides of a courtyard, the oldest part being the small west wing in the centre, with the corbie-stepped gable (Fig. 7). The pediments of the three dormer windows (Fig. 9) are carved and enriched; that in the centre shows the builder's initials, G.B., and the date 1597; the right-hand one has an interesting finial in the form of a thistle.

The external stairs alongside lead up to a platt, at first-floor level, giving access to the long gallery. The most interesting room in the house, however, is a small chamber on an upper floor with a remarkable coved and painted ceiling. This is boarded all over in the contemporary manner and painted in tempera. There are 16 rectangular compartments, each showing a seated female figure with an inscription in Latin and a couplet in old English lettering.

The tall east wing (Fig. 6) at the back of the courtyard is of similar character but a little later in date. The carving over the dormer windows here shows conventionalised fleurs-de-lis and roses, with the initials S.G.B. for Sir George Bruce (he was knighted by James VI) and the date 1611 (Fig. 8).

The plain rubble walling of these buildings, and the rounded archedes to the window openings, the corbie-stepped gables and the richly carved dormer heads, are all characteristic Scottish work of the time, but the pantiling is a feature introduced from the Low Countries. These old towns have many such reminders of Holland, but none appears to consort more happily with the native vernacular than the bold-textured pantile roofs.

(Left) 2.—ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE COURTYARD



3.—THE STUDY, SO CALLED FROM A CHAMBER REACHED BY A TURRET-STAIR CORBELLED OUT OF THE WALL



4.—THE STUDY FROM THE NORTH-EAST, WITH THE STEPS OF THE OLD MERCAT CROSS ON THE LEFT

Adjoining the Abbey is the Abbey House. It has a long façade, the ends of which are terminated by rectangular towers with tall ogival roofs. The house was begun in 1606 by Edward Bruce, who had been raised to the peerage as Lord Bruce of Kinloss in 1602. He died before completing the work, and it was finished by his successor, the second Earl of Kincardine, in 1670. The house was largely reconstructed, however, about a hundred years later.

Parleyhill House, with its curvilinear gables; the Manse; the Old House, Balgownie; the Hospital, founded by the Earl of Elgin in 1837; Bishop Leighton's House; The Haven and the Study are all 17th-century buildings of considerable interest.

The Study (Figs. 3 and 4) is a tall tower-like structure standing in the corner of a cobbled "place" formed by the intersection of several streets. It gets its name from a small upper chamber reached by a turret-stair corbelled out from the western wall. The building is of a type common about the end of the 16th century, but a door, at street level, bears the date 1633, and was presumably a later insertion.

The charming little Town House or Tolbooth (Fig. 1) dates from 1626. The ground floor is vaulted and contains the "iron cage" or prison. The first floor, reached by a forestair, contains

the Council Chamber and the "debtors' room" or Court. In the roof is a garret where women accused of witchcraft were imprisoned. The tower, which is surmounted by an elegant ogival roof reminiscent of Continental proto-

types, was built a hundred years later than the rest.

The origin of the word tolbooth is literal; it was a booth where tolls or taxes were collected. Tollbooths were formerly built as



5.—THE STREET BELOW THE STUDY



6.—EAST WING OF THE PALACE



7.—WEST WING OF THE PALACE

defensive towers or strongholds for the protection of the justices, but by the end of the 16th century the function of the tower, as such, had ceased to be necessary, and it then merely served to house the town bell, the means of summoning the populace. In later examples the tower was used more as a symbol of municipal authority than anything else. Among other things kept at the toll-booths were the standard weights and measures, and the tron, or beam, for weighing merchandise, often stood alongside. "Jougs," consisting of iron collars and padlocks, to fit round the necks of those convicted

of selling short measure, were often chained to the tollbooth wall.

Most of the tollbooths that have survived date from the end of the 16th century. These buildings later assumed the functions of Town Hall, or Town House, as it is sometimes called; with accommodation for the Council Chamber and Court Room, with debtors' cells below. They not infrequently bear a marked resemblance to buildings of a similar character in the Low Countries, and this little Town House, at Culross, would certainly not appear out of keeping in a small Dutch town.

The Mercat Cross is another survival of

ancient symbolism. These crosses were erected in the town squares, where merchandise was brought to be sold and where proclamations were made. The steps of the old Mercat Cross of Culross appear in Fig. 4, with the Study behind.

Prosperity has obliterated much of the town and village architecture in other parts of Scotland, but here, in this corner of Fife, violent changes have fortunately not occurred, and these towns, once among the richest communities in the country, clearly reveal their past by the distinguished quality of their surviving architecture.



8.—DORMER WINDOWS OF THE EAST WING OF THE PALACE. (Right) 9.—GABLES OF THE WEST WING



394 MILES AN HOUR

By J. EASON GIBSON



COASTING IN AFTER A PRACTICE RUN OVER THE BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS

WE were all delighted to read of John Cobb's great personal triumph in raising the world's land speed record, which he had previously held since 1939 at 369.7 m.p.h., to the dizzy speed of 394.197 m.p.h. On one run over the glistening expanse of the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah, U.S.A., his average speed was 385.645 m.p.h., while on the return run, from south to north, the magic figure of 400 m.p.h. was exceeded for the first time, when Cobb averaged 403.135 m.p.h. This wonderful achievement reflects great credit on Cobb himself, Reid Railton, the designer, and Kenneth Taylor, the builder, of the car, and last, but by no means least, the designers and technologists of the Dunlop organisation who provided the special tyres.

While impressed by such records, and no doubt appreciating their value in enhancing our prestige overseas, few laymen realise the immense difficulties involved in such a project. It may be of interest to outline the problems.

With an aeroplane, the main problem is that of wind resistance, which absorbs the power of the engine as the cube of the speed. There are other problems, but these account for only about 5 per cent. or 10 per cent. of the forces acting against the machine. With a land vehicle, however, apart from the problem of wind resistance, there is the added complication of tractive resistance. This force is directly proportional to weight, and rises rapidly with the speed. It must be borne in mind also that tyres are the limiting factor in any attempt on the land speed record and dictate the speed that can be selected as a target figure.

The factor of wind resistance was countered by Reid Railton, when designing the car, by utilising an S-shaped backbone frame which permitted the twin Napier engines to be fitted at an angle, thus reducing appreciably the over-all width of the car and consequently the frontal area. One engine drives the forward pair of wheels, and the other the rear pair. Accordingly, the strain of transmitting the 2,500-horse-power is shared equally between the four wheels, with consequent easing of the tyre problem. As the driver sits well out in front it has been possible to keep the height of the car to the modest figure of 4 ft. 3 ins. The result of this has been to give a car with an estimated frontal area of 20 sq. ft. During the record runs, which take only 3 mins. 20 secs. each way—including, of course, the acceleration run-in to the measured distance and the subsequent braking—a normal radiator is unnecessary. Instead, a water tank assisted by an ice tank

attends to the cooling of the engine. It is therefore unnecessary to have an air entry, which would destroy the clean profile of the bodywork. To carry out replenishment between the record runs the complete body is removed, so that no external fillers or protuberances impair the streamlining.

To turn to the question of tractive resistance, it is interesting to compare the present record-holding car with its predecessor, Captain G. E. T. Eyston's *Thunderbolt*. Eyston's car weighed 7 tons, had 6,100 horse-power, and to carry its weight and transmit the power had no fewer than 10 tyres. Railton's scientific approach to the problem was to cut the weight to just over 3 tons and to employ engines with an output of 2,500 horse-power. This made it possible to have only four wheels, with consequent reduction in tractive resistance compared with that of the *Thunderbolt*.

The popular belief still exists that tyres for such a task as this are similar in design to our every-day article, but perhaps not heavier. Nothing could be further from the truth. At

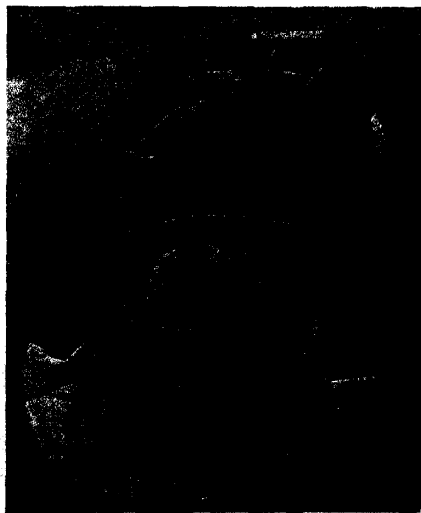
400 m.p.h. the tyres are revolving 3,200 times a minute, with the result that the centrifugal force exerted on each is 150 tons. It is therefore understandable that the heavier the tyre tread, the greater will be the force exerted. For this reason the actual tread is of wafer thinness; about one-fiftieth of an inch, or the equivalent of two pages of a copy of *COUNTRY LIFE*. From speeds as low as 180 m.p.h. it is important that the tyre-valve caps should be provided with a locking device, as at such speeds the valve plunger is forced off its seat, with the result that all the air would escape. The estimated cost of the 48 tyres Cobb took with him to the U.S.A. is £3,600, excluding the actual costs of the record attempt. I can readily appreciate such a figure, having been permitted to attend the testing of a tyre identical with those used on the record-breaking run.

Observing the test through a peep-hole in the steel-walled test house one could see the tyre diameter growing about an inch as the critical speed was approached. The tyre was lowered on to a revolving drum, while carrying a weight of 18 cwt., and was run for 60 secs. at 420 m.p.h. This may appear to be an alarmingly short time, but it is equivalent to a distance of 7 miles. Although it is necessary for the car to cover about 11 miles on each run, 5 miles are used up each side of the measured distance on acceleration. Consequently the over-all average for the 11 miles is sufficiently low to ensure that a guaranteed tyre life of 60 secs. gives an ample margin of safety.

After the test of the tyre had been satisfactorily completed the pressure was reduced by 10 per cent., and again the speed was built up to 420 m.p.h. There was just time to observe the distortion of the tyre under the greatly increased strain, as, in 5 secs. by my stop-watch, the tread disintegrated into a molten mass.

Apart from the maximum speed capabilities of the car, its accelerative qualities are fantastic. From rest, 100 m.p.h. is reached in 10 secs. The normal speeds available with the three-speed gear-box are: 150, 250, and 400-plus m.p.h.

When one bears in mind the very slight advances that have been made by railway locomotives since Stephenson first started the countryside, it is instructive to recall the immense progress in motor-car performance since Chassagnon-Laubert's first land speed record of 59.24 m.p.h. In these days, when obedience to direction is regarded as a greater virtue than initiative, it is refreshing to find that the skill, courage and enterprise of a handful of our countrymen has inspired the admiration of the world.



THE RAILTON, WITH COBB AT THE WHEEL, SHOWING THE DIAGONAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE ENGINES

THE CAMARGUE RE-VISITED

II—BEE-EATERS, ORIOLES AND OTHERS

Written and Illustrated by G. K. YEATES

IF the birds that are dependent on water-levels had been adversely affected by a succession of droughts between my visits to the Camargue in 1938 and this year, no such changes were to be noticed in the birds that frequent the arid areas and have no ecological concern with water. There is also now nesting in numbers within the boundaries of the Camargue, and also just outside, a very welcome addition to the bird population. Up to the time of my last previous visit the bee-eater was known only as a rather rare passage migrant. In the interval of a decade it has come to nest—and in numbers.

In all Europe there can be few, if any, more colourful birds. I, at least, give the bee-eater, in point of sheer riot of colouring, pride of place over even such gorgeous species as roller, golden oriole or hoopoe. Yellows, greens, blues, chestnuts are plastered on to the bee-eater's plumage without stint. It is an almost unbelievable pageant of splendour.

Little wonder that Nature has ordained that this vivid creature should retire into a hole for nesting. For this purpose it forms colonies, and it

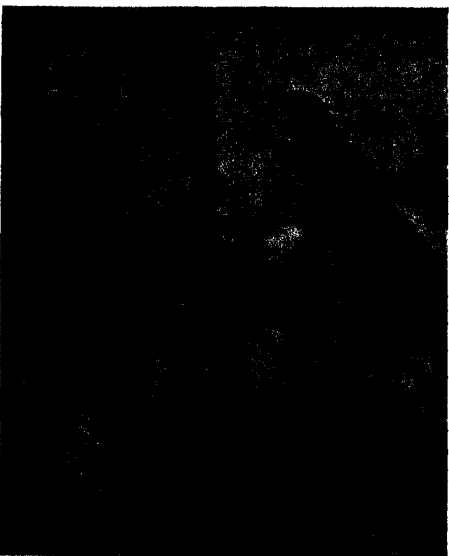


2.—ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR INSECTS: A BEE-EATER ON ITS FAVOURITE PERCH

set against the pink of the rest of their body is a regular feature of the tree-lined roads of the north of the delta. They, too, are not particular about their nesting place. Any old hole will serve a hoopoe. We found them happy not only in a tree, but in a rabbit warren and even in a pile of stones for road-making.

But even the hoopoe's exciting colour-scheme must give place in brilliance to the roller's and the golden oriole's. Rollers have increased and are in fact spreading northwards out of the Rhône delta, which once was their only regular breeding station in France. In the north of the delta they are to-day quite common, sitting quiet and unperturbed on the telephone wires—rather dreamy birds. But when they leave their perch and take wing, what a brilliance is revealed! It is not a riot of colouring as in the bee-eater, for the roller has only two main colours, chestnut and turquoise blue—but what a blue it is with a bright Mediterranean sun full on it! Even that cloudless blue sky has to take second place.

The golden oriole is also a bird of two main colours—the vivid yellow and black of its wings. As it flits across the road to vanish in the deep



3.—A GOLDEN ORIOLE BESIDE ITS NEST SLUNG FROM THE END OF AN OVERHANGING BRANCH.

1.—A BEE-EATER, A STRIKING ADDITION TO THE BREEDING BIRDS OF THE CAMARGUE IN THE LAST DECADE, ABOVE THE SANDY "CLIFF" WHERE A COLONY WERE NESTING

seems prepared to excavate a home in a variety of places. The most obvious sites are the small sandy "cliffs" surrounding the *diangs* (Fig. 1)—and these were very popular. But it is not averse to a quarry or a road-side ditch or even to a small bump in almost level ground, so long as the soil permits excavation.

The nests in a colony are well spaced out, not close together like sand martins'. For instance, in the colony where most of my observations were made there were about 40 or 50 pairs, but the occupied area of "cliff" extended for quite 300 yards, i.e. about one nest every 8 yards.

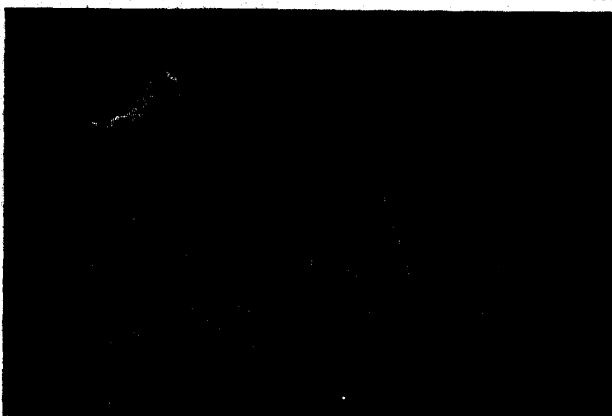
Bee-eaters are late breeders, and when I was there courtship and excavations were going on side by side. For there can be little doubt that the two operations are very closely related. The female does most of the work (she is slightly, but only very slightly, less brilliantly coloured than her lord), but the male at least inspects the hole at intervals, and I believe occasionally works at it. His main rôle, however, seems to be to entertain and feed his mate. For a while he sits on his favourite perch, as it were on sentry-duty, (Fig. 2.) As I looked down the shore of the *diang*, all along it was a line of male bee-eaters spaced out opposite their holes. Every quarter of an hour or so, one will fly off, catch a dragon-fly, come back to his perch and with a lovely liquid note call his wife out of the hole. This call she hears with alacrity and out she flies. Both then glide round in circles, calling to each other. Then they alight side by side—a glorious sight—on the favourite perch and he feeds her. They grow quiet and sit huddled together, until the female remembers her pressing duty and returns once more to her excavation. A bee-eater nesting colony is a charming place, full of light and colour and sweet noises—and of very beautiful birds.

The Camargue has many other brilliant species. Hoopoes are very common indeed, and the black-and-white chequered pattern of their wings

cover of the tree tops where it hides its conspicuous beauty, it seems almost as if a flaming rocket of yellow has passed in front of one's eyes. I know nothing with which adequately to compare an oriole's yellow. It is the purest and most vivid yellow in the world. But the bird keeps mostly to the cover of the leaves in the tree tops, where it announces its presence with a loud whistle, and permits only glimpses of itself.

By a Camargue road, at the tip of an outstretched branch, an oriole had built its wonderful pendent nest (Fig. 3), in which were laid four distinctive eggs—pure white with black spots—and from a pylon hide, erected almost on the road-way, I spent several hours in the delightful company of a very tame bird. The female golden oriole is a bright bird, but she is eclipsed by her lord, for in her the yellows are more subdued and greener, and she lacks them entirely on many parts. In colour-scheme, in fact, she is not very unlike a brighter edition of a green woodpecker, if one omits the red of the latter's head, a colour that she has only on her beak. Few birds could have been tamer, for she would return to incubate while cameras were being set up in the hide. Only the never-ceasing wind, which made her nest sway impossibly, spoilt a charming experience.

The delight one finds in the colours of birds is not dependent on brilliance. Black and white can be extraordinarily effective, and I know no



4.—ELEGANCE PERSONIFIED: A BLACK-WINGED STILT STEPPING TOWARDS ITS NEST IN THE CAMARGUE

ground, and on one occasion I saw a most vicious attack on a wretched chick. It was pecked and flung about ruthlessly by an adult. Even down came off it. My companion, who relieved me in the hide, reported that "our" bird, which was sitting four eggs, finished the day by adopting one of these chicks and brooding it.

The avocets had as near neighbours a few pairs of Kentish plovers. After the passage of lovely birds I have referred to, this drab little plover might seem to be a dull note on which to end; for the Kentish plover can pretend to no brilliant yellows or blues or smart patterns of black and white. It is as brown and sombre as the sands and muds upon which it spends its entire life (Fig. 6). But it is not without attraction. I love especially its run. Can any bird move its legs so fast? Its feet twinkle over the dry mud so quickly that the eye cannot detect each step. I love too its fussy ways when it reaches the three eggs that lie half-buried in the mud, marvellously camouflaged. There it is never still, but always fussing, picking up little mud-flakes and tossing them over its back or getting itself more comfortable on its eggs. A tiny mite, but a very charming bird.

(The first article appeared on September 5).

5.—AN AVOCET ARRIVES TO RELIEVE ITS SITTING MATE

two species that prove it more clearly than the black-winged stilt and the avocet, both regular nesting birds in the Camargue, the former by the edges of the fresh marshes (Fig. 4), the latter on the little islets in the *étangs*. The avocet's colour-scheme is simple, and relieved only by the pale blue legs, but the stilt has also the added attraction of its exceptionally long red legs, which protrude far behind it in flight. The stilt is at its best, perhaps, when alarmed for the safety of its young, when it performs a ballet-dance of anxiety, full of grace and colour, as it springs into the air, hovers, gently dips to earth, to spring up once more as soon as it makes contact, beating its jet-black wings slowly all the time.

On a small islet in an *étang* 22 pairs of avocets had nests. Their island could not have measured more than 20 yards by 10 yards, and of this much was denied them because of the waves that the mistral piled on to its shores. They were huddled together among the scanty *Salsola* in the middle. My hide, when erected, seemed to occupy the whole island. Here, nevertheless, I spent a charming morning with a pair of birds that shared equally the duties of incubation (Fig. 5). I discovered too that the virgin-innocence of the avocet's colour scheme is misleading. On a sandy spit by my hide a few chicks were running, attended by their parents. Idle birds of nests not yet hatched also used this



6.—THE KENTISH PLOVER "IS AS SOMBER AS THE SANDS AND MUDS ON WHICH IT SPENDS ITS ENTIRE LIFE"

BATTERSEA PARK: A PORTRAIT

By PAMELA HINKSON

PERHAPS the spiritual way of Battersea Park was indicated by the notice at the gate which I read on the day I first discovered it: "Please help the children across the road." There is really a moment between the day when the sweet pilgrimage of children is not evident outside that gate. They come across the round-about of meeting streets, with elders or alone—seven-year-old in charge of five, four, three and smaller. Older sister often wise and motherly, older brother not so wise, pushing pram and baby somewhat recklessly up and down curbs. But the small jolted face looks out unperturbed, unafraid.

The beauty within the gate has many manifestations. What would you desire? Here you may take your choice, being welcomed at once to stately flower walks: the flower sequence has been so perfectly gardened that there has never been a withered moment between the roses and delphiniums of June and the russet dahlias of to-day. Beyond lies the beauty of the lake, which I, living facing the Park, saw in the early morning with the dew magic on it. A lake in a country-house park it seemed at that hour, bordered by fine trees, green water lying still below a russet sky. I looked across the road that at early morning and dusk especially seemed a village street, along which country carts went, carrying hay, manure, country loads. Village people and characters talked to me over the hedge of my small garden. The old police pensioner, deaf as a post, who therefore always got the last word in his West-country speech, did odd jobs in my garden, and between, leaned on the hedge surveying it with a proprietary air, giving a feudal suggestion of wide acres and ancient retainers to my small patch of London earth and to my life.

In June the pair of white swans that floated beautifully on the lake had only newly hatched their four little grey fluffy cygnets. In three months these, still grey, had grown to the size of their parents. The swans are adaptable: now a king and a queen of birds, sailing on this still water as dreamily aloof and beautiful as those I know on an Irish lake, in another mood and hour they are sophisticated London citizens, coming to the shore to take bread from the children's hands. So too with the deer, whose loveliest of all animal grace is tamed here to friendly intercourse with humans through the high railing about the small deer park. A mother duck has brought up her family in some hidden nest of one of the lake's islands and sails the water with her little fleet about her, watching them as anxiously as the commanding ship of a convoy watches her charge.

Of the swans a keeper said: "They're a lesson to humans." And he told how they mated for life, of the male's delicate love-making before and after mating. The bird family—father, mother, children, father swimming off sometimes to look for a wandering, adventurous cygnet—is indeed a reflection of the devoted human families on the shore: for this is a family love and the spirit one feels in it is one of family love, wider than that of the individual group.



"THE SWANS ARE ADAPTABLE . . ."



"A LAKE IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE PARK IT SEEMED . . ."

To belong to this park as I have been privileged to belong to it is to be part of that family. And since the gentleness takes in man and child, bird and animal and flower, and beyond that sunlight and water, sky and earth and the fruits of it, it is the kingdom of St. Francis's love.

Flowers grow brighter because of that. This is a people's park and a beloved park, a giver of great happiness and health, physical and mental and surely spiritual. It belongs to us who have the entry—of heart and spirit—as truly as if it were our own garden which we had tended. I have never walked in any other park that had quite that spirit of home. Even the first leaves of autumn rustling about my feet lately were friendly, not melancholy in them. The exquisite young life that fills the place is the more significant because all about lies a part of London heavily war-scarred.

Here is royal beauty, although this was never, as were other London parks, once a Royal garden. Rare imagination and skill designed the gardening, smooth lawns about beautifully colour-shaded beds of flowers, the fine trees above them. Leave this and you come to the bowling green. Here through the summer evenings old men and young play while spectators sit along the seats and watch, old wise men with village faces, as friendly as villagers, talking wise village talk—sometimes a scrap reaches my passing ear. I have thoughts of Drake playing bowls. . . .

Then, on either side, the allotment fields—lovely luxuriant green, grey-green, red, orange. Bent figures working in them, men, women and children going and coming with tools over their shoulders and filled baskets as lovely as a French market scene. You may stand and talk, as do your village neighbours, admiring the growth of the crops, and hearing of the goodness of the earth.

"I hope they'll never take these from us," says one landed proprietor. "I was here all through the war without going away. I don't know what we'd do without them."

Here is the heart of a world—an English world—and a symbol for these Londoners are countrymen at heart. See the window boxes wherever possible, the basement gardens. Someone should paint the beauty of the allotment fields in the heart of London. But—only over the trees—see the pink beauty of Sir Gilbert Scott's power station, its tall chimneys like pale rose candles against the glittering sky in this summer of Eastern colour; and west, the black factory chimneys and their smoke, such as

Whistler painted above the river, remind us that our beloved country belongs to London. Only . . . Something else too perhaps, the quality of London, a shining of that by London's recent endurance.

For a whole summer I offered my guests such entertainment as one might travel far abroad to seek. An evening drink, then a wandering walk across the Park, over Albert Bridge to dine in Chelsea, back beside the Royal Hospital garden, and across Chelsea Bridge: we stood there once and looked at pink and gleaming water under a flaming sky, at black barges, magic river steamers, and asked "Why go to Venice?"

You may follow the stately avenues under the overspreading trees, sit there and watch through the arches the distant sun brightly clad figures playing. I have seen against a gold evening sunset a radiance about little fair heads, an effect that I remember in golden Indian evenings. You may watch, in the open spaces, the young men play cricket, girls and youths play tennis, others boating on the lake, the playing of the band and on a young man, lately home from war, coaches a team of five to ten-year-olds; or it may be father and mother with their children; and there is always the beloved dog to join in the game. We have our own breed of terrier, the most beloved, often ugly, mongrel in the world. Taken out on a lead in babyhood, petted, adored, children trained to gentle care of him, he grows up only a little less friendly than his owners because he is so conscious of his value that he fears you must surely want to steal him. Should you speak to child or puppy, your welcome from the adult owners, too, is a benediction. The most aching heart for child or dog is filled and healed here. Across the road from my flat, set appropriately in that greenness, was a Day Nursery. In the early morning I saw the children being delivered, by working mother or older brother or sister, at evening the happy reunion. What love and care and sacrifice produced those shining frocks, ribbons, socks! What a moment when the skipping little girl ran to her mother.

Once, in the Park I knelt to talk to a tumbling ball of canine black, a few weeks old, and the small boy owner urged the indifferent Billy to respond. Beside me knelt a young man with sandy hair and good irregular face.

"I think he's a wee bit of a Scot," he decided of Billy, and so we fell to discussing the new friend's homeland and the dogs it grew and the ways of wise Scottish sheep dogs with sheep.

The kindnesses are for the old too. No segregation or bitter barriers here. Grandparents wheel or walk the children, old couples walk together with toll-worn yet peaceful faces, the years of increasing love between them, clear and very beautiful.

You find these couples often in the lovely flower garden, where there are roses, successive flower carpets and borders about a sun-dial and a water-lily pool with a fountain playing into it, deep-shading pergolas and restful dark seats

at the end of them where old people may sit and dream, and people may sit and find peace and hope stealing—because out in the sunlight little pink and blue-clothed figures drift to stand by the pool. Beyond the pergola a green water runs, illusively to fields, between tall bright borders such as grew in an Irish garden of my childhood.

The keepers, who do not pass without a greeting, continue this atmosphere of your own garden, even to the perennial warfare between children and keepers of gardens. A hearing of naughty games played across flower beds, one is back, aware again of an old gardener's voice lifted, yet without bitterness, against dogs and boys, the scourge of passionate gardeners. I have heard of one keeper's holiday by the sea, when he forgot his small troubles (and perhaps missed them) and suddenly a little girl's voice called to him, one of the children of the Park, on holiday too, recognising him. And one keeper, 29 years guardian of this park and part of it, said, "Children wouldn't be children if they didn't play hanky-panky sometimes. And

if you talk to them you can get them to do anything." And the young gardener, whom I met over a group of children and toy motor-car, revealed in a miracle of British understatement his war experience between gardeners in this park—two years on the Burma-Siam railway and a year in the Japanese mines.

In the heart of the Park there is a pig farm, run co-operatively, built and drained by builder and engineer co-operators and cared for on the rota system by volunteers of many trades. The one war experience between gardeners would "take this from us," and, looking at a small, black, grunting family, said: "You get very fond of them." And we did not shrink the subject of the inevitable killing and how it was done—humanely.

"Not Angies but angels." I have thought of the children—so many fair-haired—even if they have their load of mischief. But a boy stoops gently to lift and carry a tired puppy, and the birds do not fear the children, and the sparrows cluster about them to be fed. True London street-dwellers the sparrows are,

choosing often the yards of the flats where there are food and company rather than the beauty of the Park.

On a hot day there is coolness from the lake, freshness from the river if you walk across to it. That river scene with its passing ships completes the beauty and adventure of this park. Here on the bank and the wide grass strip shaded by fine trees, you may see visitors from across the water—with well-bred dogs perhaps—strangers.

But dead on the Park stand three who belong to this world for ever. A little aside from the magnificent avenue, with a low hedge circling the space in which it stands, is the beautiful 1914-1918 War Memorial to the 24th Division, done by Eric Kennington. I saw it lately on clear September sunlight pouring over the trees to light it three young figures of men who died for this world. The leader holds with his left hand the right hand of one of his brothers, as if he guided him. I shall never forget that hand-clasp carved in stone, and all that it conveys.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES - By EILUNED LEWIS

ONLY he (or she) who has been long separated from dear and familiar scenes can understand the acute happiness of returning after long absence to a loved country cottage. To taste the full flavour of such contentment it is well to have been for a time a wanderer on the face of the earth, living in trunks (as the saying goes), sleeping in bunks of ships and railways and the bedrooms of strange hotels, rooms in which a travelling clock and a couple of photographs are the only link with that mysterious thing we call personality. I do not mean—far from it—that a number of personal possessions is indispensable to happiness; but the clock and photographs stand the wrong notes, the clock for ever talking of the passage of time and the photographs of the sadness of separation.

How different and comforting are the everyday things of home, the known feel of the bread-knife, the water-jug which always spills a little, the button on the tea-cup, the way the sunlight falls on books and pictures, the pleasure of finding that roses still look happiest in an old Lowestoft jug and chrysanthemums in the copper bowl. And then one remembers those expensive flowers sent by kind friends to hotel sitting-rooms, which in the Indian climate were invariably drooping or dead by evening. How fresh and sturdy our autumn posies seem in comparison with those far-off exotic blooms!

I have been re-reading Thoreau's *Walden* (standing patiently all this time, waiting on its self, as pungent as ever). "I love," he says, "a broad margin to my life," and goes on to say that there are times when he cannot afford "to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands." Sometimes he would sit in the doorway of his house by Walden Pond from sunrise to noon, rapt in reverie, and again until the sun falling through the western window reminded him of the lapse of time. Alas, no housewife of to-day could afford the bloom of the present moment. But that lovely phrase "the bloom for the present moment" can be treasured by even the busiest woman while going about her daily business; and it is, I do believe, in a country cottage, where no room is too far removed from out of doors—that this feeling can be best experienced.

Thoreau says "I grew in those seasons like corn in the night," an exquisite description of spiritual well-being, and adds that these times were not subtracted from his life but were so much over and above his usual allowance. Most of us who were nurtured in the country find these "over and above" moments in the country place, especially in those places already so well known to us that we know exactly where to look for and to find the first flowers of every spring, the best berries of every autumn. Yet familiar surroundings are not absolutely necessary; only the "broad margin" must be there. The last place in which I found it was a balcony in Hyderabad

where my companion and I would sit at early morning, before the tasks of the day were upon us, watching for golden orioles in the high trees and the sight of brilliant green bee-eaters flitting through the bushes below.

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," says old Thoreau, and each one of us must find his own way out of the predicament.

"Quiet desperation" perhaps best describes the state of mind of a great number of countrywomen facing the prospect of a winter without the basic petrol ration. During the long years of the war we learnt the drill gladly enough, waiting, waiting, and then the children to school and fetching the fish by ingenious methods of codge and carry. But now, more than two years from the war's ending, all sorts of delicate plants of civilisation were beginning to raise their heads—dancing and gymnastics and riding lessons for the children, and for the parents, if they had them, a music club and orchestra. Some of these schemes, particularly the last, required prodigious exertions (it is not easy to find clarionets and violas in every hedgerow) but the plans were made, eagerly and doggedly, till the edicts of Whitehall put an end to everything.

Most country dwellers might as well be living in Elizabethan days, when the roads were so deep in mud that to move about in winter

weather was impossible. Only, unlike ourselves, Elizabethans who stayed at home and asked in their nearest neighbours could console each other by "so excessive a number of daises as the table is not thought well-furnished except they stand one upon another." What would the countrywoman of these days have thought of our weekly meat ration?

One of the pleasures of this autumn has been the replacing and making good of last winter's casualties among plants and trees. It is true to say that in this garden, at least, we lost what we most loved: a Mermad rose which looked in at the window, the honeysuckle that scented the summer, and a white bloom more beautiful by night than by day, and a ten-year-old "false" acacia which dropped its dusky pink blossoms into the bird bath each passing June.

All of these are to be replaced, even the rosey acacia, which, dead and stark as it is, has yet put for a hundred suckers from its roots, although this may be tempting providence, since the pink acacia is more vulnerable to frost than is the white variety. The summer-house gains something, for it is to have a hybrid tree (climbing Shot Silk) as well as a new honeysuckle.

How perfect it would be if one could replace one's departed friends just as easily!

A WEEK AT ST. ANDREWS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I DROPPED from the skies at St. Andrews in the middle of the afternoon on the Friday before the Medal Week. A delusive atmosphere of peace hung over it. I could walk across the course towards the last hole without being either killed or shouted at, and the club-house was wholly empty. Every day he came out either to play or to watch the final of the Jubilee Vase between Mr. Mackie and Colonel Ritson. So I dashed out too, caught them at the 16th and saw the last three holes. By all accounts this was one of the very best of finals: they halved in the morning and in the afternoon they halved only on the hole and on the last a very good golfer indeed, and to win this tournament from scratch is a considerable feat, but it is not unfair to him to say that most hearts were with Colonel Ritson. I suppose 67 is not so very old, but it is not so very young either for playing two hard matches a day, day after day, and, granted that he had eight strokes to help him, it was a gallant achievement. There were two "ifs" and, humanly speaking, he lost the match round the loop, just where the shorter driver, with strokes to help him, ought to score. He was two up going to the eighth and he had two strokes in the next four holes. Alas! the strokes were slow and heavy, he lost his head, and that, if not positively doomed, he was always

struggling. Youth will be served and in this case youth was a very good golfer, in all senses of the word.

Next day came another equally friendly and exciting match on a larger scale—between the Captain and the Town. It had the best and most cheerful ending, for, with between forty and fifty couples a side, it ended all square. It began soon after noon, and when I had finished my dinner and was sitting in the big window in a pleasantly lazy state of digestion the last couples were coming in through the gathering gloom. The Town were downy one, but the Club won the last match, by some, to me, inviolable margin, and everyone was satisfied.

I confess I had expected to find the Old Course far more burnt than it was. I had even brought my clubs, thinking that were I to play, the journey would flatter me so outrageously that shotties would become sets of shotts. Moreover on my journey northward the ground everywhere had looked as golden as a guinea. In fact however, there had been no such tremendous upheaval. There were bare, hard, yellow patches, but there were also delightfully green grassy ones. The course had seemed to be dead, and slow and heavy, a test of heroism altogether too much for the common man, but it was still

long enough for all reasonable desires; it was, in short, what it used to be, and I hope that now it will never go back to that almost stodgey and quaint unsuitability. The greens were decidedly flat, and often and often the ball that looked as if it would end stone dead ran on those two or three feet that can count so much; but they were not fiery. In short—and I write impartially since I did not try to play—the course seemed to me almost at its traditional best, and its beauty, with the waters of the hay of deepest blue, was past telling.

Monday was a day of peace, though there were no days of peace for me and others engaged in the desperate task of trying to revise and reraft the rules of golf—I lived with a wet towel permanently round my head; and then on Tuesday came the Club's general meeting. At this two announcements of general interest were made. The chairman of the Championship Committee "revealed," to use a fashionable journalistic word, that the Amateur Championship of 1949 would be on one of the noblest of golf courses, Portmarnock. The fact that the championship has never been played there before has never been "another injustice to Ireland," but all Irish golfers have longed for it and, irrespective of all questions of north and south, were agreed that Portmarnock was the

ideal venue. It is a very great course indeed, and from all I know of Irish golfers and of the good fun I have had with them in days past, the championship of 1949 will be a memorable one.

Apart from matters of a purely domestic character, the other interesting point was that of stymies. Here I am on rather delicate ground in my dual capacity of reporter and member of the Rules of Golf Committee. Briefly, the Committee, having consulted all the Dominion authorities and our own Unions as represented by the J.A.C., decided to recommend that the stymie rule should be left as it is. They could hardly have done otherwise, for they received no kind of mandate, as I rather thought they might, to do away with stymies. By no means all those consulted wanted the *stymie quo*, but there was a good deal more solid opinion in its favour than there was for the American rule of total abolition, or for abolition of all stymies not laid by the player himself. So, as far as the Committee are concerned, the old rule will remain in the new draft of the rules which in course of time—and it is a long, tough job—will be submitted to the Club. What the Club will do about it I do not know, but I fancy I could make a good guess.

Finally, there was Medal Day, and a perfect day it was, perhaps a little easier towards the end than at the beginning, but on the whole fair

to all, with no squalls of rain or violent gusts. The new captain, Lord Teviot, began auspiciously with his very best shot, and the retrieving caddy stoutly refused to convert the golden sovereign he received into mere sordid shillings. He would, he declared, keep it for ever, and was so afraid of losing it that he handed it over to an Admiral to take care of for him. For a long while it seemed that Mr. Grant-Govan with his 78-4-70 would sweep the board and win Medal and Boomerang alike. Many came near, but once more the man who had "got his blow in fast" was very, very hard to catch. However, at the very end of the day, he was overhauled and just passed, first by Mr. Morton Dykes and then, right on his heels, by Mr. J. J. Cowan, each with 75. This was not perhaps a great knock, but it was emphatically good news, for the greens were getting very fast as the day wore on and the ball did often slip past the hole those few fatal feet. Finally came the dinner, and a large and cheerful one, with a long procession of new members to be initiated by kissing the silver balls in the traditional ceremony. Lord Ammon proposed that the new members should be pondered for them, a grand display of fireworks to end a wonderfully jolly week. I am afraid I have had to get a quart into a pint pot in trying to describe it all, but those who know St. Andrews in Medal Week can supply the gaps from their memories and their imagination.

CORRESPONDENCE

GULLS ATTACKING RABBITS

SIR,—With reference to a recent suggestion in COUNTRY LIFE that gulls are worse predators than hawks, here in Cornwall gulls (I think herring gulls) have twice been seen to kill and eat rabbits, which they attacked with great ferocity. And I saw one attack a large rat, which only just escaped by doubling back into its hole on the cliff face. A. BRADLEY, N. R.N.A.S., St. Merryn, Cornwall.

"SERVICE CHARGE"

SIR,—The other day I had a meal at an hotel controlled by a well-known company which owns hotels all over the country. On the table was a printed notice stating that the ten per cent. service charge originally imposed as a gratuity to the staff would in future be retained by the management in order to meet the cost of increased wages. Patrons, it was added, were therefore free to tip as they wished.

I do not know what other readers think of this move, but it seems to me deplorable. I admit, of course, the necessity of paying on to the consumer increased costs, but to force the customer to tip, then calmly to annex that tip for another purpose, and finally to tell the customer grudgingly that he is free to begin tipping all over again, is going too far. Incidentally, I should like to know whether or not this practice conflicts with the regulations concerning maximum prices of meals and table charges.—F. W. B. Shortlands, Kent.

AN OSPREY IN OXFORDSHIRE

SIR,—When boating on the lake at Blenheim, Oxfordshire, recently, I had the good fortune to see an osprey. It was perched on a dead upper branch of an oak, about a hundred yards off, and as I watched through binoculars it first preened itself and then flew towards us, with slow strong beats, across the lake.

While perched against a dark background it looked almost black-and-white and not much bigger than a peregrine. In flight its wing span was impressive; the slow beats of the pale brown wings, especially as one saw the underside, reminded me of the buzzard.

Nearing the far (palace) bank of the lake the osprey changed direction and flew down the lake towards the

Cascade, and two herons followed without attempting to mob it.

My companion told me that an osprey is seen at Blenheim in the autumn of nearly every year and that last year, when it stayed from September 3 to 30, he saw it catch what appeared to be a two-pound tench.

Whether this bird was a cock or a hen I cannot say, since the only visible difference seems to be in size.



THE OLD WEST FRONT OF THE CHANTRY CHAPEL, WAKEFIELD, NOW USED AS FACADE TO A BATHHOUSE

See letter: New Light for an Old Building.

It had no appearance of being immature. At all events, however remote the contingency, one cannot help wishing it would find a mate to bring to Blenheim next spring and nest on, say, Elizabeth's Island. They would certainly find champions to defend their eyrie, including the Duke of Marlborough, who issues special instructions on these occasions about the strict preservation of all rare birds.—DAVID GREEN, Church Ham, Oxfordshire.

So far as is known, the osprey, which nested in Scotland until 1902, has not been in England since the end of the 18th century at the latest.—Ed.

CLOUDED YELLOWS IN LONDON

SIR,—Apocryph of your recent correspondence about clouded yellow butterflies, it may interest you to know that

I saw three or four of these immigrants in a garden in West Dulwich on September 21, which was sunny and warm after a day and a night of considerable rain.

The clouded yellows settled exclusively on marigolds, in contrast to the red admirals and painted ladies, which preferred Michaelmas daisies.—M. FORSTER, London, S.E.21.

[The clouded yellow butterfly, a



specimen of which frequented a Lanchashire garden during the last ten days of August, was seen as near the centre of London as the Hyde Park-Kensington Gardens area some ten years ago.—Ed.]

HART'S COLLECTION OF BIRDS

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about Hart's Ornithological Museum, formerly at Christchurch, Hampshire, this collection was, as stated in your issue of September 10, offered to Rugby School, but owing to lack of space they could not accept it. It was then offered to Stowe School, where it has been for the last three years.

The most striking thing about it is the wonderful landscape painting, and the natural vegetation on which

the majority of the birds are mounted, each bird being set according to its particular habitat.—D. A. LITTLEWOOD, Bilton Court, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD BUILDING

SIR,—One hears a good deal in these days about removing some unwanted building either by demolishing it altogether or by setting it up on another site. The problem cropped up when, in 1848, the late Sir Gilbert Scott was commissioned to restore St. Mary's Chantry Chapel on Calder Bridge, Wakefield, a restoration which entailed removing the entire west front of the 14th-century building.

Instead of being broken up it was given a new lease of life by the Hon. George Chapple Norton, who took it over to Kettlethorpe Hall, near by, to be used as the frontage of his hall-house. As my photograph shows, it still remains there, reflecting its medieval sculpture in the lake, which is surrounded by one of the finest private rock-gardens in Yorkshire.—G. B. Wood, Raudon, Leeds.

KENSINGTON SQUARE THREAT

SIR,—Mr. Curthoys's letter in last week's COUNTRY LIFE does not answer the main issue raised in my letter of September 5 about the projected scheme of opening a passage-way through No. 42, Kensington Square, and to state that the proposed alteration to that house would be "insignificant," apart from the inevitable alteration to the facade and the gutting of the interior, is a little surprising (which cannot be described as insignificant). Surely the damage to any habitable house is not at this juncture insignificant?

Two or three issues are not referred to in his letter:

(1) The serious damage to the amenities of the two houses adjoining No. 42.

(2) The damage to the amenities and character of the north side of the square by breaking into the range of forecourts and destroying that of No. 42.

(3) The points raised in Mr. Curthoys's letter:

(1) It was inevitable that Kensington Square, laid out in the late 17th century, was not designed by Mr. John Summerston's

Georgian London, which deals with Georgian architecture and town planning. In a very summary appendix, houses on the north, west and south side are described as "largely 18th century," and though there has been some repairing and reconstruction, there are many charming and untouched houses, of which the late Lord Ponsonby gave a full list and description. No. 42 is not one of the reconstructed or refaced houses.

(2) Mr. Sharp's report in 1946 advising that Kensington Square should be zoned for "special business," is easily accessible; but what is of outstanding importance is that, by the London County Council's decision of March, 1947, the residential character of the Square was recognised, and the earlier "special business" zoning overridden, after full consideration.

(3) The conversion of some houses into flats is irrelevant to the issue. A great majority of tenants of flats are private residents, and in Kensington Square, as well as in other districts, it has been necessary to relax restrictions and allow conversion of houses to provide housing accommodation. This has not involved any alteration to the façades.

(4) Many visitors recently saw No. 42 and recognised its value as an untouched house of moderate size. Many empty houses suffered from neglect during the war, but



They disappear altogether for a few days, and then re-appear.

Since they are immigrants, whether the same or different couples, it seems incredible that they should come to the same garden year after year from the Continent. I have not heard of them visiting other gardens, nor, though most of us have the noxious hindweed, of a single caterpillar being found. Perhaps some of your readers can throw some light on the subject.—
G. M. RAY (Mrs.), *Bishopscote, South Devon.*

OXEN IN ITALY

SIR.—The letter in your recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE concerning the white oxen of Arezzo in Italy revived a delightful memory of the days following the end of the European war, when, on the rich plains of Lombardy, I saw with amazement 16 white oxen drawing a single furrow plough. I believe they were Perugian oxen, which I am told are the largest of the oxen of Italy, and the lovely sight presented by this slowly pacing team to an eye rather jaundiced by the destruction of war can well be imagined.—
H. G. WHITFIELD, 40, High Street, Lymington, Hampshire.

FOR SHAVING?

SIR.—The enclosed photograph is of a lead jug which was discovered during dredging operations at Fishguard, South Wales. Its dimensions are: Height 6 ins., diameter of base 3 ins., diameter of funnel at widest part 3½ ins. The funnel is connected to the lower compartment by a narrow neck. Below the spout is a crudely fashioned representation of a man's face.

It is possible that it is an early form of shaving-mug?—
L. M. BICKARTON, Curator, City Library, Museum, Art Gallery and Old House, Hereford.



A LEAD JUG THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN AN EARLY SHAVING-MUG

See letter: For Shaving?

such damage to No. 42 is repairable.

(5) It was admitted at the recent public enquiry held by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning that the projected passageway would offer only a partial and temporary solution of what has been called "the traffic problem," and it is not correct to state that this projected passageway would "help immeasurably to solve it."

(6) The Kensington Square houses, mostly of moderate size, are in demand, and the number of owners will tend to increase rather than diminish as the result of the March zoning decision, and if the projected passageway is abandoned.—
M. JOURDAIN, Kensington, S.W.7.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

IMMIGRANT MOTHS MYSTERY

SIR.—A friend of mine who lives in South Devon has had two, and occasionally more, *Convolutus Hawk* Moths visiting her garden nearly every summer for the last nine or ten years. They stay on the window-sill of the verandah during the day, apparently lifeless, and do not seek food, being touched. At dusk they revive and hover over the tobacco plants near by.

CONVERSATION PIECE PROBLEM

SIR.—With reference to Mr. Clifford Smith's letter in COUNTRY LIFE of September 12, about a conversational piece by Arthur Devis, portraying a gentleman and two ladies seated at a table under a tree, assuming the building in the background to be Syon House, the land on the Surrey side of the river must form part of the grounds of Ormond Lodge, the site of which was at a point where the

material was removed on two occasions. In spite of this the nest was completed, and the eggs laid. The photograph was taken from the back of the letter-box one day before the young flew away.—
EWART BRADSHAW, *Greyfriars, Preston, Lancashire.*

CURE FOR VANDALISM?

SIR.—With reference to my recent letter about the defacing of Hampton Court Palace, I think I have now discovered the cure for, or what may help to cure, this vandalism.

As several thousand Hampton Court Palace and gardens should be closed on Saturday and Sunday without warning and large notices placed at each entrance stating the reason—that the public will not protect their own property, and that the innocent must suffer with the guilty, until the latter meet their ways.

As several thousand people visit Hampton Court every Sunday, it would lead to a general outcry, and bring the matter home to everyone. Is there no method of removing these writings from the stone work?—
G. E. DEYART, 82, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W.8.

CARICATURES IN STONE

SIR.—The parish church at Evercrech in Somerset is famous for its magnificent Perpendicular tower and its carved roof. But it is not realised by the casual visitor that the grotesques

EARLY VICTORIAN CARVINGS ON THE PARAPET AT EVERCRECH CHURCH, SOMERSET, WITH TWO DETAILS. (Above) "THE PARSON" (right) "THE PUBLICAN"

See letter: Caricatures in Stone

Old Deer Park adjoins Kew Gardens. James, Duke of Ormond, resided here until his impeachment in 1715, the estate coming into the possession of his brother the Earl of Arden, who eventually sold it to George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. I have been unable to fix the precise date of this sale, but it was certainly as early as 1719. It is tempting to identify the military gentleman in the painting with the Duke of Ormond and the plan with his military exploits at either Cadix or Vigo, but I take it the costume rules out this theory?

Ormond Lodge was a favourite residence of George II's Queen Caroline and was in use throughout their reign. George III granted the Lodge to his Queen and they frequently resided there in a somewhat homely manner. It appears to have been demolished in 1788-9.

when George III made extensive alterations to the whole estate in connection with his agricultural pursuits.—
GILBERT TOWNSEND, Borough Librarian, Public Library, Richmond, Surrey.

GREAT TITS' NEST IN A LETTER-BOX

SIR.—I thought you might be interested to see the enclosed photograph of a great tit's nest built in a letter-box situated in the main entrance hall of my house. At least 20 people must pass and re-pass through this door daily.

Letters received average 20 a day. After the postman had been with the letters (which filled the box) the birds could get neither in nor out through the opening.

When they first began to build their nest, the



that adorn the parapet, so full of medieval humour and feeling, are not mediating at all. Among these carvings are two cats which appear to be playing a game on one corner. There is a monkey with its tongue hanging out of a huge mouth, and a monster of a man with scaly arms and a wicked grin.

These carvings were done in 1842 by a stonemason from Wells. The story goes that he quarrelled with his two best friends in the village—the parson and the publican—and accordingly made portraits of them. The monster is known as "the parson" and the monkey as "the publican." The two cats represent two women village gossips who had fallen foul of the stonemason.—
STUDENT OF ARCHITECTURE, Bristol.

TELESCOPIC TABLES

SIR.—May I comment on a point in the article by Bertha Shaw on Gillows of Lancaster in your issue of August 29? On page 481 you illustrate a "laid-out" dining table on Gillows' telescopic principle, patented in 1807. I have one of these tables and have always understood that it was patented in 1807 by George Remington.

It is like the one illustrated in *Regency Furniture* by Margaret Jourdain. Remington's patent is referred



A PAIR OF GREAT TITS WITH THEIR HEADS TILTED BACK AT A LETTER-BOX

See letter: Great Tits' Nest in a Letter-Box

to in footnote 4 on page 46.—MARY IRELAND, 27, Julian Road, Folkestone.

WILKINSON'S PATENT

SIR.—I possess a virtually identical table to that "on Gillow's telescopic principle," which you illustrated (the moulding of the legs being slightly different), which bears the name of Wilkinson, Patent 357, Moorfields. Is one to presume that it was made under licence from Gillow?—W. H. HASLAM, Great Huchingsham Manor, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire.

(There was a good deal of activity in designing extending tables in 1800 and soon after. Sheraton, in his *Cabinet Dictionary* (1803), says that there were then under patents "three or four different kinds of dining table. The frames of two of these (patent) tables are made to draw out and loose flaps inserted between these, which are fixed to the drawing part of these tables." George Remington's patent (December, 1807), which was later than Sheraton's reference, was of the "lazy tong" type. "The moveable part when drawn out forms a lazy tong, and the legs, of which there are two to each division of the tongs, are fixed in joints made of brass, iron, or any other suitable material." The table illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (August 20, page 431) is of this form, and also the table illustrated in *Regency Furniture* (Fig. 68). From Mr. Haslam's letter it is clear that Wilkinson of Moorfields patented another table of this type.

Gillow's "patent table" (1800) is distinct from these, although the firm may also have made tables of the "lazy tong" type. It is described in *Antiquaries of Specifications*, vol. 39. His improvement consisted in attaching to a table mounted on a frame or legs, or a pillar and claws, wooden or metal sliders. These sliders are drawn out to the length required, and flaps laid upon them.—ED.)

OLD CART WHEELS

SIR.—In a coachbuilder's and wheelwright's yard at Sedburgh, Yorkshire, are a pair of farm-cart wheels attached to a round wooden axle shaft which are at least two hundred years old.

The wheels are in a shed, and as they are blocked in by the remains of old traps and carts, it was not possible to photograph the complete assembly. The enclosed angular photograph shows, however, that they were constructed when the craft of wheel making was not very far advanced. The round axle shaft is visible to the left, and axle and wheels went round together. The centres of the wheels are wedged on to the axle, and they have iron tyres. Perhaps some of



AN OWL WITH REFLECTING EYES ON A HOUSE WALL: A NOVEL FORM OF ROAD WARNING. (Right) A CLOSE-UP OF THE OWL

See letter: To Warn Motorists

your readers can determine the period in which these wheels were made.—ARNOLD JOWETT, 310, Hopwood Lane, Halifax, Yorkshire.

IN A SOUTH AFRICAN SQUARE

SIR.—It may interest your correspondent Mrs. Bagshawe, whose letter in your issue of August 8, I saw only recently, to know that though the covered wagons are not seen in Church Square, Pretoria, all more, the old custom of *Nachtmahl* has not died out in some country towns.

I am enclosing a photograph of the Paul Kruger Statue which a previous correspondent mentioned. The burghers or soldiers of the Boer War can be seen depicted at the base.

J. CHAPPELL (Mrs.), 33, Osternd Road, Germiston, South Africa.

DIVE-BOMBED BY TERNS

SIR.—I was very much interested in Miss Frances Pitt's recent article on Eynhallow and particularly in the reference to the terns (birds whose frenzied screech and lack of manners contrast most notably with their lovely appearance) because in July, 1945, when the Home Fleet returned to Scapa after an absence of about two months, we found that the terns had taken possession of the home-made golf course on Flotta (the island chiefly used by the Fleet for recreation) and were nesting in hundreds all over it.

They were furious at our intrusion and started attacking in a way all too reminiscent at that time of dive-

bombers. In two instances they actually struck and drew blood from the heads of unfortunate naval officers.

It was necessary to defend oneself with a stick and one officer unintentionally broke the wing of a tern attacking him. Immediately fifteen or twenty terns set upon him, screaming like bombs and obviously getting their own back for the damage done to one of their number. A sailor eventually managed to kill the injured tern, which he held up at arm's length and immediately all the rest made off and continued their attacks on the other parties scattered over the golf course.

The effect of being subjected to a series of well-pressed-home dive-bombing attacks by a dozen or so angry terns was most alarming. I was waving a putter around my head and although

this didn't worry the terns it gave me a slight feeling of condescension much as a tin hat does in an air raid. A suit of armour would have been better.

As a result of that afternoon's walk I cannot help feeling that Miss Pitt and I hold very different views about wanting to see large numbers of terns at close quarters.—SELYN POWELL, 153, Sussex Gardens, W.2.



THE KRUGER STATUE AT PRETORIA

See letter: In a South African Square

PLUM-SHY WASPS

SIR.—Early in August I caught sight of a nest of wasps in the eaves of my house, 50 feet above ground. I have three Victoria plum trees, which have had an exceptionally good yield of fruit, within 150 ft. of the wasps' nest, but no plums have been eaten this year, nor have any wasps been seen around the trees. In previous years, with no wasps' nests in the vicinity, the trees have been alive with wasps, and every plum bitten almost before it was ripe.

At tea-time we have had a pot of jam exposed on a balcony immediately below the nest, but we have not been molested by the wasps, which have been buzzing overhead. Can any reader explain why these wasps left the plums and the jam alone?—G. W. HILDITCH, *Weir View, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.*

THE THIRSTY HEDGEHOG

SIR.—One day recently I saw a young hedgehog walk quickly towards the trough of a hand-pump in the yard. To my surprise, he took no notice of me, but climbed half-way up the pump pipe, leaving his posterior and hind legs outside. He then proceeded to lap the water which lined the wall of the pipe, remaining in that position for at least

ten minutes. Finally he emerged, only to give his back a vigorous scratching!

This was not his first appearance; he made a pilgrimage to the pump each evening through the drought.—JILL BRIGHT, *Dumore, New Forest, Hampshire.*

TO WARN MOTORISTS

SIR.—I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of a novel form of warning sign at some cross-roads near at Kinross, in Fife. The owl's reflecting eyes glow red when caught by the headlights of approaching cars.—CLYDE HIGGS, *Hutton Road, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.*

FOR MAKING CHEESE

SIR.—Apropos your recent article, *How Britain Used to Make It*, I send you a photograph of a cheese press in the possession and use of a Suffolk family for a hundred years, at the Roof Farm, Brampton.

Suffolk cheese has been variously commented on. Fuller writes of it: "Most excellent are made here, whereof the finest are very thin, as intended not for food but digestion." But Bloomfield in his *Farmer's Boy* writes quite differently:

*This wastes the morn, till each with pleasure sees
The bustle o'er, and press'd the new-made cheese.*

*'Tis usual stands thy country Cheese,
O Gales!
Whose very name alone engenders smiles.*

*Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,
The well-known butt of many a flinty joke.*

*That pass like current coin the nation through;
And, ah! experience proves the satire true.*

*Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream,
And leave their milk with nothing but its name;*

*Its name derision and reproach pursue
And strangers tell of 'three times shimm'd' sky-blue.*

To cheese converted, what can be its boast?

What but the common virtues of a post!

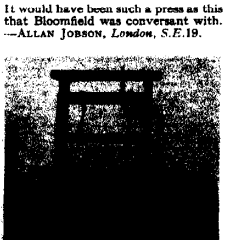
*If drought o'erstate it faster than the knife,
Most fair 'tis bids for stubborn length of life.*

*And like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,
Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade.*

*Or is the hog-tough rests in perfect spite,
Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.*

It would have been such a press as this that Bloomfield was conversant with.

—ALLAN JOHNSON, *London, S.E.19.*



A SUFFOLK CHEESE PRESS

See letter: For Making Cheese

IN A YORKSHIRE WHEELWRIGHT'S YARD

See letter: Old Cart Wheels

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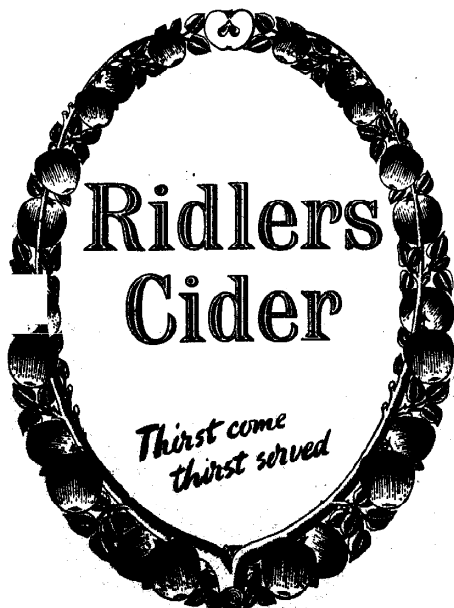
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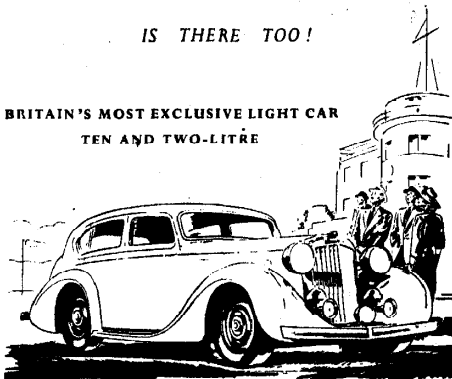
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DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By DENYS SUTTON

THE Print Room of the British Museum recently opened its doors for the first time since the beginning of the war. Three impressive exhibitions have been arranged to mark this auspicious occasion. One is devoted to an important selection of Indian painting, including a number of delicious Mogul miniatures, which whets one's appetite for the larger survey of Indian art to be held at Burlington House this autumn. Another is composed of a select but fascinating collection of prints drawn from the Museum's many portfolios. The main emphasis, however, has rightly been placed on the celebrated drawings, many of which are now on view, arranged according to period and school.

It is, indeed, not always realised that the Print Room houses one of the largest and most important cabinets of drawings in existence, built up over many years on the basis of such valuable legacies as that of Richard Payne Knight. These drawings are available to the public on demand after a few necessary but simple formalities have been fulfilled. The present admirable selection should attract a wider public to view the other treasures, which reasons of space confine to their case. It is to be hoped, too, that public interest may stimulate the acquisition of examples of the brilliant French draughtsmanship of the 19th century, which is barely represented in the collection.

Drawing is perhaps the most captivating and personal of the arts. Its charm is pervasive and insidious. Once a devotee has been made, he will never escape that *charm confidentiel* which Jules Laforgue so rightly found in the drawing. For the drawing is an ideal illumination of the artist's personality. It shows the artist in the throes of composition, as he rejects or accepts certain aspects of visual experience. It reveals sides to an artist's character which one might suspect but could never be certain about unless the drawing was available to aid one's exiguous knowledge. Certain minor artists, who seem in their more formal works to lack any warmth or freshness, achieve a surprising freedom and directness in their drawings. The artist is intent on recording as vividly as possible a scene which has appealed to him: he is not concerned with proving some point of doctrine. For the major artist, too, the drawing is a challenge to his virtuosity; he will manipulate his line, and call in the aid of Chinese ink or wash to achieve a richness and subtlety of

effect which the very simplicity of his medium and technique might seem to deny.

On this occasion, the masters of draughtsmanship are on parade, and the whole range of the draughtsman's art is visible. Since the artist is unconcerned with formalities, he can indicate all his moods and reveal the depth and often the simplicity of his temperament. Each artist shows an essential difference of treatment within the general pattern of his age. How distinctive is the mood and the precise hand-writing of Rogier van der Weyden or Gerard David. Their portraits suggest a sense of contentment within the confines of their world, a piety and repose which are absent from the more troubled and passionate draughtsmanship of the Italian Renaissance. The artists of this epoch, indeed, demonstrate a resolute sense of enquiry into the machinery of their art, such as the technical problems of perspective.

How grand, for instance, is Michelangelo. His drawings seem not so much to result from the effort of putting pen or pencil to paper as to stem from an almost mystical revelation. They possess the inevitability of all great art. They are the poignant outpourings of his own vision of the Christian faith. They assume a life of their own, based on reality, but given form by projections of the artist's imagination. His conception is monumental. The figures appear, almost inevitably, on a grand scale: the line is broken up; it is no longer the sharp, precise linearity of the realists, but a throbbing, burning, almost symbolical handling of the human

form which, like his sculpture, grows from within. His drawings are tinged with a deep love of humanity.

A similar passion for humanity impels Rembrandt's drawings. He was always simple and unaffected: he pierced to the core of things. He could turn from his sharp notations of Biblical history or of the Dutch landscape to dwell with tender softness on the forms of a sleeping girl (Fig. 1). It is the result, one almost feels, of a turn of the wrist: the drawing is there, alive, fresh, never to be forgotten. It is indeed one of the qualities of the drawing that at certain moments it seems to contain a moment of time: existence is, as it were, stopped while the artist records the scene before him.

Antoine Watteau, for instance, was always responsive to the almost tantalising beauty of his models, to the curve of a lip or the expression of a face. Yet the heads that appear in his sketch-book are nearly always different: they are the result of his quest for perfection. They receive full tribute in the superb plasticity of his three chalks, his use of his beloved sanguine.

Such an exhibition is a continual revelation of secrets and of surprises. Above all, it shows that the artist is always concerned to simplify, and to capture not so much the details as the spirit of a subject, as is apparent in the fresh, brilliant colours of Dürer's *Weir House* near Nuremberg or the limpid effects of Claude's view of the Tiber (Fig. 2). It is Claude, indeed, who stands at the head of so much of our own landscape art; the drawings of Cozens, even of Gainsborough, follow his example.

What is so fascinating about these drawings is their freshness and directness; their freedom and spirit have a modernity which is renewed with each generation.



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1.—REMBRANDT. SLEEPING WOMAN

Brown drawing in brown



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2.—CLAUDE LORRAIN. THE TIBER ABOVE ROME



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NEW BOOKS

STUDY OF AN ARISTOCRAT

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THERE are three good reasons why readers may turn to Mr. Percy Lubbock's *Portrait of Edith Wharton* (Cape, 10s. 6d.). Those who knew Edith Wharton will here find her life, character and illuminated by one who shared their knowledge. Those who did not know her will find a "portrait of a woman," which can be considered with keen pleasure as an object of art in itself. Those who are sensitive to fine and subtle shades of writing will rejoice in the virtuosity of a writer who considers every turn of phrase, every stress and emphasis, owing, it would seem, with no reluctance to make this clear, a heavy debt to Henry James. For myself, I am enrolled in both the second and the third of these classes. I not only did not know Edith Wharton; I know little indeed of the

was played on squares clearly marked in black and white, when a queen, a pawn and a bishop were such and ever shall be. Her square of the game was rich, financially and in tradition: a tradition that had never cast a glance towards Europe. It would seem that to the end, when she had seen so much of life in so many places, her chosen associates were very much what they had been when she was young. There were those who asked why she should always expect to be received as if she were royal; and those who permitted to be breathed such words as asperity and snobbery. A cold glance could be directed at a hat, and who knew whether it was intended to embrace the person wearing it?

Her life, that middle years, was that of an American "society woman" with a master-passion: the creation of

PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON. By Percy Lubbock (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

SUCH IS THE KINGDOM. By Lord Elton (Collins, 6s.)

THE STORY OF A VILLAGE. By Agnes Allen (Faber, 7s. 6d.)

THESE FROM GOD'S OWN COUNTRY. By S. L. Benson (Routledge, 15s.)

books she wrote. The small masterpiece *Edith Wharton* and a long novel of her middle period, *The Custom of the Country*: this is the extent of my acquaintance with her writings. But it is enough to give me a lively curiosity about the person who produced them; and in the course of satisfying that curiosity I find myself perpetually under the spell of Mr. Lubbock's writing. Who would not "succumb," as they say, to such a sentence as this: "If your years, piling their seasonable rings, still enclose the living stuff of your past, there are mistakes that you will not make." Who could fail to assent to this judgment of *Trollope*?—"It may be best in the end to turn to some sound entertainer, not of the highest pretension, of whom all isn't asked and who wins by giving more than is expected." Who would not second this reproach of a reader who rips a way through a book by lightning assault?—"I don't know: and yet the luxurious turning of page by page, the surrender, not meanly abject, but deliberate and cautious, with your eyes about you, as you deliver yourself into the keeping of the book for all the time it takes— isn't this the true felicity of a lover of books? This I call reading."

And dare we say that in such fashion Mr. Lubbock has addressed himself to the reading of this woman, Edith Wharton? Certainly, in the long run, he surrenders, as so many appear to have done, from Henry James down to her cook or chauffeur; but the surrender is not meanly abject: it is deliberate and cautious.

"IN COMMAND OF THE WORLD"

We are shown a woman "in command of the world and defended against it." She was born in New York at a time when the social game

houses and gardens. Some found the houses cold in their perfection. "Her house, her garden, her appointments were all perfect—money, taste and instinct saw to every detail; yet the sense of a home was not there." So wrote a woman who knew her.

LOOSE CHANGE FROM WRITING

Once she had begun to write, she took her profession seriously; and that is the primarily admirable thing about the woman here portrayed. She made a lot of money as a writer, but she was already so rich that this was "the loose change, so to speak, in her pocket." She once said to Henry James that the motor-car they were riding in had been bought with the proceeds of her last novel. "With the proceeds of my last novel," Henry James replied, "I purchased a small go-cart or hand-barrow. . . . With the proceeds of my next novel I shall have it painted." Though she didn't need to write for money, she never appeared till eleven o'clock or noon. The hours were *dedicated*, in the sense of all that that word can convey. It was this that greatly attracted to her Paul Bourget, her friend in Paris, where the greater part both of her social and creative life was spent. "That a wealthy woman, the half-hourly railway which threads in and out of an affection he cannot conceal, is the perfect approach to a task of this sort. Even in the skill with which he has used the opinions of others to embroider his own picture there is evidence of a master-hand."

It seems to me that Mr. Lubbock's gently probing manner, the half-laughing railway which threads in and out of an affection he cannot conceal, is the perfect approach to a task of this sort. Even in the skill with which he has used the opinions of others to embroider his own picture there is evidence of a master-hand.

THE SIN OF PRIDE

Lord Elton's essay *Such is the Kingdom* (Collins, 6s.) develops the sufficiently obvious theme that a cake is nothing but the sum of its ingredients, or, to put it another way, that those who talk about reforming "society" will go on talking till they are blue in the face—or red, as the case may be—unless they tumble to the elementary truth that a good society can only be composed of good men and women.

The author begins his examination by recording certain personal experiences—sharp but transient harkings back to moments in childhood when life seemed near to illumination. From this he goes on to examine the testimony of the poets, and especially of Wordsworth, to the validity of such experience, and a further step leads him to the conclusion that in the lives both of saints and heroes the element of childlikeness is paramount.

Well, then, it would seem to be important to discover what is the characteristic of childhood that receives such universal approval and illustration; and he comes to the conclusion that this is humility. From this it is an easy jump to the further conclusion that what beclouds the world to-day is the converse of humility, which is pride.

This sin of pride he finds to be something comparatively new in the world. The Greeks had a wholesome fear of hubris, and most Roman thinkers, too, would have had "an uneasy sense of man's perilous arrogance in the presence of unknown and incalculable Powers." It was with the Renaissance that men began to think of themselves as masters of nature, sufficient in themselves to plan and achieve their own destiny.

All that this master-man needed to do, it was increasingly believed, was to organize, or, as we say now, to "plan," but Lord Elton emphasises, what is increasingly apparent, that we are confronted not by a problem of organisation but by a sickness of the spirit. This sickness springs from the absence of childlike humility, the growth of satanic pride. This pride increasingly appears in the conduct of States, and alas! "we are always forgetting that the State is its citizens. The public injustices of which we complain are our own private sins writ large. . . . So regularly do the politicians overlook this simple truth that most of them even seem to be unaware that there will certainly be no better Britain until there are better Britons."

Thus our author finds that "the whole cult of planning, in its present dimensions, is founded upon self-conceit and illusion. Men can neither foresee nor control the weather or the crop-yield or the conduct of other men—on all of which their own economy depends—nor even the results of their own actions."

Lord Elton has written a thoughtful book, which should help us, while not belittling the magnitude of what human ingenuity can achieve, to put first things first, in the certainty, which no recent experience has altered, that our best-laid plans can go awry, which, it seems to me, is no reason why, in humility, we should not make such plans as we may.

SEEING THE VILLAGE GROW

Miss Agnes Allen, in *The Story of a Village* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) has written a book on well-worn lines but one which, nevertheless, many parents will want to give to many children. Stand-

ing on a hill-top overlooking their village, John and Margaret are given the power to make a series of journeys backwards through time and see the village and those who lived in it as it was, and they were, throughout the centuries. So we pass from the pastoral Britons behind their stockades upon the downs to the coming of the latest council houses, and in the course of the journey learn a lot about human vicissitude and adaptability.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

Older readers will find the village as it recently existed in Mr. S. L. Bensusan's *These are Days of Our County* (Routledge, 15s.). This is an unusually large collection of short stories concerned with the day before yesterday. "Much of it," says the author, "lives only in my mind and the minds of my contemporaries." Certainly, much that is here recorded of simple lives on the Essex-Suffolk border is gone for ever. It is good that, before it passed, it was laid up in the amber of Mr. Bensusan's art. His method owes much to that of his friend Thomas Hardy, who would have loved these country men and the author's uncondemning approach to their problems and passions.

GEORGIAN FURNITURE

SINCE 1931, when the Victoria and Albert Museum published the fourth volume of its Catalogue of English Furniture and Woodwork, a large number of additions have been made to the 18th-century and Regency furniture. There are still a few gaps to be filled, but taken as a whole the Georgian furniture now comprises a splendidly representative collection, containing many rare and outstanding examples of British craftsmanship of the period. Pending a new edition of the catalogue, the Museum has just published an illustrated survey covering the century 1720-1820 (*Georgian Furniture*, 7s. 6d., with an introduction by Ralph Edwards). More than 160 photographs are reproduced, chronologically arranged under separate categories. The evolution of the chair, for instance, can be traced through a century's changes in style and fashion from 36 different examples. Mr. Edwards in his introduction contributes an authoritative essay on Georgian furniture and the leading cabinet-makers, and the illustrated pieces are briefly catalogued. In minute type on the title-page there appears the legend: "Large Picture Books No. 1." One interprets this as "touching wood, others may follow," and hopes that the interval before No. 2 appears will be as short as possible.

C. L.

LOVER OF ISLANDS

THE letters that Mr. R. M. Lockley wrote during the first year of the war to his brother-in-law, Mr. John Buxton, the poet and naturalist, who was taken prisoner in Norway in May, 1940, and which he has gathered together in *Letters from Skokholm* (Faber, 10s.), have, he declares in the introduction, had to be edited and enlarged in order to assist the general reader. Whatever the extent of this revision, it has undoubtedly detracted greatly from the spontaneity of the letters. That said, however, it is undeniable that the book presents in readable form a great deal of most interesting information about the beasts, birds and flowers of Skokholm and its neighbouring islands off the Fembrokehead coast. The illustrations are by that fine engraver, Mr. Charles Tunnicliffe. A new edition of *I Know an Island*, Mr. Lockley's account of his life at Skokholm and visits to Fair Hallow, the Heilands, the Westernmann islands, the Faroes and other islands has been published, with illustrations by Mr. James Lucas, by Messrs. Harp at 6s. 6d. J. K. A.



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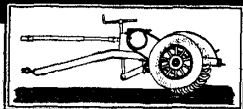
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FARMING NOTES

STILL MORE POTATOES

FOR next year we are being called on to grow no less than 1,423,000 acres of potatoes, which is the same as in 1946, when the acreage was a record. In my district farmers have been called upon to offer a bigger acreage for potatoes than they did even last year. The agricultural executive committee points out that the guaranteed prices have been improved and that there is to be an increased acreage payment for the first ten acres. Furthermore they explain that we are being asked to grow more potatoes locally because in some other districts that have always devoted a big part of their acreage to potatoes farmers are being dissuaded from growing all they might because of the fear that potato eel-worm will spread further. It is my firm opinion that the war-time policy of requiring every farmer in the district to grow a few acres of potatoes on the principle of equality of sacrifice for the good of the community is unsound in practice. The man who grows one or two acres of potatoes because he has a direction order served on him, or perhaps in the future because he is being paid the higher acreage subsidy to be paid whether there is a full crop or not, provides very few potatoes for the town consumer. He mainly has enough for himself and he may feed some of the crop to livestock, but the small man is not and never has been a reliable source of supply for the greengrocer's shops in the town. More usually it is the man who grows five acres of potatoes or more who does the best job for the consumer.

Why Potatoes Turn Black

AN exasperated housewife who is tired of buying potatoes that turn black on cooking asked me why the modern potato should behave in this way, and can nothing be done about it. The experts at Long Ashton Research Station, which is under the Ministry of Agriculture, have been making investigations into this unpleasant blackening of the potato. The variety, Majestic, is the worst offender. The trouble generally occurs on the poorer soils where the farmer has sought to make good the deficiencies in natural fertility by the free use of fertilisers. The generous application of fertilisers is perfectly sound practice, but the trouble arises where the balance is upset between the different plant foods that come out of a fertiliser bag and the organic fertility provided by farm-yard manure. There is definite evidence to convict nitrogenous fertilisers particularly for the crime of turning potatoes black. It is a matter of the type of soil, the variety of potato and the balance of manuring. While so many of us have to continue growing potatoes on land that we consider unsuitable, and the scientific experts cannot give us very definite advice, the housewife must, I fear, expect to find some potatoes that turn black.

Potato Picking

CONGRATULATIONS to the Wiltshire Agricultural Executive Committee on their enterprise in providing farmers with a potato-picking service. This will be a most welcome help to many who have no labour to spare at the busy time of autumn corn sowing, which is when the potatoes are ready to lift. I am told that each unit will consist of a spinner and an adequate number of pickers, and that the Wiltshire farmers can make contracts for potato picking with the district officers of the Committee. The charges are 45/- an acre according to the crop, and if the farmer provides his own transport the charge will be reduced by 2/- an acre. The farmer is to provide the bags, and if he cannot get enough the potatoes will be left in

small heaps on the fields. The contract charge does not cover transport to the clamps and clamping. Apart from this service local farmers can, of course, get some volunteers from the agricultural community, who, if they are available, and school children are also to go out into the fields again this autumn.

Lime Subsidy

THE Government subsidy, which meets half the cost of supplying lime for agricultural purposes, is now to be extended to cover the cost of spreading the lime. It often proves most economical to allow the merchant who supplies the lime to do the spreading too. Some of them have trucks with spreading apparatus fixed at the rear which throws out the lime evenly over the field, and if the surface of the ground is uneven, spreading direct from truck certainly saves a great deal of labour. But it is necessary to subsidise this commodity, which farmers surely can make use of without special inducements? Personally I doubt the wisdom of continuing the lime subsidy into a period when we are looking forward to rising farm prices that will be generally satisfactory. The application of lime is just an ordinary act of good husbandry, and nowadays we should all of us be ready to farm our land to capacity in our own interests and those of the nation, even if this involves special acts of cultivation or the application of fertilisers or lime. Why should lime be singled out for a subsidy from the taxpayer?

London Dairy Show

AT the end of this month, from October 28 to 31, the British Dairy Farmers' Association will put on exhibition at Olympia the leading dairy cattle of the country. 473 cattle have been entered, and Jerseys and Ayrshires head the list, followed by British Friesians, Shorthorns, Guernseys and Red Follies. Although Shorthorns are in number England's dominant breed, fanciers and those who specialise in breeding for high records have found more proving material in the other breeds. The Ayrshire has been going ahead fast in England, and, of course, in Scotland is still supreme as the farmer's cow. Jerseys attract the specialist breeder because of the high butter-fat content, which now commands a useful premium of 3d. a gallon for the milk. Guernseys also earn this extra price.

Sugar Beets

OCTOBER is the month when the sugar-beet grower hopes to get started in a big way on the laborious business of lifting the crop and transporting it to the factory. Even if it is raining in October the beet grower wants to get on, because the longer he leaves the crop in continuing wet weather the tougher the job of lifting will be. It is a temptation this season to let the beet stay in the ground for a week or two longer to gain weight. Mr. Frank Rayns, the Norfolk expert, reckons that after a summer drought beet gains weight at the rate of 10 cwt. an acre each week from September to November. This is offset by the dilution of the sugar content, which may drop from over 20 per cent. to 16 per cent. The farmer who has more beet to lift and haul to the factory, but the value of his crop at the end of November may be no more than at the beginning of October. So the balance of advantage lies in getting the beet crop away as soon as possible, especially when the farmer can use the tops to fertilise the land. If the ground is so badly churned that they stay longer clean, palatable food. CINCINNATUS.

ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF BOWOOD ESTATE FARMS

THE Marquess of Lansdowne has requested Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. to sell eight farms on the Bowood estate. The area is 1,429 acres, and the rent roll exceeds £1,850 a year. The land lies near Calne, Wiltshire, and there are substantial houses and buildings. A quantity of superior oak is growing in the parts known as Hazeland Wood and Bremhill Grove. The Lodge of Hazeland and the sporting rights are let to Lady Nettle and the Hon. E. C. Bigham, the lease terminating in March, 1948. The farmers undertake to defray the cost of repairs, so far as labour is concerned, on the various holdings. The sale will take place at Calne on October 13.

THE ORIGINS OF BOWOOD

NO reference to this coming sale would be complete without an allusion to the central point of the estate, the mansion of Bowood. It stands a mile or two south of the once famous Stanley Abbey, which was demolished in the 18th century. When Chippinham Forest was broken up in the reign of James I, Bowood Park was Crown property, and the King granted a lease of Bowood to the Earl of Pembroke. The Commonwealth authorities cut down the timber. The King again gained control of the property at the Restoration, and Sir Orlando Bridgeman received a long lease of it.

In the 18th century Bowood was sold to the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose son, a Prime Minister under George III, built the existing mansion, which has since been extensively enlarged. The grounds were laid out by "Capability" Brown. This Earl of Shrewsbury, whose collection of manuscripts is in the British Museum, by his artistic and literary qualities attracted to Bowood the honours of some of the most honoured names in the political and artistic history of the period. The first of the dated drawings for Bowood were preserved in the Soane Collection were made in 1760 for the first Earl of Shelburne, an ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Robert Adam prepared designs for a museum in memory of the first earl. The general impression conveyed by the seat that eventually came into being is expressed by Britton, in *Essays of Wiltshire*. "This mansion with its appendage appears such a mass of buildings that some people have mistaken it for a small town." A bell tower over the chapel in the corner of the south side and the gates at the chief approach to the park, were designed by Sir Charles Barry.

HANFORD HOUSE TO BE A SCHOOL?

THE Dorset property, Hanford House, four miles from Blandford, has been in the hands of Messrs. Wilson and Co. for disposal, by order of Colonel Viscount Selous. The Jacobean house stands in a park, in the midst of farms and woods extending to approximately 750 acres. Messrs. Wilson and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Rawlings and Squares, have let the house and about 50 acres of the parkland to the Rev. C. B. Canning, who was represented by Messrs. Alfred Seymour and Son. Mr. Canning, who has lately retired from the Headmastership of Canford School, intends to make Hanford House into a school, and has secured retention of purchase of the property, including the fishing rights of between two and three miles of the Stour. Records of Hanford reveal that in the reign of Henry VIII a Seymour was the owner, and that during Queen Elizabeth's time the estate was sold to the father of Sir Robert Seymour. The latter erected

the house and saw to it that the date, 1623, was inscribed on the structure. Successive generations of the Seymour family have continued to hold Hanford House. One of them was Dr. Seymour, a famous naturalist of the 18th century. To him is due some of the beauty and botanical interest of the garden. Recently, Hanford House has been greatly improved by re-arrangement, and externally it is charming, with its gables, massive chimneys and richly hued stonework. The house contains a quantity of oak work in the carving, panelling and floors.

A HAMPSHIRE STUD FARM

BURNWOOD STUD, at Martyn, Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire, has been sold for £26,100 by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting in conjunction with Messrs. James Harris and Son, at an auction at Hanover Square, London. The vendor was Mr. H. J. Brueton. The property comprises a large and well-equipped stud in the Georgian style, and 372 acres, of which 107 acres consist of strongly fenced paddocks, 79 loose boxes, half a dozen cottages, four bungalows and ample farm buildings. The freehold is subject to a tithe redemption annuity of nearly £76 a year, but there is no land tax, as it has been redeemed on the greater part of the property. Bloodstock owners will remember Windor Lad as having been one of the famous horses to stand at the Burnwood Stud. The successful bidder at the auction was Colonel A. H. Ferguson, an adjoining landowner.

ANOTHER SCOTCH SPORTING ESTATE SOLD

FOLLOWING closely on the sale of 30,000 acres in Scotland comes the sale of another sporting property has been disposed of.

Clava Lodge, in the Nairn Valley, seven miles from Inverness, a moor of 4,987 acres, with nearly three miles of fishing on the Nairn, are the chief points about the estates of Clava, Croyston and Drumore of Cantray, of just over 7,700 acres, which have been sold, before the auction, by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff and Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

Sales by the latter firm include No. 10, Palace Gate, Kensington, flats having a gross rent of £10,000; Wheatfield, 750 acres, near Buntingford, Hertfordshire, with the live and dead stock, to a client of Messrs. Stewart and Lee; and Shalston Park Farm, Alton, Hampshire, 340 acres and the stock, to a client of Messrs. Thompson, Noad and Philip.

Sir Richard Redmayne, K.C.B., through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Balch and Balch, has sold for £7,000 The Grove, Great Baddow, Chelmsford, Essex.

A HUNTING PARSON

MESSRS. BERNARD THORPE AND PARTNERS have sold, before the auction, West Court, 216 acres, at Finchampstead, near Reading, Berkshire. The history of the manor is traceable for centuries. One of its holders was that once not uncommon phenomenon, a hunting-man in Holy Orders. He was the Rev. Henry Ellis St. John, whose foxhounds at West Court, in or just after 1800, ultimately became merged in the Garth House. The Garth dates from 1790, and the present limits of the country and constitution of the Hunt from about 1850. The Schedule A income tax assessed on the whole West Court estate is £434 15s., and the Schedule B tax on the grounds, woods and parkland in hand amounts to £98.

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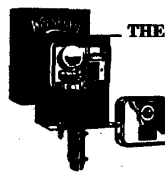
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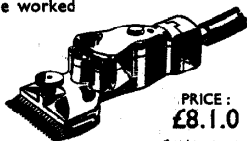
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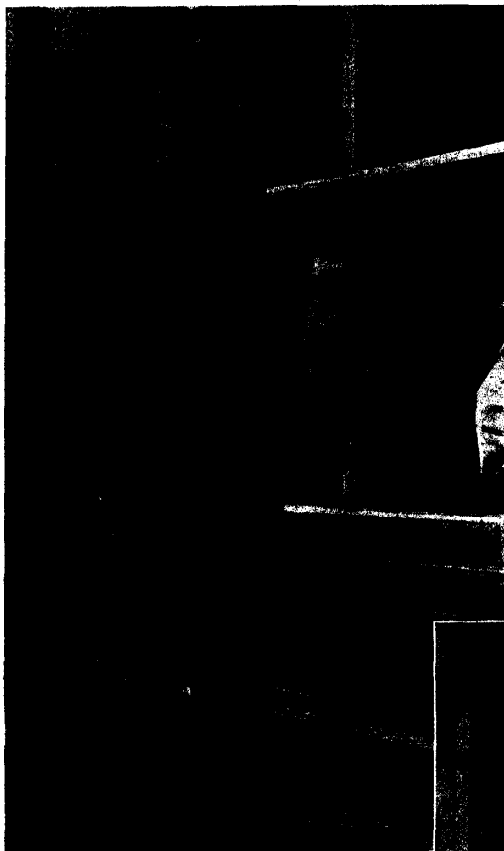
WEDDING SUITS

skirt.³ Sleeves are shown with cuffs; buttons are gorgeous, jewelled, enamelled, carved, or in brass, marcasite or silver. Skirt lengths vary from about 11 ins. from the ground to 15 ins., and the circular skirt or the wide skirt cut with deep unpressed pleats starting from the waist are the most stylish of all in the rich silks.

Some of the velvets are magnificent—stiff silk backed with taffeta—some plain, others worked in ribbon-like stripes interspersed with moiré or satin, others embossed in half-crown dots in satin. Limp velvets woven with horizontal stripes of satin look as though a narrow ribbon had been applied on, but the material is actually woven all in one.

Another velvet, light as a chiffon and every bit as pliable, is woven with pin stripes of a darker tone, giving the general over-all effect of a fine suiting. This is a brand-new fabric from France and we have photographed it in the suit that Angele Delanghe has made to wear at the Royal Wedding in tones of golden beige. These mushroom beiges allied with warm browns and worn with brown accessories are one of the most attractive colour schemes of the winter. Bianca Mosca shows them for a bronze-brocade suit with a design like a tie silk in minute beige and silvery stars. The skirt

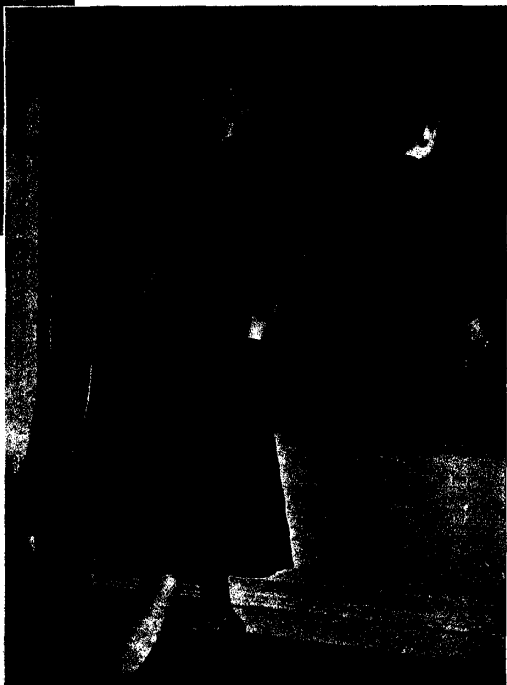
(Continued on page 698)



Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

Golden-beige velvet, pin-striped in raised brown, a material that looks like a suiting and is soft and light as thistle-down. The suit has unpressed pleats in the skirt and jacket and shows the new length. Angele Delanghe

(Right) Bronze-brown taffeta with fleur-de-lis dots in dark brown velvet. The circular skirt is 11 ins. from the ground; the jacket has a flared hem that dips at the back. Swathed tulle toques. Bianca Mosca



COLLECTIONS of clothes designed for the Royal Wedding are now being shown in London. The rich damask silks, the moirés, points, slipper satins, the embossed, brocaded and hollow cord velvets revived this winter have all the magnificence required for the occasion. The longer mid-calf day skirts show off the beauty of these silks to the best advantage and lend themselves admirably to the dignified styles that look best for such an event.

The formal town suit is first favourite with the designers for wedding guests. Two silhouettes are favoured: one with a cut-away, closely-fitting jacket, fairly long and worn over a tight skirt cut with curving petal sections in front; the other, softer looking altogether, with a shorter jacket fluted below the waist at the back and a wide gored skirt, or with unpressed pleats back and front over a limp, pleated

Day and Evening Wear

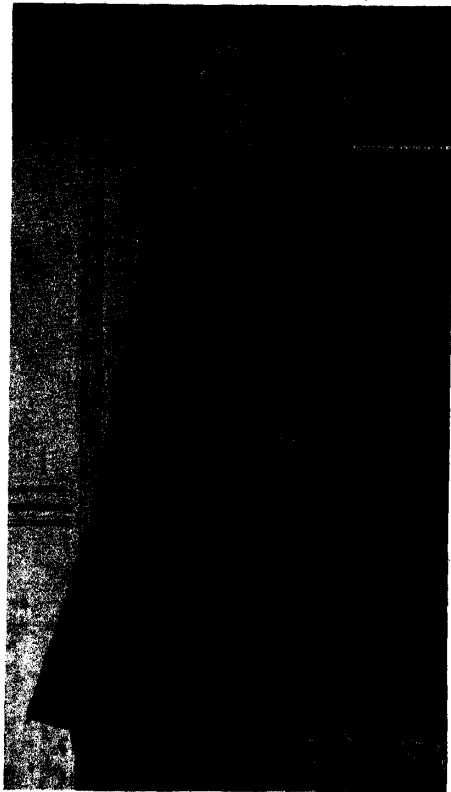
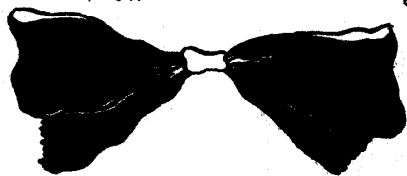


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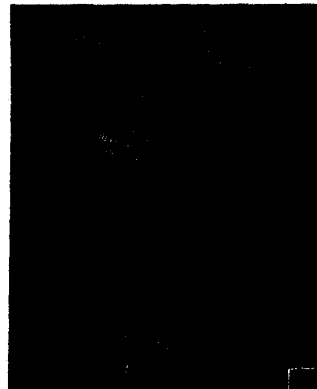
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patterns and smartest of all in black. Rayon corded silks, watered silks, and a pure silk taffeta as firm as a pout, make charming bustled suits, also wide-skirted frocks to be worn under fur coats. There are also fine, smooth woollens in many different weights for suits, and duvetens for top coats.

The dresses, intended to be worn with fur capes or short jackets, or long coats to tone, are simply cut in magnificent materials. Skirt lengths vary from 9 to 15 ins. from the ground, the longer dresses being mostly the kind that can be worn for dancing. They often have their wide hem-lines stiffened by a deep tuck or a narrow plissé frill, and are gored to a tiny waist-line, or the full skirt is pleated on to the tight bodice. These

Blanche Moses's chic gloves in bright cherry-red corded silk slashed with black satin can also be worn twisted to the elbow. The bag matches. The short gloves are black nylon taffeta



of this suit is full from the waist, with unpressed pleats and the jacket much waisted, with ballooning pockets below. These bronze and beige schemes are shown everywhere with transparent dark brown-nylon or pure silk stockings and high-heeled brown court shoes. They are perfect colours to wear with brown furs and have enough pink in them to be equally chic with black.

Another group of materials shown for dressy suits are the stiff magnificent silks, the most popular of all being the damask silks woven with all-over floral

frocks have tiny puffed sleeves, low necklines—either round, heart-shaped or U-shaped—and tight bodices. They are the frocks for cosy, fitted, fur jackets and mufflers. There is another type of dress that is completely different—a suave, sheath dress, tightly swathed about the hips and draped up to a bustle on the hips or with drapery that loops in front. These are carried out in silk jersey, in fine wool jersey, in moss crepes, in lame, or in fine facecloth.

Angèle Dange's silk skirt is set into big scallops below the waist and is shorter than the ballet length, being about 14 ins. from the ground, and flares out over the tight one.

Victor Stiebel's elegant waisted suit is in velvet in rich deep shades with a chiffon blouse in a second tone and a cock's feather bonnet and muffs. His new hip-length coat or a toque in velvet collar and cuffs and is worn over a long, tight skirt with petal curves at the hem-line. Creed makes his velvet skirts ballet length and kitted from the slim waists and shows them with fitted jackets faced with gros grain, and with dressy silk blouses. These velvet suits with a feathered bonnet or a toque in twisted lame or chiffon worn like a crown are most elegant outfits. They are practical clothes also, as they can be worn on many occasions, either by day or night, with or without furs.

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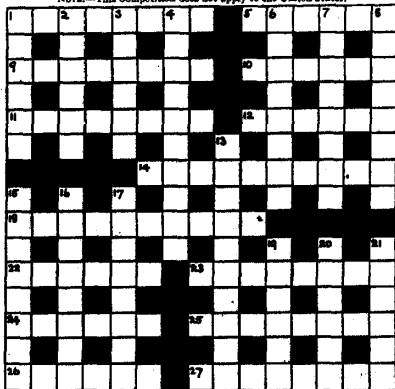
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CROSSWORD No. 921

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solution in a closed envelope must reach "Crossword No. 921, Country Life, 5-16, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, October 9, 1947.

Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____

(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 726. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 25, will be announced next week.

ACROSS—1, Discharged; 6, Rose; 9, Retraction; 10, Team; 12, Earth; 13, Easy catch; 14, Alice; 16, Cromer; 20, Realism; 21, Joker; 22, Cremona; 24, Lila; 27, Taxi; 28, Repentance; 29, Note; 30, Lamination.

DOWN—1, Dormer; 2, Saturn; 3, Heath; 4, Reimach; 5, Egrot; 7, Overtime; 8, Sample; 11, Source; 15, Lament; 17, Fraction; 18, Caisement; 19, Hornbeam; 22, Broom; 25, Planet; 24, Screen; 26, Linton.

1. Should there be a promontory in this picture? (8)

5. Changes direction (8)

9. Offered by a quarrelsome composer anxious to be reconciled? (8)

10. Ripped form of spirit (8)

11. Amercing (anagr.) (8)

12. Watch for the prince (8)

14. Given permission, put it into print (10)

16. More savage than Cape Wrath? (10)

22. It needs a great many to compose it (8)

25. Wandering sailor? (8)

"As though of hemlock I had drunk,

"Or emptied some dull — to the drains"

—Keats (6)

28. It grows by what it rolls on (8)

26. The kind of confection that cloy (8)

27. Useful in a fire, though not in a fuel shortage (8)

DOWN

1. What the serpent left in Berkshire (8)

2. She said, "I am —"

"I would that I were dead." —Tennyson (6)

3. More exotic than dog's grass (8)

4. A pair of houses (10)

6. Cases that qualified for admission to the

Inferno (8)

7. Presumably the case it started with was not an isolated one (8)

8. What most of 26 does (8)

13. They are set under the skull (10)

15. Takes food or drink for the birds (8)

16. Too much does cling when it is hot (8)

17. Red trees (anagr.) (8)

19. How they feed in the library (8)

20. Hardly the expression of one fully occupied (8)

21. They must be filled to yield the producer a stable income (8)

The winner of Crossword No. 919 is

Mrs. L. Reynolds,
Ridgeways,
Crowthorne,
Berkshire.

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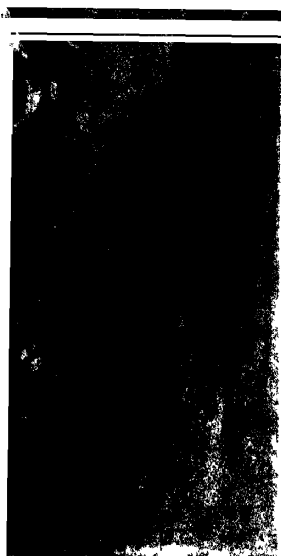
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol CII No 2647

OCTOBER 10, 1947

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KINGTHORN HILL, GREENS NORTON

The house was re-built in 1938-39 of stone and brick with tiled roof. Hall, 7 bedrooms, complete domestic offices, 5 dressing rooms, two reception rooms, 4 bathrooms. Co's at the King's Head Hotel, Cirencester, on Monday, October 27, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. Particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel. 2618/9).

IN ALL ABOUT 12 1/2 ACRES

Which will be offered for Sale by Auction (unless privately sold) at the Royal Hotel, Northampton, on Tuesday, October 28, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. Particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel. 2618/9).

THE CATTISTOCK HUNT

Dorchester 10 miles, Maiden Newton 1 1/2 miles, Cattistock 1 1/2 miles.

GENTLEMAN'S CHARMING OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE

THE POUND HOUSE, CATTISTOCK, DORSET

Situated in the centre of this hunting district, the stone-built Tudor House with thatched roof contains hall, dining room, sitting room, garden room, cloakroom, kitchen (oven cooler), scullery (ideal boiler), store, etc. landing. 4 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Main electricity and water. Complete drainage. Double garage. Stable etc. Lovely garden with fruit trees. Old Village pound. 1/4 ACRE VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

To be Sold by Auction (unless previously sold privately) on the premises on Thursday, October 23, 1947, at 2 p.m. To be followed immediately by the Sale of some of the useful Furniture and Effects. Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Yeovil (Tel. 1908). Solicitors: Messrs. WARD, BOWNE & CO., Gairns's Inn, Blandford, Dorset, W.C.2. Solicitors: Messrs. CAIRNS, CULLEN & COOK, 187, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, G.2.

SUSSEX—HAMPSHIRE BORDERS

In a delightful position 300 ft. above sea level with south aspect a short drive from station with express train service to London.

FOR SALE, AN EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-EQUIPPED RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

standing in 11 ACRES of parklike gardens. Fine hall and 5 reception rooms, 9 principal bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, excellent servants' accommodation, extensive offices and THREE COTTAGES.

Main electric light and water supply. Garage, stabling, convenient outbuildings.

Will be Sold with 11 ACRES or a much larger area if required

Sole Agents: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (MAYfair 23167), and 27, South Street, Chichester (Tel. 2643).

Greensboro 2121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

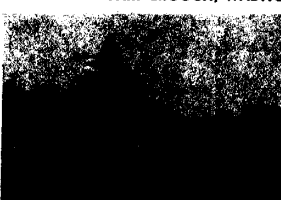
40, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

By direction of Sir P. Victor Schuster, Bart.

SUSSEX

Almost adjoining Wadhurst Station (one hour by rail from London). Near the village. 6 miles from Tunbridge Wells. On high ground.

FAIR CROUCH, WADHURST



A Georgian Residence, 7 best bed and dressing, 4 bath and shower, hall and 4 reception rooms.

Main water and electric light.

Central heating.

Stabling, garage and flat.

Two cottages.

Well-timbered grounds and parkland, in all

UNEXPECTEDLY AVAILABLE.

WILTS

Close to a small village, 2 miles from a market town. About 5 hours by rail from London and 90 miles by road. Two route passes.

A STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

Of medium size, easily run.

Eight bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, hall and 4 reception rooms.

Fitted basins in bath-rooms. Electric light.

Main water.

Stabling, garage and flat.

Excellent cottages.

Lovely old-world grounds, pasture and woods, in all about

27 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON OCTOBER 22, 1947

Auctioneers: WINKWORTH & CO., 40, Curzon Street, London, W.1 (Tel. G. 2121)

60 ACRES

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED (MIGHT BE SOLD)

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 40, Curzon Street, London, W.1 (Tel. G. 2121)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

499 feet up in the Chalk Hills. London 21 miles.
THE HILL HOUSE, CHALFONT ST. PETER



An exquisite Queen Anne House standing in lovely walled gardens.

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms (4 with bath, 1 h. and c.), 5 bathrooms. Modern offices with A.G. Compasair electric light, power, gas and water. Modern drainage. Partial central heating.

Garages: Two cottages.

Paddock, 10.414 acres.

VACANT POSSESSION (except one cottage).

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Rooms on Tuesday, October 21, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately).
Solicitors: Messrs. HARBORE & CO., 8, Idlesham House, Carlton Street, S.W.1.
Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 19, Station Parade, Terraced Cross, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars 1/-)

BERKSHIRE

Main line station 2 1/2 miles. London 29 miles.

Secluded position 250 feet up, surrounded by National Trust land with views to Windsor Castle. Close to village and on bus route.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

A comfortable medium-sized old-fashioned house of Georgian type, completely modernized and enjoying south and east aspects.

Three reception rooms, play room, 5 principal bed and dressing rooms (4 with baths), 2 smaller rooms, 4 bathrooms. Central heating throughout. Main electric light, power and water. Telephones with extensions.

Three garages, stabling, ample buildings.

Well-timbered matured garden with terraces, croquet lawn, paved rose garden, turf walks, flowering shrubs, excellent orchard, tennis lawn, kitchen garden and field.

Total about 6 1/2 ACRES

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (48.812)

Mayfair 3771
(19 Hoon)

RADNOR — SHROPSHIRE — HEREFORD

Ludlow 17 miles. Landrugged Wells 21 miles.
Attractive labour-saving residence in ideal situation, close to small market town.



Three reception, 5 bedrooms (fitted cupboards and 2 with baths), bathroom. All main services. Superbly fitted, oak panelled doors. Large garden. Well-designed grounds, lawns, kitchen garden, grey-paved paths. About 4 Acres. For Sale with Vacant Possession. See Agents: Messrs. MORRIS, BARBER & POOLE, Ludlow; and KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (44.002)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

EIRE

STREAM HILL, DUBLIN, CO. DUBLIN

Delightful two-story stone-basement residence in perfect order and ready for immediate occupation.

Three reception rooms, 4 bedrooms (hot and cold water all bedrooms), 3 new bathrooms, "Eas" cooler. Private electricity plant.

Pleasure grounds with walled fruit and vegetable gardens. Tennis court.

202 ACRES agricultural land. Excellent buildings.

SUIT STUD OR HUNTING BOX

Also bungalow Residence containing 8 rooms and 250 acres.

Freehold. For Sale by Auction on October 16, (unless previously sold).

Auctioneers: Messrs. BATTERSBY & CO., 29, Westmoreland St., Dublin, and KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

Telephone:
"Galleries, Wexford, London."

Regent 0293/2577
Reading 4441

NICHOLAS

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY W.1: 1, STATION ROAD, READING

By direction of Capt. A. St. J. MacCall.

CREEKSEA PLACE BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, ESSEX THIS LOVELY OLD 16th-CENTURY RESIDENCE

In a secluded position just outside quaint little town of Burnham—the richman's paradise.

Thirteen bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, hall and 5 or 6 reception rooms, excellent offices. Several panelled rooms. Oak oiled staircase.

Stabling. Garage. Lodge.

Lovely gardens with lake and bridge and well-timbered parkland about 20 ACRES in all.

For Sale by Auction at an early date.

Auctioneers: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

IN THE HEART OF GLORIOUS DEVON

"THE GRANGE" LAFORD

A SMALL BUT DIGNIFIED RESIDENCE
PRINCIPALLY GEORGIAN IN CHARACTER
Delightfully placed within a mile of main line station,
17 of Exeter.

Six-seven bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 reception rooms, square hall, capital domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.
COMPANY'S WATER.

Two cottages. Garage and stabling. Charming gardens, orchard and paddock.

A bright and cheerful house ready to step into.

3 1/2 ACRES IN ALL

PRICE £7,500

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard Piccadilly, W.1.

By direction of John Duggan, Esq., M.P.

BERKSHIRE

Adjacent to the quiet old market town of Abingdon.

THE ABBEY, A DELIGHTFUL EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Modernised but still retaining the old-world charm, situated in a picturesque position well above but on the banks of the Thames, perfectly secluded.

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, usual offices.

MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.
Stabling for 6 local horses, etc. Also 2 cottages.

The outstanding features are the beautifully timbered screen in the hall with the property with a long frontage to the river. Tennis and croquet lawns. Charming clipped hedges and shaped yews. Begged paths, etc. Also walled kitchen garden with range of glasshouses.

IN ALL ABOUT 2 1/2 ACRES

Which will be sold by Auction at an early date, unless sold privately meanwhile.

Particulars and conditions of sale when ready of the Auctioneers: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, and at Reading.

OXFORD
4667/8

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING
NORTON
39

PRICE FREEHOLD £2,000, WITH VACANT POSSESSION THE GRANGE, OVERTHORPE, NORTHANTS

Borough 1 mile.

SMALL STONE-BUILT VILLAGE HOUSE

Entrance hall, 2 sitting rooms, 4 1/2 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 attics. All main services. Barn and outbuildings.

ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Apply: The Sole Agents, as above (setting in conjunction with Messrs. FRANK & LOCKE, Banbury).

IN A PRETTY BERKSHIRE DOWNS VILLAGE

District Station, main line O.W.L., 4 miles.

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MODERNISED TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE
In perfect order.
Two sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, central bathroom. Main electric light and power. Ample water supply. Telephone. Pretty and productive small garden, about

HALF AN ACRE. FOR SALE FREEHOLD, WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Apply: The Agents, as above.

OXON—BUCKS BORDERS

Oxford 8 miles, Aylesbury 12 miles.

CHARMING SMALL RESTORED TUDOR FARMHOUSE

Entrance hall, very large lounge with open fireplace and exposed beams, dining room, 4 bedrooms, 2 modern bathrooms. Main water supply; electric light; telephone; central heating. Garage and outbuildings.

Charming old-world garden.

ABOUT ONE ACRE. FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Apply: The Agents, as above.

BERKSHIRE

Oxford 5 miles.

LOVELY MODERNISED EARLY GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE

Hall, 2 sitting rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bedrooms. Main electric light; main water supply; telephone. Garages and outbuildings. Paddock, orchard and

ABOUT 14 ACRES. FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Apply: The Agents, as above.



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8822 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Solentair, Place, London"



HERTFORDSHIRE

30 miles from London, between Ware and Bishop's Stortford.
FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE
"BENNINGTONS," STANFORD ABBOTS

Lovely Queen Anne

Manor, with 5 reception, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, garden and grounds of 6 acres as Lot 1, to be offered at a fixed Price of £25,000.

Boating and fishing lake. Woodland, and woodland timber. Four cottages. Farm and accommodation lands extending to all to

About 370 ACRES

Possession of the mansion, lake and woodland.

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in 5 lots at Long's Restaurant, Bishop's Stortford, on October 20, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately).
Solicitors: Messrs. POTTERY & BARRATT, 78, King William Street, E.C.4.
Joint Auctioneers: U. F. SWORDER & SONS, Bishop's Stortford; HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

By order of Trustees of the late George Riley, Esq.

ONLY 12 MILES FROM LONDON

"THE MANOR HOUSE," DITTON HILL, SURREY

Small estate of freehold

tenure comprising well-fitted reception room, central heating, Co.'s services and main drainage. Hall, 4 beautifully appointed reception, billiard and games rooms, winter garden, 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, brushing room, compact office with built-in and successive bedrooms.

Ideal as Private House, Country Club, Hotel, Institution, Nursing Home, School, etc.
Lodge. Garage for 6. Two flats.

Timbered gardens and grounds with lakes, kitchen garden and undulating woodland, in all over 180 ACRES. Vacant Possession except the flats.

For Sale by Auction October 22 next (unless sold privately).
Joint Auctioneers: MORTINGALE, PAGE & BENNETT, Esqrs. Chambers, Kingston-on-Thames, and HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBORNE COMMON, S.W.15 (Tel.: WIM 0081) & BISHOP'S STORTFORD (Tel.: 842)

WEST SUSSEX

Enjoying magnificent prospect across the Arun Valley to the South Downs.

"THE MANOR," WILKINGBOURNE

Extremely attractive Freehold Residential Estate

With expensively equipped House: Hall and corridor, 5 reception, elegant ballroom or lounge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Garage, stabling. Outbuildings. Three good cottages. Gently sloping well-shrubbed and timbered gardens with beautiful lake, kitchen garden, paddock and meadowland.

In all about 24 ACRES

For Sale privately or by Auction October 22 next.

Solicitors: Messrs. RLYE ROBE & CO., Bank Buildings, 15a, St. James's Street, S.W.1.
Land Agents: Messrs. NEWLAND TOMKINS & TAYLOR, Pauldores, Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. GOLDBE, GREEN & COXALL, 12, Grosvenor Street, W.1, and HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

SUITABLE FOR GUEST HOUSE OR SMALL SCHOOL

BERKS—BUCKS BORDERS

Adjoining famous beauty spot on high ground with magnificent views of Thames Valley and Hills.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

with 12 bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 reception, 3-roomed lock-out. Central heating. Main c.i. and water. Garage 3-4, stable and flat.

7 ACRES

£12,800 FREEHOLD
Field of 4 acres, and detached cottage and house-also available if required. Productive grounds can be exploited.

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (B.12,700)

SUNNINGHILL, BERKS.

WINDSOR

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE
On omnibus route. Easy reach of station. Renovations and decorations just completed.



Right principal bed and dressing rooms, with h. and c. bath, and fitted wardrobes. Self-contained staff wing. Five bedrooms. Three reception rooms and lounge hall. Excellent modern kitchen. Central heating. Main services.

Garage for 8. Fine old barn, with gallery. Gardener's cottage with bath.

7 ACRES. FREEHOLD £11,500.

Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

MRS. N. C. TUFNELL, F.V.A.

ASCOT 818 and 819.

ON ASCOT RACE COURSE

WELL-BUILT MODERNISED HOUSE

In perfect order. Eight bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, hall with parquet floor.

Central heating. Main services.

Garage.

1 ACRE. FREEHOLD £2,750
Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

WAREHAM, DORSET

A LOVELY CREAM-WASHED COUNTRY HOUSE (1911)

Eight bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Good offices with Bee cooker.

Co.'s services. Power throughout. Partial central heating. Heated garage for 2, with flat over. Walled gardens and meadowland.

13 ACRES. FREEHOLD £5,750
Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

CHOBHAM, SURREY

SUPERBLY WELL-FITTED ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

Completely labour saving. Ready for immediate occupation. Close to omnibus route.



Five bedrooms, 2 modern bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, compact office, maid's sitting room. Main services. Partial central heating.

Garage for 2 cars.

1 ACRE. FREEHOLD £2,500.
Apply: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

*Phone: 111

KING AND CHASEMORE

CHARTERED SURVEYORS

HORSHAM, SUSSEX

SUSSEX, LINDFIELD

Situate in the village and just over a mile from Haywards Heath Station with frequent trains to London in 40 minutes. About 14 miles from Brighton.

The Freehold Residence COMPTON HOUSE

A very attractive modern brick and tiled House

Containing 10 bedrooms, drawing room, 4 bathrooms, entrance hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, kitchen, staff room, etc.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. FITTED LAVATORY BASINS IN ALL BEDROOMS. GARAGE FOR 6. PLEASANT AND KITCHEN GARDENS.

extending in all to about ONE ACRE

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF THE PURCHASE.

Which Messrs. KING & CHASEMORE have received instructions to Sell by Auction (unless previously sold by private treaty) at the Mayerswoods Hotel, Mayerswoods Heath, on Tuesday, October 21, 1947, at 2 p.m.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale of the Subject: Messrs. VALLEY, SHAW & GILBERT, 5, Berners Street, London, W.1, and of the Auctioneers: Messrs. KING & CHASEMORE, Horsham (*Phone: Horsham 111).

EVANS & EVANS

BANK HOUSE, STAFFORD

Tel: 1165—1166

TEDDESLEY SETTLED ESTATES, STAFFORDSHIRE

A Sale by Auction of a portion of the above Estates will be held at the Bank House Sale Rooms, Stafford, October 22 and 23 next.

COMPRISING DESIRABLE FARMS, SMALLHOLDINGS, ACCOMMODATION

LANDS, HOUSE AND COTTAGE PROPERTY

IN ALL ABOUT 2,300 ACRES

in the parishes of Toddlesley, Huntington, Hatherton, Peckridge, Acton and Bednall.

Auctioneers: Messrs. EVANS & EVANS, Stafford.

In conjunction with Messrs. W. B. BAGSHAW & SONS, UTTONGHAM.

Vendor's Solicitors: Messrs. HAND, MORRIS & CO. Stafford. Particulars may be obtained on application to the above-named Auctioneers or Solicitors.

Regent
4294

OSBORN & MERCER

MR. ALDENHALL ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS

Delightfully situated, high up, commanding magnificent views
and within easy daily reach of London.AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE
in first-class decorative condition, well planned and
quite up to date.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths

All main services Central heating.

TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID
FLAT OVERExtensive grounds with orchard, kitchen garden, 2 grass
tennis courts, hard court (needs resurfacing), the whole
extending to

ABOUT 8 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £6,950

Quick sale desired as owner going abroad.
Inspected and highly recommended by the Owner's
Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17,929)

NORTHANTS

Delightfully situated in the centre of the Pkissley country

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE DATED 1739
ADJOINING AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE

Three reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms

Main Electricity and Drainage. Stabling.

Five cottages (two with possession)

CHARMING LAKE OF ABOUT 2 ACRES
Well timbered matured gardens, kitchen garden, greenhouse
etc. in all

ABOUT 24 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17,937)

12 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN

Occupying a picked position on high ground, within con-
venient reach of station and a first-class shopping centre

AN OUTSTANDING MODERN HOUSE

OF CHARACTER

the subject of illustrated articles in architects' and
surveyors' journals.Designed for complete comfort and labour saving,
and to obtain the full benefit of the sun.Fully panelled dining and drawing rooms, 4 bedrooms,
splendidly fitted bedroom.

All main services Large Garage.

The pleasure gardens have been the hobby of the present
owner and have great charm. There are lawns, hard tennis
courts, brick terrace, rocky flower borders and a number
of young fruit trees

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Most of the furniture including some genuine antiques
would be sold at requestInspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents
OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17,942)

WEST SOMERSET

In the heart of Exmoor, occupying a unique situation facing
south and commanding extensive viewsAN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL
RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL
ESTATE

CAPITAL MODERN RESIDENCE

with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, attic rooms.

Two cottages, stabling, farm buildings.

Parklike grounds, ornamental garden, bathing pool,
pasture, etc.

ABOUT 120 ACRES

One mile of first-class fishing.

Moderate price Freehold.

Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17,942)

WITHIN 35 MINUTES OF WATERLOO

Splendidly situated, near to the station, within easy daily access
to London yet enjoying all the benefits of beautiful country

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

in excellent order and ready for immediate occupation

Dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms bathroom

All main services. Large garage

Charming well timbered gardens, orchard etc

ABOUT 1 ACRE

FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Sole Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17,948)

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Greensboro
1032-33

THE APPOINTMENTS THROUGHOUT AND PANELING, DOORS, FLOORS, ETC., ALL IN PERFECT TASTE.

FORMING A HOME OF CHARM AND PERFECTION

All main services Central heating and domestic hot water (oil burners) Five garage 4 and flat over and first rate (cottages arranged
around courtyard)

THE GARDENS OF DELIGHTFUL CHARM

with broad and stone paved terraces and paths Rose and water gardens Productive kitchen garden and woodland walks with
the timber sloping gently down to the parklands and lake on south side boundary

IN ALL ABOUT 24 ACRES. ALL IN HAND

FREEHOLD FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY OR AUCTION LATER

Full details, plan and permit to view of Owner's Sole Agents RALPH PAY & TAYLOR as above.

SOUTH HERTS—MIDDLESEX
BORDERSTwo miles north of Town on high ground with fine modern views,
Unique position without parallel within a similar distance of LondonA SMALL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL
PROPERTY OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO CITY MANTHE OAKLANDS, TOTTERIDGE LAKE,
TOTTERIDGE

About 1 mile station. On bus route. Easy 30 minutes drive from Town

A SUPERBLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE OF
CHARACTERdesigned by an eminent architect and erected about 27 years ago
regardless of expense, in mellowed red brick with tiled roof
labour saving in every detail with accommodation on two floors only.

RECEPTION ROOMS

RECEPTION ROOMS

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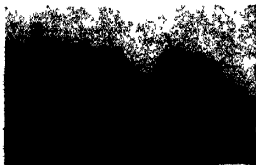
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.
(Regent 4665)

PERIOD HOUSE, NEAR FARNHAM, SURREY

TWO CONVERTED ELIZABETHAN COTTAGES

MAKING A CHARMING
HOUSE CONTAINING
HALL, CLOAKROOM, 2
RECEPTION AND
MAID'S SITTING
ROOM 5 BEDROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS

Orchard, garden, and meadow, in all ABOUT 4½ ACRES

Further particulars of MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair (Regent 4665)

ESHER

In beautiful Esher Park

A REPRODUCTION OLD-WORLD COTTAGE BY A WELL-KNOWN
ARCHITECTCONTAINING 2 RECEPTION ROOMS (ONE 26 ft x 18 ft.), 4 BEDROOMS,
BATHS IN BEDROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING

POLISHED OAK FLOORS THROUGHOUT

Further particulars of MAPLE & Co. 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair (Regent 4665)

Grosvenor 1883
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Robert Place, Eaton Sq.
Newcastle-on-Tyne
Barnes, Middlesex
10, Victoria Rd.
Westminster, S.W.1

IN THE LOVELY CONSTABLE COUNTRY

Outskirts old-world village. 3 miles market town. Near bus.



Well-built half-timbered
Family Residence

enjoying extensive views
over rural country. Eight
bed, 1 dressing room, 2
bath, nursery and games
room, magnificent tiled
hall, 3 rec. rooms. Main a.l.
Electrically pumped water.
Central heating. Aga
cooker.
Garage. Stabling. Gar-
deners' cottage (second
cottage might be had).
Finely timbered grounds.
Tennis court, stables, gar-
den, orchard, paddock (let)
11 ACRES

PRICE DRAMATICALLY REDUCED TO £7,600

Inspected by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.5124)

BERKSHIRE

On the outskirts of the old market town of Bracknell, 1 mile station with frequent electric
services to London.

CONVENIENTLY PLANNED RED BRICK RESIDENCE

Six principal bedrooms, 3 maid's rooms, 3 bathrooms, one with shower, separate
shower bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices with maid's room. All main
services. Central heating. Garages for 4 to 5 cars. Useful buildings. Two cottages.

WELL-KEPT PLEASURE GROUNDS

Allotments and football ground, in all about 15 acres

ALL IN EXCELLENT ORDER

Vacant Possession of house, grounds, cottages, etc.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD at reasonable price.

All particulars of the Joint Sole Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street
London, W.1, or of HUTTON & SON, Bracknell, Berks.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

650 FEET UP ON THE SURREY HILLS

Only 15 minutes from the City and West End.



Fine modern House of
character designed by
well-known architect.

Delightful rural situation,
facing south with wonderful
views.

Three reception rooms,
loggia, 7 bedrooms, bath-
room. Main services.

Double garage with man's
room over.

Grounds which are a feature
of the property, 2 orchards.

5½ ACRES. PRICE, FREEHOLD £9,000

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1 (Tel. Regent 2481).

ESSEX. BETWEEN DUNMOW AND THAXTED

Five minutes' walk bus service.

XVIII-CENTURY FARMHOUSE

built of old materials with
fine oak timbers. Two
reception, 5 bedrooms,
bathroom. Central heating.
Aga cooker. Electric light.
Main water. Garage.
Garden and paddock.

1½ ACRES

A home of unique old-world
charm with extensive views
over unspoilt country.



PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1 (Tel. Regent 2481).

By direction of the Executors of the late Mrs. O. M. Charvat.

CAMBRIDGE

Exceptionally well situated with extensive views over the Granchester Meadows.

THE ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

No. 22, GRANCHESTER MEADOWS

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Entrance porch, hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, simple domestic offices and
outbuildings. All main services connected.

Most attractive small garden running down to the River Granta.

In all about 1/2 hr. 12p.

For Sale by Auction at Cambridge, on Wednesday, October 22, 1947, at 2 p.m.
(unless previously sold by private treaty).

For further particulars and orders to view apply:—

MESSRS. BIDWELL & SONS

Chartered Surveyors and Land Agents. Head Office & 5, King's Parade, Cambridge, and at 21, Ipswich, and 48, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Wetherby 4 miles. Harrogate 9 miles. York 12 miles. Leeds 16 miles.

THE ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

HUNSLINGORE HOUSE

1 mile from the Great North Road between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.

Four reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, excellent
domestic quarters and staff accommodation.

Together with pleasure gardens, 6-roomed cottage, garage and stable block, farmery
including 2 paddocks, cowhouse, pigsty, sheds, etc., and a large kitchen garden

Total area about 8½ ACRES

For Sale by private treaty.

S. W. SANDERS,
F.R.A.

SANDERS'

T. S. SANDERS,
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FORE STREET, SIDMOUTH. Tel: Sidmouth 41 & 109

QUITE UNIQUE.

Taunton 10 miles.

A DELIGHTFUL THATCHED COTTAGE

Perfectly modernized. Recently redecorated throughout. Large rooms. Main electricity and water. Many interesting period features. Two reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, office. Garage and 1/2 acre of lovely garden. Immediate vacant possession.

FREEHOLD £2,000

PROPERTIES FOR SALE IN EAST DEVON include:

SIDMOUTH. Modern Tudor-style Residence (7 bedrooms) close to sea.
Georgian House (7 bedrooms) and 1/2 acre of attractive grounds close to old-world village.

ULFOLE. Modern Residence (5 bedrooms); marine view; 1½ acres lovely grounds.
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22, Bartholomew
St., NEWBURY

THAKE & PAGINTON

Newbury
608 (2 lines)

"DONNINGTON HURST," NEWBURY

Ideal retreat with seclusion and quietness. Magnificent views.
Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath-
rooms. Garage, stabling and farmery. Two excellent cottages.
Terraced grounds, woodland and pasture

10 ACRES

Modern conveniences including central heating.

VACANT POSSESSION

Auction Sale October 22, 1947 (unless previously sold privately)
By Messrs. THAKE & PAGINTON, Newbury, Berks, in conjunction with Messrs.
WILKINSON & CO. 48, Cannon Street, London, W.1, and Messrs. HARRISON LEP.
34-35, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. (778)

NORTH BERKS.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FARMHOUSE

Hall, cloakroom, 1 reception room, 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 1 bathroom.
Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Orchard. Paddock.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

5½ ACRES. £2,000

THAKE & PAGINTON, Agents, Newbury. (1706)

NEWBURY

EXCELLENT COUNTRY HOUSE

on outskirts of town.

Hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, office, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, bathroom, garage.
ALL MAIN SERVICES.
1 ACRE. Owner having purchased another residence will consider reasonable
offer.

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5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grovecroft 2121 (3 lines)
Established 1875

SURREY. UNIQUE POSITION 750 FEET UP SURROUNDED BY NATIONAL TRUST PROPERTY

Unspoilt panoramic views of the South Downs. Station $\frac{1}{2}$ mile (Waterloo 1 hour). Frequent Bus Service passes drive.



A WELL-BUILT FAMILY HOUSE

Well equipped and in excellent order.

Seven bed and dressing rooms, 8 bathrooms. Domestic flat of 4 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. Three attractive reception rooms.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING. AGA COOKER.

GARAGES. TWO COTTAGES.

Inexpensive gardens and woodland.

ABOUT 10 ACRES

FRESHOLD FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION. HOUSE WOULD BE SOLD EXCLUDING ONE OR BOTH COTTAGES IF DESIRED

Joint Agents: Messrs. CURTIS & WATTS, Hindhead, Surrey (Hindhead 53), and Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, W.1. (Grovecroft 2121)

MARLOW, BUCKS

On one of the prettiest reaches of the Thames.

ELIZABETHAN STYLE HOUSE

Well fitted. Re-decorated throughout. Twelve bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, 5 good reception rooms.

All main services. Central heating.

Delightful old walled garden.

Freshhold for Sale with or without the valuable and unique furniture and complete furnishings. Would make an Ideal Guest House.

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KENT, LONDON TWENTY MILES

Nearly 700 feet up, superb views to the south.

A LOVELY OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE

Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hall, large lounge, dining room, compact domestic offices.

Main electric light. Central heating. Domestic hot water.

In perfect order. Ready for immediate occupation.

Garages. Stabling. Four-roomed cottage with bathroom.

Delightful old-world gardens, orchard, paddocks, etc.

OVER 8 ACRES

For Sale Freshhold with Vacant Possession.

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COVE, HANTS

Station 1 mile. 50 minute train service.

A PICTURESQUE FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE

Modernised. In perfect order.

Five bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

Charming old barn as garage.

Old-world gardens.

About $\frac{1}{2}$ ACRES (further land available).

Personally inspected.

FRESHOLD £5,800 POSSESSION

CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, Grovecroft Square, W.1. (Tel: Gro. 2121)

THE ESTATE HOUSE. MAIDENHEAD

CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A.

Maidenhead
8038/4

THE PANTILES, COOKHAM DEAN

Exceptionally well designed. Panoramic views.



Three bedrooms, bathroom, lounge-dining room to 11, long kitchen. Garage. Sun balcony. Outside garden room. Co's main services.

ONE-THIRD OF AN ACRE

Under half a mile station.

For Sale privately or by Public Auction October 16, 1947.

Full details from Auctioneer: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., as above.

A DELIGHTFUL MARINE RESIDENCE ON THE SOUTH COAST

Magnificent position. An architect's home.



A gateway to beach.

Four bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Brick garage with 2 rooms over. Central heating. Really charming garden.

Beautifully appointed.

BARGAIN PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

Full details from Auctioneer: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., as above.

ON THE CREST OF A HILL

With glorious views.



Luxury Home with 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall. Complete central heating. Oak floors and kitchen. Garage.

10 ACRES with woodland, paddock, tennis court (one-man upkeep).

Adjoining Common.

Illustrated particulars from Sole Agents: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., as above.

LOFTS & WARNER

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WILTSHIRE

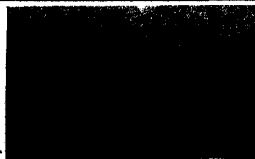
(Close to the Marlborough Downs.

OLD MANOR

Set amidst a really beautiful garden in most delightful country.

THREE RECEPTION, 2 BATHROOMS, 7 BEDROOMS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOOD WATER SUPPLY.



GROUPS EXTEND TO ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FRESHOLD

PRICE £7,750

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BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kingston
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ONE OF THE FINEST FULLY ATTENDED DAIRY FARMS, 200 ACRES TOGETHER WITH RETAIL MILK BUSINESS OF OVER 500 GALLS DAILY. 60 per cent. of which is sold at T.T. at 11d. per quart, remainder at full price with no discount whatever. A sound and electrically genuine concern increasing and with great possibilities. One of the best in the country and equipped with all machinery.

CHARMING PERIOD RESIDENCE

with every modern convenience. Fully attended and exceptionally fine farm buildings. T.T. milk has been produced for nearly 20 years. Four modern cottages. Situated in the most West Central Highlands.

FOR SALE FRESHOLD AS GOING CONCERN

Full details will be supplied to principals only, and appointments to view by application to Owner's Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.

VERY FINE ESTATE NEAR NORWICH

GENTLEMAN'S FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE 710 ACRES

CHARMING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Most attractively situated. Four res., 8 bed, 3 bath. Well-equipped domestic offices.

Triplex gate. Ideal boiler, etc. Main electricity throughout.

Lovely gardens. Tennis court. Sunkin Dutch garden, etc.

Secondary residence. Two sets of excellent modern farm buildings. Garage 4 cars.

Five cottages. Very good shooting.

VACANT POSSESSION FRESHOLD

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23, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ LONDON W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1461

FOR SALE AS A GOING CONCERN FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE OWNER
MAGNIFICENTLY EQUIPPED FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENTIAL HOTEL

BEAUTIFUL PART OF EAST DEVON

Edmundo Junction 3 miles 3½ hours from London

LOVELY OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE

17 beds (all with basins) 5 bathrooms 4 reception rooms
billiards room recreation room domestic quarters with
Age ranges

Main electric light Excellent water supply Central
heating Good drainage Ample garage and stabling

THREE COTTAGES WITH VACANT POSSESSION
8 squash court and tennis courts Grandly timbered
parklands

Two miles of trout fishing

30 ACRES PRICE FREEHOLD £20,000

to include the valuable contents and equipment.

Inspected and recommended by J Int Agents Messrs Wilson & Co 23 Mount Street, W.1 and Messrs JORAN LANG WOOTTON & SONS 51 South Audley Street W.1 (Mayfair 4861)

IN SPORTING PART OF HAMPSHIRE

CHARMING OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE

Basingstoke Winchester Area within easy reach
600 ft up in lovely country glorious
views



Set within inexpensive
gardens with magnificent
trees and overlooking the
W. 11 in lured park. Eight
bedrooms (all on one floor)
2 bath rms hall 3 recep-
tion

Mal elect city and water
Central heating throughout
Garage a stabling and useful
buildings Two cottages
Lawns good kitchen garden
orchard at pasture

34 ACRES £12,500 OR NEAR OFFER

Agents WILSON & CO 23 Mount Street W.1

UNEQUALLED POSITION, DORKING 1½ MILES

CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE WITH MAGNIFICENT VIEWS TO THE
SOUTH-EAST

Six principal bed and dress-
ing rms 2 bathrooms
separate servants wing
5 fine reception rooms
Main water electric light,
and drainage Co a gas
Telephone
Garage Excellent flat
Lodge with main con-
nected
Charming gardens, w. 1
land paddock

FOR SALE WITH

14 ACRES



LOW PRICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE

WILSON & CO 23 Mount Street W.1

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Established 1789

ACTIONEERS (HARTERED) SURVEYORS LAND AGENTS
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SERVICE FLATS

at

SOUTH HILL PARK, BRACKNELL

A SELF CONTAINED SERVICE FLAT CON-
TAINING: RECEPTION ROOM 2 BEDROOMS
BATHROOM AND KITCHEN WILL SHORTLY
BECOME AVAILABLE

THREE ATTRACTIVE FLATS WITH MODERN
AMENITIES ARE SITUATED IN SPACIOUS
GROUNDS AND PARK



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2 Home

SCOTTISH ESTATES FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

SUTHERLAND
OVER 2,000 ACRES
WITH ATTRACTIVE HOUSE
Hunting and good fishing
EARLY ENTRY

ORKNEY
ABOUT 10,000 ACRES
SUBSTANTIAL HOUSE AND
HOME FARM
Shooting and sea trout fishing
IMMEDIATE ENTRY

SILKIRKSHIRE
OVER 200 ACRES
WITH HOUSE AND DAIRY FARM
Bettish Blodding. Electric light
Cottages Garage Gardens

SOUTHERN PERTSHIRE
HOUSE AND 2 FARMS
IN ALL ABOUT 800 ACRES
Bough shooting and loch fishing
ENTRY BY ARRANGEMENT

SUTHERLAND
ABOUT 3,000 ACRES
WITH HOUSE HOME FARM
and grouse shooting
IMMEDIATE ENTRY

DUMFRIESSHIRE
45 ACRES
ATTRACTIVE HOUSE
with electric light and central heating
Garages and stabling 3 cottages

FOR PARTICULARS OF ABOVE AND ESTATES AND OTHER SPORTING
PROPERTIES

Apply to C W INGRAM FSI 90 Princes Street Edinburgh.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861

Telegrams Cornishmen London

LINCS

15 miles *Stamets* Beautifully placed on rise
of Wolds under woods Hill

THIS CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Three reception, 4 bedrooms 7½ bedrooms
(part suitable to cut off as staff cottage)

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CENTRAL
HEATING TELEPHONE EXCELLENT
WATER.

Garages, stabling, barn etc
Attractive gardens tennis and other lawns,
kitchen garden, orchard and paddock and
parklands pasture

50 ACRES 67,000 FREEHOLD
or would suit House and Grounds only
TRESIDDER & CO 77 South Audley St. W.1
(83 171)

NORTH BRUCE (convenient London and Midlands). In nice village EXCEL-
LENT FARM—SUITABLE FAMILY RESIDENCE 3 reception, 3 bath, 10 bed.
Main electric light and drainage Telephone Central heating GARAGES STABLING
2 COTTAGES Charming and productive flower, fruit and kitchen gardens and
paddock 4½ ACRES. 60,000 FREEHOLD.—TRESIDDER & CO 77, South Audley
Street W.1 (83,330)

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"Wood, Agents, Woods,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

16 miles West from Hyde Park Corner
2 miles Southern Station.
BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE IN PARK WITH LAKE



In splendid order. 14 beds, 6 baths, 1 hall, 2 cloakrooms, billiard room, Radiatory, main service. Garage for 7, 2 flats over. Six cottages. Cowhouses for 16.
For Sale with Vacant Possession with 31 or 80 acres.
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above. (10,940)

Just in the market.
SURREY
CHARMING QUEEN ANNE HOUSE



Lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms (with basins), 2 bathrooms, Age. Electric light and telephone.
Central heating. Polished oak floors. Garages. Modern.
All Main Services.
6 ACRES. FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (22,530)

CRAWFORDTON ESTATE, DUMFRIESSHIRE

In the fertile valley of the River Clyde, close to Montrose, 15 miles from Dumfries.
RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING PROPERTY
13 CAPITAL DAIRY, ARABLE AND GRAZING FARMS

from 35 TO 1,500 ACRES
Manor House with beautiful parklands of 80 acres (let to Preparatory School). Four smaller residences. A number of cottages. Market garden. Very fertile in Montrose. Valuable site of standing timber, hard and soft wood.
ALTOGETHER ABOUT 6,771 ACRES
Grouse and low ground shooting. River and loch fishing.
For Sale by Auction as a whole or in 18 Lots (unless sold previously at the Kings Arms Hotel, Dumfries, on October 26, 1947).

Illustrated particulars from the Selling Agent and Auctioneers: E. HOLMES & Co., Castle Douglas, Kirkcubright, and 3, Whitelands, Dumfries; and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ISLAND

ARDENTIVE, KERRERA, BY OBAN
300 ACRES

Comfortable Residence with 3 reception, 7 bed, 2 bathroom. Age. Electric light and telephone.
Fertile grazing and arable land. Good steading with adequate accommodation.
Cottage adjoining. Wild fowling and rough shooting. Woodcock and snipe.
Excellent yachting, with first-class anchorage.
VACANT POSSESSION. OPEN TO OFFER
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

By the Hon. Peter Aitken, deceased.

SHEPHERDS CLOSE, LEATHERHEAD, SURREY

Adjoining National Trust Property.
A COMPACT SMALL COUNTRY PROPERTY CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE
7 bed, 2 reception, 2 bath, servant's hall, modern kitchen with lower central heating; all main services. Garage. Gardens and Grounds; Hard Tennis Court.
ABOUT 5 ACRES

For Sale by Auction, unless sold privately, at Leatherhead, on November 7, 1947.
T. HANSMITH & Co., Market Place, Raywards Heath; JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

SUITEABLE FOR SCHOOL, HOTEL, COUNTRY CLUB, COUNTY INSTITUTE, ETC.

Glyn House, BODMIN, CORNWALL



FINE STONE BUILT GEORGIAN MANOR
In timbered Park intersected by river.
Main electric light and power, left central heating. Spacious lofty rooms, in good repair. 3 Halls, 5 reception, 24 bed, 7 bath, outbuildings. Small Home Farm. Two Cottages. Walled Garden with Cottages. 30 ACRES.
25,000 FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION.
Local Agents: HUGHES, REBERTY & MITCHELL, Wadebridge, Cornwall (Wadebridge 33); JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

Millhurst, INGATESTONE, ESSEX

50 minutes from the City.



ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE
Lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, 5 principal bed, dressing room, 2 other rooms, 2 bath, all main services. Garages. Stable, Ancient Windmill, Paddock. Hard Tennis Court.
5 ACRES. MODERN BUILT. 100 YEARS OLD.
For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) at Chelmsford.
VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.
Auctioneers: FRANK TAYLOR & Co., Chelmsford (Tel. 884-1-2 lines); JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

Grosvenor 2838
(2 lines)

TURNER LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1

BERKSHIRE

Frequent trains, under 1 hour London.

THIS ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

With many fine features and modern improvements.

Lobby, hall, 3 good reception rooms, cloak room, domestic offices, servants' sitting room, 5 main bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Three secondary or servants' rooms and bathroom in wing.

Central heating. Main water and electricity.

Garage. Pony stabling.



THE GARDENS

Especially run, surround the house.

Flagged terrace, lawns,illy pool, rose garden, fruit and kitchen garden, lawns, 2 glass houses, potting shed, etc.

Pony stable, paddock, about

(4 ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,750

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

Auctioneers and
Land Agents

BORDERS OF HAMPSHIRE AND SURREY

Only 25 miles from London. One of the last residences to be built prior to the war.
OF INTRIGUING LONG LOW STYLE with old-world influence and situated in a secluded country position. Six bedrooms (5 have built-in bathrooms), 2 large reception rooms, five domestic offices with staff sitting room. Garage for 2 cars. **About 7 ACRES.**

NORTH WALES

AN OLD STONE BUILT HOUSE

A gem of antiquity within beautiful old-world grounds. In a perfect rural setting with distant views of Snowdonia. Full of old beams and with heated windows. Four bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, domestic offices with Age. Large barn with double garage. Lovely gardens. All renovated and modernised regardless of expense. Illustrated description on request.

FAVOURITE THAMES-SIDE VILLAGE



TO LET FURNISHED

for five months from November.

An outstanding residence, built by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

15 GUINEAS PER WEEK

AMIDST THE FAVOURITE EAST BERKSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE

On the outskirts of the old market town of Wokingham. A MODERN HOUSE OF QUIET UNOBTRUSIVE CHARACTER set in peaceful grounds of great charm. Compactly designed for ease of up-and-coming and offering warm comfortable accommodation. Four bedrooms; dressing room, 2 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices. Garage and outbuildings including kennels and enclosed run.
£7,500 FREEHOLD

IN A CHARMING NORTHAMPTONSHIRE VILLAGE

AN INTERESTING OLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE with grounds sloping down to a river. Four principal bedrooms, 2 secondary bedrooms, 2 reception rooms. Pigeon room, tennis court, orchard, kitchen grounds. Long river frontage with landing facilities. Four-room cottage. Stabling.
£7,500 FREEHOLD

WORKINGHAM,
BERK. Tel. 77

BOURNEMOUTH

WILLIAM FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
8 SPODDING FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
N. TRENT FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.

SALE ON WEDNESDAY NEXT

FOX & SONS

BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON—WORTHING

SOUTHAMPTON

ARTHUR S. FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
7 BAIR, OX, F.A.I.C.S., A.A.I.
BRIGHTON
J. W. STEIN, A. KILVERDON

CHARMOUTH, DORSET

Practically adjoining the sea front. Commanding magnificent sea and coastal views

THE VERY VALUABLE AND CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, "HAMMONDS MEAD"



Twelve bedrooms 8 bathrooms
beautiful drawing room dining
room, billiards room, loggia and
domestic offices

All the principal bedrooms have
fitted basins (h and c)

Co s electricity and power Main
water Central heating

Garage for 3 cars Useful out-
buildings Very delightful grounds
with lawns, flowering shrubs and
trees, woodland kitchen and fruit
gardens pasture land. The whole
extending to an area of about

5 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE, BUILDINGS AND ABOUT 3 ACRES ON COMPLETION OF THE PURCHASE
To be Sold by Auction at the Woodmeads Hall, Lyme Regis, on Wednesday, October 16, 1947, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately)
Solicitors Messrs WILKINS & CO 4 Bennett Hill Bournemouth. Joint Auctioneers Messrs Fox & Sons 44-52 Old Christchurch Road Bournemouth and
Messrs VAN H. ALLEN & CO Broad Street, Lyme Regis

WIMBORNE, DORSET

Some miles from Sandbanks and Poole Harbour, 9 miles from Bournemouth

THE DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

"MOORINGS"

Having full mains supply and commanding extensive views across the Valley of the River Stour



Eight bedrooms 2 dressing
rooms 2 fitted bathrooms,
3 reception rooms excellent
up-to-date offices Main
water and electricity

Garage for 2 cars Gar-
den's cottage

Beautiful matured grounds
including well kept tennis
and croquet lawns, prodig-
ious kitchen garden with
full bearing fruit trees, rose
garden shrubs and trees
and 2 acre paddock. The
whole extending to an area
of about 4 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF PURCHASE

To be Sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, on
Thursday, October 23, 1947, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).
Solicitors Messrs WILKINS & CO 4 Bennett Hill Bournemouth. Joint Auctioneers Messrs Fox & Sons 44-52 Old Christchurch Road Bournemouth and
Messrs VAN H. ALLEN & CO Broad Street, Lyme Regis

CENTRAL WEST SUSSEX

Occupying a delightful position in a woodland setting, yet easily accessible to main
roads and 3 miles from Bournemouth main line station. Working 10 miles & 9 miles
London 50 miles

ATTRACTIVE MODERN TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE

Constructed of brick and stone with tiled roof and leaded light windows. In excellent
order throughout.

Four bedrooms (3 fitted
bathrooms 2 recep-
tion rooms, cloakroom and
excellent domestic offices
Main electricity and water
Modern septic tank
drainage

Built-in garage Coal stores
Outside w.c.

Well laid out grounds
include lawns, flower beds
kitchen garden natural
woodland

IN ALL ABOUT 1 1/2 ACRES

PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD VACANT POSSESSION

Apply Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton Tel Hove 9201 (4 lines)

SWANAGE, DORSET

Commanding delightful uninterrupted Downland views Within short walking distance
of the sea front.

THE EXCEPTIONALLY CHOICE MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

"ELBORST," VICTORIA AVENUE, SWANAGE



Five bedrooms (4 fitted
bathrooms 2 recep-
tion rooms, cloakroom,
kitchen and office

All main services

Part central heating

Double garage Stable or
store

Greenhouse

Garden of over 1/2 ACRE

VACANT POSSESSION
ON COMPLETION OF
PURCHASE

To be Sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, on
October 20, 1947, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).
Solicitors Messrs ADAMS & LANE, 14 Church Street, Salway Walsley, Essex.
Auctioneers Messrs Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth and
at Southampton Brighton, Worthing.

Close to the Historic Town of WAREHAM, DORSET

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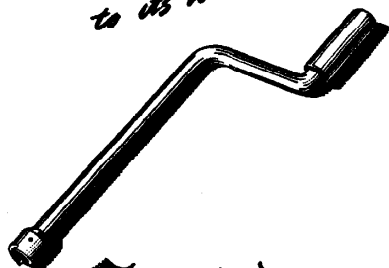
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2647

OCTOBER 10, 1947



Pearl Freeman

MISS JOAN MOTION

Miss Joan Motion is the daughter of the late Major T. A. Motion and Lady Elizabeth Motion and a niece of the Earl of Verulam

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE PATTERN OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT

THE clash between central and local administration is always with us, and for more than half a century it has been obvious that the town halls and county halls were losing their battle with Whitehall largely because there were too many of them, and too many of them were small both in size and outlook, and poor in funds and executive personnel. Recent social legislation has thrown more and more burdens upon them and given them, almost daily, fresh services to administer. Parliament's planning both of Treasury assistance to them and of allotment to them of public responsibilities has been notoriously of its kind too much variety. Among themselves they have struggled for more territory, higher rating values, a greater share of Treasury aid and more local services to control. The task of sorting out these conflicts for Parliament to consider and resolve was given two years ago to the Local Government Boundary Commission. Its chairman, Sir Malcolm Trustrup Eve, has just announced that the time for its recommendations must come at the end of this year, when every county and borough council will have been visited. It will then be the moment for a decision by the Government of the day, after all local government views have been collated and presented impartially by the Commission. Until then the Commission can make no more piecemeal recommendations with regard to particular local demands for status or extension.

It has been suggested, that the Commission has nothing to do with policy so far as the pattern of local government is concerned; its only job is "to make do and mend"; that its members have been appointed by Parliament as "tailors to local government." As honest tailors, Sir Malcolm asks, would you expect us to "patch 'em up" if it were the wrong policy? There are disadvantages in all the proposals for reform or for alterations which have been made so far, and there will undoubtedly be disadvantages in any pattern the Commission proposes. "We are looking," says its chairman, "not for a perfect scheme but for one that will make local government more alive at all levels." It is clear that Sir Malcolm sees in the present administrative confusion and confusion and tasks a dangerous threat to the very survival of local government itself. The great problem of the moment is to decide for or against "overspill," to determine how far great urban conurbations shall extend their borders at the expense of rural areas. We need not point out the moral so far as damage to that first priority, agriculture, is concerned. Sir Malcolm indicates another danger. Such alternatives as the New

Towns—in some cases the only alternative to expansion—mean, for some time at least, central, and not local, administration for housing and other social services, and he obviously fears that if such solutions are sought and found outside the local government machine the whole business of "overspill" may in future cease to be a local responsibility. The implications are not far to seek. That way lies totalitarian bureaucracy.

If the present system of local representation is to survive, its pattern and limits must be more clearly defined than they are to-day, when the question of who is to do what in the realm of social administration admits of so many contradictory and confusing answers and when the position becomes more and more confused by the nationalisation of an increasing number of social services. Apart from the

OCTOBER DAYS

*OCTOBER days, when the sunlight mellows
The Autumn tints to a richer shade
Of reds, and russets, and tawny yellows.
All wined then into a gay frolic,
Will tinsel then for the climax' lustre
Of burnished bronze, and the maples' gold,
And copper strands where the beeches muster,
Like Flemish tapestries, rare and old.*

*October days, when the woods awaken
To Autumn's loveliest sights and sounds,
When famous cowboys, so long forsoaken,
Are roused afresh to the stir of hounds;
Momentous days of anticipation,
Of promise, too, for what lies before;
The Season's prospects, the expectation
Of all the Winter must hold in store.*

EDMUND ROBERTS.

"tiers" of local government and the allocation of duties and services between them there is also to be settled the proper relation between the technical functioning of local services and the representative character of the authorities themselves. Given this is not a simple conclusion must be arrived at as to what are likely to be the most effective and efficient local government units to carry out the duties allocated with the representative control inherent in their constitution. Very little, if any, attempt has been made to do this in the past.

MARKETING CHANGES

BY now the Ministry of Agriculture should have received the report of the committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Lucas, which has been enquiring into the working of the farmers' marketing schemes and which is charged with the duty of recommending future policy. We must expect that public control will be extended in some form, and that recommendations, as several of the members are drawn from the Labour Party, but if they are wise they will recognise the supreme importance of retaining the direct interests of farmers in the methods by which their produce reaches the consumer. Agriculture certainly would not welcome the imposition of a National Marketing Board with subsidiary commodity boards to order the day-to-day handling of produce throughout the country. Since 1939 the farmers' marketing boards have had very little opportunity of showing what they can do. The Milk Board has become virtually a department of the Ministry of Agriculture, and the Eggs Board and the Potato Board were put into cold store when they had done little more than achieve stable prices for producers. Undoubtedly there are considerable economies that can be effected in marketing home produce through better organisation. This is true particularly of the marketing of livestock, and there is a strong case for continuing the collecting centres now run by the Ministry of Food and developing an abattoir system co-ordinated with them. In any new system scope should certainly be given for private enterprise as well as municipal enterprise. Such competition could only be stimulating to efficiency and economy, and these considerations rather than political doctrines interest producers and consumers.

LYME HALL: A TEST CASE

THE Ministry of Fuel's application to prospect for coal in Lyme Park faces the National Trust and the Ministry of Planning with two test issues. The first involves the local effect of the plan, which might upset the surroundings of a beautiful and historic building lately made over to the Trust. The area affected is high moorland which, though screened by woods from the Hall lying some 700 yards below it, is prominent in the landscape, and contributes much to the romantic character of the place. The plan is possible at present, but would be a heavy traffic. The example of Wentworth Woodhouse, illustrated here recently, discounts the claim that the excavations, however carefully "restored," would not greatly damage the scenery, while concrete roads and the general churning up of the vicinity must inevitably vitiate the picturesque character pertaining to such a place as Lyme. Nor, again on the analogy of Wentworth, is it certain that the workings would not later be extended. The second issue affects the general validity of the Trust's status as guardian of precious national possessions in perpetuity. If their preservation is not assured and conservation is left to the whims of the State, jeopardised and potential donors might just as well profit by selling up their properties instead of, at much self sacrifice, giving them away. No one under-estimates the extreme reality of the need for coal, but on both these issues the Trust is entirely justified in adopting an uncompromising stand, and the Ministry of Planning enquiry which is to be held.

AMATEURISM RUN MAD

THE Rugby Union are apparently sticking to their decision that the Rugby League touring team from New Zealand must not train upon the ground which the Ilkley Club wished to put at their disposal. They are reported as saying that such use of the ground would be contrary to the spirit of amateurism. To this the ordinary person will reply that if that be so the sooner the particular rule is altered the better. Other Rugby League teams from the Dominions have previously trained on the Ilkley ground without this rule, whatever it may be, being invoked, and without any harm to the amateur game. It would be possible to apply to such conduct solemn epithets such as "retrograde" or "reactionary"; it is simpler to call it stupid and rude. It is discourteous and unfriendly in the highest degree to visitors from overseas. In the war-time Rugby Union and Rugby League players played together and nobody was the worse and everyone the better. The Rugby Union is perfectly right to keep its game, as far as possible, an amateur one, but the cause of amateurism, however sacred, could not possibly suffer from the use of the Ilkley ground for the purpose proposed, and such a dog-in-the-manger policy will seem to the man-in-the-street wholly deplorable. Perhaps before these words are printed it may yet be changed, and we very much hope so.

THE QUEUING STICK

THE shooting stick has other uses besides those suggested by its name. The experienced onlooker at golf matches reposes upon one while the solemn business of putting is going on, and so gathers strength for his forward rush after the next tee shot. And not the spectators alone; the players themselves do not disdain them. Hence the quietude and the Olympian calm while his adversary puts is a familiar spectacle. Now this invaluable stick is coming to the aid of those who must stand in queues, and in particular of shopping housewives. Doubtless the notion has occurred to them before, but the spike at the stick's end does not do itself to the pavement and may slip and cause catastrophe. Now the stick has been made from end hollow, into which a reversible tip can be inserted, spiked for the country and rubber for the town. Queuing can never be a pleasure, and "The cure for this ill is not to sit still," but sitting will be a distinct amelioration, especially as the ladies can choose sticks in a variety of colours to match their shopping frocks.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

MY last day on the chalk stream this season was not *route* over the trout catch, since the trout were probably taking full advantage of the first hint of a spate after months of drought and were in consequence very busy with the accumulated and varied foodstuffs that were being washed down owing to the slight rise in the water level. The day, however, was remarkable for a brilliantly clever action on my part. It was one of those times when a quick appreciation of all, or nearly all, the factors of a difficult situation, and the discovery of a solution of it, prove that one's brain is of an unusually high order, and, in the Army and other callings, leads to higher things. I have no scruples about blowing my own trumpet these times, since it is practically the only thing one can do without first obtaining a permit.

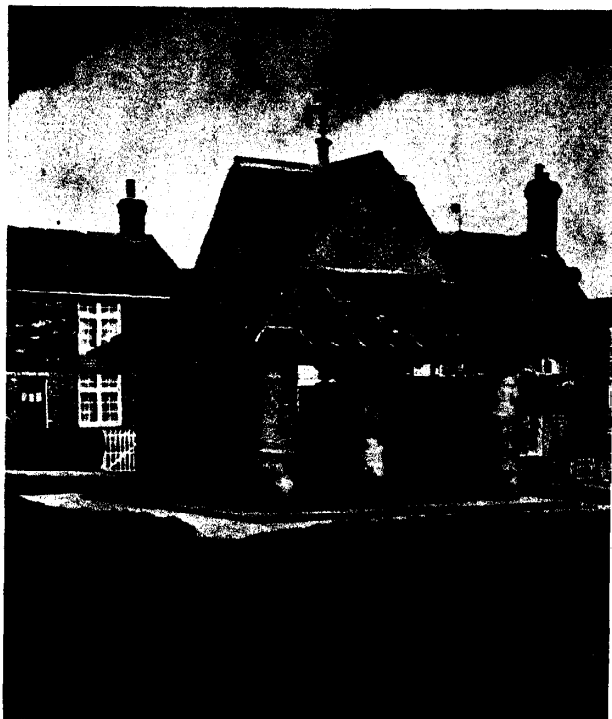
IHAD found that the only fly that the gorged trout would look at was a small black gnat fished nymph fashion, and it is hardly necessary to add that I had only one specimen of this particular variety with me. When an unkind gust of wind put this fly firmly into the toughest growth that the British Isles produces, a strand of deadly nightshade which was growing on the opposite bank, I knew that a break would inevitably occur when I tried to pull it free, and that in all probability a successful fishing wild and with the loss of that fly. It was then that the brilliantly clever idea occurred to me. A hundred yards downstream there was a small plank bridge and, if I could get my rod over to the other side, it would, I thought, be the simplest thing in the world to walk down to the bridge, cross over and remove the fly from the offending twig in a proper manner.

Poising myself on the edge of the bank in the stance of a Greek athlete of other days I threw the rod spear-fashion, and brought off a marvellous throw which, I should imagine, would have won at least the second prize at the Olympic javelin-throwing competition, or obtained a V.H.C. at a tossing-the-caber contest at the Highland games, and the situation was saved. Congratulating myself on my acumen and my skill as a javelin thrower, I walked jauntily down to the plank bridge, to find that owing to the shortage of timber one of the "new dishones" had removed it overnight.

I may add that the other bridge, the brick one which has not yet been removed by someone who is short of bricks, is over half a mile away across very difficult going, and that, when eventually I did retrieve my rod after the trout had stopped feeding, I found that I had put it most skilfully into a side channel, so that the reel had been submerged in water for over half an hour.

IT may be due to the somewhat poor selection I have to offer after this very droughty summer but the most popular flower among butterflies in the garden this autumn is the dwarf michaelmas daisy, and I repeat "dwarf" since the tall variety of this plant has no appearance at all for my welcome visitors. The daisies are obviously more attractive this year as general restaurants than are the buddleias, which, possibly because of the weather, or the general austerity that prevails to-day, are not offering the usual alcoholic content that some of the more dissolute insects demand to drop off into a sound sleep, or drunken stupor, at the beginning of the long hibernation.

During the warm sunny days at the end of September the odd-dozen michaelmas daisies in the garden were alive with a large variety of butterflies. None of these was particularly rare, but among them I noticed a few newly hatched



E. W. Tatnall

THE VILLAGE PUMP, SEDLESCOMBE, SUSSEX. The roofing is of Horsham
slab-slate

commas in rich red-browns, innumerable small tortoiseshells, the usual large gathering of red admirals, three or four clouded yellows, small coppers in great numbers, two varieties of the fritillary and a few common blues. Among the unexpected in view of the lateness of the season were three brimstones, one painted lady and a solitary chalk-hill blue, and, considering that there is nothing in the nature of a chalk hill within ten miles of the garden, I cannot think what this "foreigner" was doing in a completely limeless area. In addition to all these there were of course far too many large white butterflies, the survivors of the vast hordes that invaded the locality a month ago, together with a few of the smaller variety.

A MARKED feature of the busy gathering was the great number of drones from the neighbouring hives, which seemed to have become reconciled to the fact that they had been evicted from their homes as useless members of the community and that death lay just round the corner during the first frosty night of autumn. On the principle of "let's make the best of life while it lasts" they were in occupation of all the finest blooms, and obviously causing annoyance to those butterflies that prefer to fit from one blossom to the next in search of special vintage. In view of the obvious popularity of these michaelmas daisies with all the other insects, it was remarkable that there were not more than half a dozen hive and bumble bees among the assembly of those whom, according to present-day teaching, one must regard as idlers since they were not engaged in producing the toil for others, but working solely for their own benefit.

A FEW WEEKS ago I commented on a marked falling-off on the "egg face," which I presume is the correct way of putting things these days, when one hears so much about the "coal face" in connection with lack of fuel. I suspected that this shortage might be due to the presence of a particularly large grass snake which had taken up its residence in the poultry run, but since I have not noted any suspicious-looking bulges in the reptile's shapely figure perhaps I am doing it an injustice. On the other hand, I have detected a most disturbing manifestation on the feathered legs of the cock, which is a Light Holland Blue of Plymouth Rock ancestry. By his moult, which took place early last year, there was a definite hint of pin-stripping about these nether adornments, and I have always connected pin-stripe trousers with the more advanced form of officialdom which goes hand in hand with control and the resulting shortage of the commodity affected.

It was about the time when all the officials of the Cairo Residency began to wear pin-stripe trousers in the 1920s that the Anglo-Egyptian situation became acute, and when the butler of the household wore them during a particularly hot summer it resulted in such a disturbed state of affairs that all leave to British officials was cancelled. More recently I recall seeing no fewer than four pairs of them in a Regional Fuel office, and I was not surprised when almost immediately afterwards the abolition of the basic petrol ration was ordered. If the pattern of the feathers on the cock's legs becomes so pronounced that there is no doubt about pin-stripping, I shall on this occasion be able to take the law into my own hands and deal with the situation in a suitable manner.

THE GANNET CITY OF GRASSHOLM

Written and Illustrated by
FRANCES PITT

THE motor-boat chugged steadily across an incredibly calm sea, a sea that rippled in lazy wrinkles, though the long swell that first lifted the boat, then let it slip down and down, told of forces only temporarily asleep.

The coast of the mainland of Wales lay on the left as a long purple-grey line; behind us rose the mass of the island of Ramsey; to the south was a grey smudge representing Skomer, and ahead, a faint dot almost lost in the horizon mist, lay our destination, the Gannet City of Grassholm.

All summer I had been wanting to visit Grassholm and see how its inhabitants were faring, but it lies some eight miles as the gull flies off the Pembrokeshire coast and is only twenty acres or so in extent with nothing between it and America to check the force of the Atlantic rollers, so that landing on its rocks is no easy matter: indeed it is unapproachable except under the most perfect of anti-cyclonic conditions.

Grassholm is notable for being the only great gannet colony off the coast of England and Wales. There are Ailsa Craig, the Bass Rock and several others around Scotland, but to see the solan goose at home in all its jostling overcrowded glory we southern folk must resort to this Welsh stronghold.

From early spring to autumn the gannets are in occupation of the island, plus a number of kittiwakes, herring-gulls, lesser black-backed gulls, etc. Even from afar the gannet colony is conspicuous as a white smudge on the north-west end of the grey hummock.

Our boat chugged steadily onwards up and down the rise and fall of the rollers that came and went with monotonous regularity, and the



1.—THE ISLAND OF GRASSHOLM RISES LIKE A GREY HUMMOCK FROM THE ATLANTIC

grey hummock took shape and form and grew larger, while the white smudge gained in distinctness.

A cormorant or two, a few gulls and a number of puffins comprised the birds so far seen, but now two or three gannets came into view, great white birds with black-tipped wings swinging easily along. On the ground a gannet appears to have a long and slender neck, but aloft it looks a thick bull-necked bird. The reason lies in its air sacs, which are inflated when it takes wing and no doubt give it much buoyancy, though probably their chief function is to act as air-cushions and shock-absorbers when it sees a fish in the water below and dives headlong with a great splash. Another adaptation in connection with the gannet's high-diving

method of fishing lies in its nasal system. Its long smooth bill bears no external nostrils, so that it can plunge from a height without fear of getting water up its nose.

A curious thing that I have noticed before when approaching Grassholm is how few gannets you see until near the island, and then the air seems full of them. Such an immense number of birds must go a considerable distance afield to secure all the fish they need, but they are not at all conspicuous except actually around the island.

Picture us in the lee of Grassholm, with myriads of gannets circling overhead and gulls screaming, and as we nose our way into a nook between the rocks, where we are greeted with many cries of "kitti-wee!



2.—LOOKING DOWN ON THE CROWD OF GANNET CITY

kitti-wee!" There is a small colony of kittiwakes nesting on a ledge just above our landing-place (Fig. 8), but the young ones are strong birds and take wing and fly around.

With skill and tact the skipper runs his boat alongside a convenient rock, so that we step ashore plus photographic impediments with little trouble, to scramble aloft and soon find ourselves on the grassy summit. We are told that Grassholm was once a thriving puffin colony, but that for some unknown reason these capricious little birds deserted it. The condition of the grassy higher ground certainly supports this statement, for it consists of tussocks with holes between hidden by the long grass, and has all the appearance of fallen-in deserted puffin burrows. At any rate it is horribly bad going and one flounders over it, falling over the tussocks and into the holes while circling gannets wheel overhead, gulls laugh from near-by rocks and seals keep watch from the sea below.

The grass is green, the rocks are yellow with lichen, the sky is blue and the sea borrows the blue and emphasises its tint; in short it is a perfect August day, its beauty enhanced by two or three cabbage-white butterflies dancing around. Where have they come from? How is it that they are on this barren rock? In the light of what we later find I believe the answer is that they are wanderers that have flown the long water miles that lie between here and the mainland and are likely to end their existence in an Atlantic grave.

But what are a few butterflies when the Gannet City of Grassholm lies extended before one?

Standing on an outcrop of grey stone you look down on the packed ranks of the birds, each enthroned on its mound (the nest consists of a hillock of compressed seaweed, etc.) and each the length of its own and its neighbour's necks apart. Why, with the twenty acres of the island at their disposal, the gannets choose to condense their city into a few acres in one corner is a question beyond our power of knowing. They seem to agree that "the more we are together the happier we will be." As one looks down on them they appear a sea of dazzling white birds. Actually the gannet has a straw-coloured head, but at this distance it is not apparent.

My first thought is "there are more birds than ever." Surely they extend much farther to the right than they did when I was last here in 1939, and surely they also have spread over the flat ground? An accurate census is most difficult to make. A careful estimate was attempted before the war and the figure of 6,000 pairs of breeding birds with several thousand non-breeders was arrived at. I hazard a guess that the gannets now number not fewer than 8,000 pairs and they may well be a couple of thousand more with a corresponding number of bachelors and spinsters around, while as for the hangers-on of Gannet City, the herring-gulls, lesser black-backed gulls, etc., they too add to its population. Anyone interested in the number of the inhabitants of Grassholm may like to try to count the gannets shown in Fig. 2 that I took from the rock overlooking Gannet City.

In estimating, or rather in trying to guess at the population of Grassholm, one must not forget such demure inconspicuous members of its fauna as the rock pipits flitting to and fro among the rocks, and the watchful seals in the water below.

Grassholm is the headquarters of a goodly

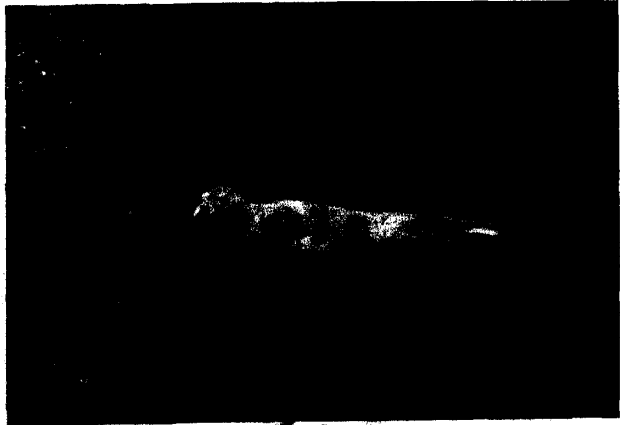


3.—A YOUNG GANNET IN DOWN AND AN ALMOST FULLY-FLEDGED BIRD IN ITS PEPPER-AND-SALT PLUMAGE AMID A HOST OF ADULTS

company of the great grey or Atlantic seal, that fine animal which prefers our rocky coasts and brings forth its only calf in the autumn when the Equinox brews its worst gales. My friend and I counted over two score seals and we certainly did not see them all. In 1939 I saw between 60 and 70 seals about Grassholm. Their number is probably still about the same.

Leaving the gannets we crept quietly down the rocks in the hope of catching some seals asleep, but the majority were in the water and well aware of our presence. They looked up and watched us with large-eyed curiosity (Fig. 4), and when one of us made an incautious movement they dived with resounding snatches of their hind flippers—it sounded like a dozen

guns going off—but were quickly up again and having another look. They varied much in colour and size. Some were very dark and hardly dappled at all, but others were marked like a rocking-horse. Two seals were ashore resting just out of reach of the waves on the seaweed-covered rocks. They were not big seals: I thought they were most likely yearlings, but one was a light creamy grey in colour. I do not know of any record of the grey seal breeding on Grassholm, but the island is difficult to approach under the best of conditions and quite impossible in the sort of weather that is usual when the grey seal calves are arriving, so, in view of the number of seals to be found there in late summer, it seems



4.—THE SEALS ON THE ROCKS "LOOKED UP AND WATCHED US WITH A LARGE-EYED CURIOSITY."

more likely that they do than that they don't.

While we were watching the seals, our attention was distracted by a party of birds running over the rocks—turnstones in their handsome tortoise-shell uniform set off with a little white. The last time I was on this spot a similar party disported themselves in just the same way. It is curious how this handsome wader will stay here in full breeding dress, yet to find it nesting one must go to some such place as the Baltic Islands.

Retreating the way we came, to the annoyance of a family of young shags in their nest in a crevice of the rocks, and soundly cursed by many gulls, we return to the gannets. It is necessary to be careful where one steps, for the ground is foul and stagnant liquid lodges between the nest hummocks. The air is charged with a variety of smells and a medley of sounds. I am taking cine films of the scene, but really to convey a full idea of the place one would need not only a sound track on the films but a smell one as well.

Sanitation is not much to the fore in Gannet City, yet the City has its sanitary squad, namely the watchful herring-gulls. The sight of visitors upsets the gannets: they flap off their nests, bump into one another, peck and get pecked and are very sick. They throw up their recently caught fish to the delight of the gulls. Down they swoop and snatch the booty, soon clearing up every morsel of fish. However, the gannets soon get used to visitors and cease to worry about them, continuing with their affairs in happy disregard of the lookers-on. One can stand quite close to them and watch



5.—LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULLS AND A COUPLE OF SHAGS KEEPING WATCH ON A ROCK

its parents? These questions are prompted by the confusion that followed our first appearance, when the birds scattered in all directions. Young birds tumbled off their nest thrones and scuttled off to the accompaniment of wicked thrusts from the bills of neighbouring adults. But soon all was peace, if not quiet, and I began

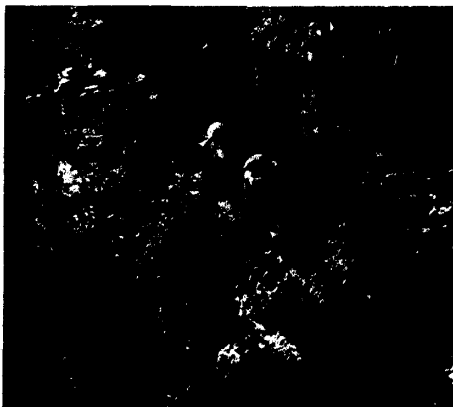
to wonder if every gannet had got its *own* baby! Anyhow they all seemed happy and now the whole colony is a picture of contentment.

Seen thus, close at hand, the gannet is indeed a remarkable bird, perhaps its most striking feature being its large pallid eye like some strange gem in a dark setting. It is a well-finished bird from the smart dark lines down its beak to the pale green lines down its lead-coloured feet, and then there is its straw-coloured head to enhance its snowy body plumage.

A gannet is a goodly fowl. If not quite so big as a domestic goose, it is larger than an Aylesbury duck, to say nothing of its great expanse of wings, and it

man, still less for two women with cameras, and our skipper says we must re-embark by four o'clock at the latest. It is somewhat after four, I fear, when we come slipping and scrambling down the rocks, once more alarming the kittiwakes on their ledges, to find the boat brought skilfully against the stone face so that we step aboard as of a pier. But the reader must not imagine that landing on and leaving Grassholm is ever a simple matter, for in fact it is the reverse. Another and larger motor-boat had approached the island during the afternoon but left without attempting to land its party. It is the swell that makes things so awkward.

With kittiwakes crying as if in farewell, with gulls screaming and a great escort of gannets overhead we set off on the return journey. Soon the birds leave us, soon the island falls behind us, from a dark mass being transformed into a grey lump smeared with white at one end. On and on we go across the oily calm sea, only disturbed by the unending swell, with here and there a puffin and here and there a fluttering butterfly! Yes, a butterfly. Cabbage white after cabbage white is seen. They come and fly round the boat before fluttering off westwards. Where can they be going? It seems as if they are taking a suicidal flight into the Atlantic. Even up to the end of our journey to the lifeboat station at Porth Stinan or St. Justinian, butterflies continue to fly westwards. We look back across the sunset sea and just discern a faint grey spot in the horizon here and we wave a farewell to it and its gannets. May the Gannet City of Grassholm flourish long!



6.—AN ADULT (left) AND A YOUNG KITTIWAKE LOOK DOWN FROM A LEDGE ON THE CLIFFS

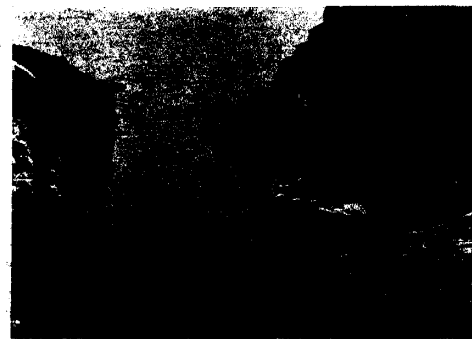
them brooding and feeding their young without upsetting them in the least.

Although it is quite late in the season, the date being August 9, the business of the colony is in full swing and is likely to be for some time to come. There are birds still incubating eggs, others brooding queer, gargoyle-looking, lately hatched chicks. There are many downy, fluffy well-grown youngsters, still more with dark feathers beginning to show through their white down, and quite a number practically full fledged in the dark pepper-and-salt uniform that is the going-away garb of the juvenile gannet (Fig. 3). It will be remembered that it takes the gannet nearly four years to attain the snowy plumage of maturity.

Surveying the crowd we see birds indulging in greetings and *cargoes*, when the bills are crossed in a strange sword-play. We also see seaweed being brought in to make up the nest mounds; and of course we see the young ones asking for food. Do every gannet know its

must take a plentiful supply of fish each day to keep it from feeling hungry. What is the fish consumption of the colony per day? We won't ask what it takes to keep all these birds for twelve months! However, the bounty of the sea is beyond computation; there is enough for birds and men and no need to worry—the gannets will not make any difference to our fish supply.

Time and tide, as we have long been



7.—OUR BOAT HAS BEEN BROUGHT SKILFULLY AGAINST THE STONE FACE OF THE CLIFFS

THATCH AND FIRE RISKS

By J. D. U. WARD

"I WOULD never," said the bank manager, "have a thatched roof on my own house. If there's a fire, everything goes, and to-day there's no replacing what you lose." I thought that the subject deserved some consideration.

C. F. Innocent (whose chapter on thatching in his *Development of English Building Construction* is the best historical account of thatch) makes scattered references to fire. The Venerable Bede tells of the burning of a roof of wattles and thatch in the year 642. In the year 1212 a London ordinance finally forbade the use of all kinds of thatch (*arundine—juncu—aliquo modo straminis neque stipula*). In Elizabeth's reign the townships of Hull were forbidden to thatch "with straw, reade, or hay, or otherwise than with thatke tyle."

By a medieval law, thatch was required to be whitewashed to make it burn less readily; in Wales the custom has survived the obsolete law to this day and has even been unreasonably transferred to the slate roofs. Among the objections to thatch stated by W. Pitt in 1796 was its inflammability in dry seasons—"Almost the whole of a considerable village, Wheaton Ashton, had recently been destroyed through a thatch catching fire and spreading throughout the village, for when thatch is on fire lumps of blazing straw fly in all directions."

Various thatched villages must have suffered a similar fate at different times (I have read that Bere Regis was burnt down in the 18th century) and in many places long-handled firehooks were kept to pull the burning thatch from roofs in time of fire.

In a 20-years-old technical journal I found an amusingly varied list of chemicals which could be used to "fireproof" thatch: e.g., sulphate of iron and muriate of lime; chloride of zinc; sulphate of ammoniac; sulphate of alum and size. There was no advice that chimneys be swept in February to reduce spark dangers during the dry-wind month of March which was liable to be the worst for roof fires, as it is for forest, moor and grass fires. A more recent (6-year-old) journal yielded an account of a new outstandingly effective fireproofing solution—a proprietary preparation of monommonium phosphate. (The term "fireproof" is, of course relative, for at certain temperatures even steel and concrete are not fireproof.) This preparation evidently satisfied the requirements of local regulations which had hitherto outlawed thatch treated in other ways.

That was the case for the inflammability of thatch. But then I met a man with an official appointment as a thatching officer. He was both practical and learned—perhaps England's most learned man on the subject of thatch. His father was a thatcher and his son is now a thatcher. He had himself been a thatcher, and his present work takes him to widely separated counties, so that his knowledge and outlook are not of the rather limited and local quality common among country craftsmen.

Yes, he said, the monommonium phosphate solution was good, and he gave details of how it could be applied to a thatched roof, as well as to any thatching material before it was laid. Yes, it had superseded alum and size and the other chemicals.

"But is it being generally used?" I asked. "What proportion of thatchers treat their thatch?"

He replied that it was little used—that few thatchers fireproof their thatch. Then he added: "In the whole of my life I have never known a thatched roof catch fire from outside."

My surprise being obvious, he explained that thatch, at any rate good thatch in sound repair, was packed too



THATCHED HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF STOCKTON, WILTSHIRE

tight to burn readily. A little might smoulder if large sparks fell upon it, but there was no draught from underneath, so the fire lacked the breath of life.

Elsewhere it was remarked that many country smithies were thatched—which suggested that the spark danger was slight.

Later, I chanced upon a sentence printed in March, 1928, by one who "remembered having been told by an old man in a certain Fen village which was almost all thatch that long poles with hooks slung against the walls had not been called into use so long as he could remember." Though this was almost bathos after the thatching officer's remark, it was interesting confirmation of the position he had stated.

Looking over the subject, I found that thatch had long been counted a fire-dangerous roof; there now exists an excellent fireproofing solution for thatch: that thatch is not now considered, by those who claimed to know most about it, to be a dangerous roof so far as ignition from outside is concerned; and that the fireproofing solution is therefore little used.

When that brief summary of a brief survey had been made, it was suggested that the insurance companies should be asked for their

views. To say that some were unprintable would be a slight exaggeration and a slander on a polite profession. One company would insure no building with a thatched roof. The manager of another said that he had frequently quoted rates up to 15s. per cent. in order to force clients to go elsewhere (1s. 6d. is the usual rate for brick or stone houses with tile or slate roofs). The kindest reply came from an inspector of another company: he said that he lived in a thatched house and paid a premium of 7s. 6d. per cent., and he thought that was the lowest figure that any company would quote for a thatched building. . . . would I in no circumstances reveal the name of his company! Other notes, I found, varied from about 7s. 6d. to 15s. per cent.

I was told that reed thatch was considered to be just as inflammable as straw; that *retardant* (the term fireproofing was not used) chemicals were water-soluble and therefore were quickly washed off by rain; that thatched roofs were a danger not only to themselves but also to adjacent properties; that many were in places where water supplies and firefighting services were poor; that once a thatched roof was alight the loss was likely to be much more serious than with any other kind of roof; that often it was impossible to say exactly where a fire started, but that many fires had in the past been caused from outside by sparks from traction engines, steam rollers, traveling circuses and threshing outfits. I was told of a "show" inn in the West Country that was recently burnt down because a guest had thrown a match from a bedroom window on to a thatched roof. Even modern electric wiring for light was mentioned as a factor which contributed to the thatch-fire hazard. There was, in short, such strong and consistent support for the bank manager's attitude that I could only wonder why, if thatch was so dangerous, anyone should be allowed to have a thatched roof anywhere.

Doubtless other people will be able to add other information and other arguments on one side or the other. The subject would seem to be of general interest to all who care for the appearance of the countryside and the safety of village and rural homes, particularly at a time when efforts are being made to train more thatchers.



IN MANY PLACES LONG-HANDLED FIREHOOKS WERE KEPT TO PULL THE BURNING THATCH FROM ROOFS IN TIME OF FIRE

THE PALAZZINA CINESE AT PALERMO

By EDWARD CROFT MURRAY

WITH the interest aroused by an exhibition some time ago in Brighton Pavilion of Regency art, it may not be inappropriate to recall another example of royal *Chinoiserie*, the Palazzina Cinese di La Favorita at Palermo. Though known to few Englishmen (and, indeed, to few Italians), this equally fantastic building has, by odd coincidence, strong English associations.

In December, 1798, with the French Revolutionary Army steadily advancing into his kingdom, Ferdinand IV of Naples (nicknamed *Re Nasone* because of the exceptional length of his nose), accompanied by his family and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, made a dramatic, if somewhat inglorious, flight to Palermo on board Nelson's flagship *Vanguard*. After a tempestuous voyage they arrived on December 28, and Ferdinand established his exiled Court in the ancient palace of the Norman Kings of Sicily.

The Neapolitan Court had been more than amply provided with a summer residence in the vast Palace of Caserta; but Sicily had always been a neglected dependence of the Kingdom of Naples, and Palermo boasted of no such magnificent building in its vicinity. Perhaps to remedy the lack of such accommodation, Ferdinand, soon after his arrival, purchased on January 29, 1799, from Don Benedetto Lombardo, Barone della Scala, the Villa ai Colli, an estate lying to the north-west of the city at the foot of Monte Pellegrino. On this site he gave orders for the erection of a summer retreat which was to be named La Favorita. Contemporary evidence, as will be seen later, points to Giuseppe Patricola as the architect, a view supported by Thieme-Becker, who also gives the dates of the construction as 1799-1802; other authorities name Giuseppe Marvuglia as the author. Both were well-known exponents of the neo-classic style in Palermo.

Not long afterwards, on May 17, 1799, the King's new acquisition was the scene of a banquet given in honour of Lord Nelson: it was the eve of the Admiral's departure for Naples, where he was soon to put down the Parthenopean Republic with such severity. On September 3 of that same year Ferdinand celebrated his return to power and his gratitude to his English deliverer with a *fête champêtre* held in the Public Gardens of Palermo; the *pique de résistance* of this entertainment was a Temple of Fame enshrining a group of life-size figures, in which Victory (bearing the features of Lady Hamilton) was shown in the act of crowning Lord Nelson with a laurel wreath. The hero being presented to her by Sir William (!). Another splendid *fête*, again in Nelson's honour, was given a month later in the grounds of the Favorita; the *impresario* of this



1.—THE SOUTH-WEST FAÇADE

second *fête* is recorded as Giuseppe Marvuglia, and as the decorations are known to have been in the Chinese taste, this may have given rise to his being credited later with the design of the Palazzina itself.

The King resumed his Neapolitan throne; but in 1805 he was forced once more to flee to Sicily, this time as a result of the defeat of his ally Austria at Austerlitz. In 1813, towards the end of this second exile, the Favorita, this gay piece of architectural frivolity, where Ferdinand had hitherto whiled away the time with his favourite recreations of shooting, fishing, cooking and mixing ice-cream, found itself rather incongruously the scene of a grave political crisis in the life of its royal owner. For it was here that the British envoy, Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck, succeeded in persuading Ferdinand to revise his government on constitutional lines.

The King had at first refused to comply; whereupon Bentinck surrounded the Favorita with his troops. Ferdinand, probably thinking that his Chinese pavilion was hardly a suitable fortress wherein to withstand the might of Great Britain, then consented to accede to the Ambassador's requests, even to the extent of banishing Maria Carolina, whose former affection for her English supporters had given rise to intense hatred owing to Bentinck's liberal policy, so completely in opposition to her own absolutist principles. The Queen, therefore, left for her native Austria, where she died in 1814. As to *Re Nasone*, he returned to Naples punctually after Waterloo, with the title of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies.

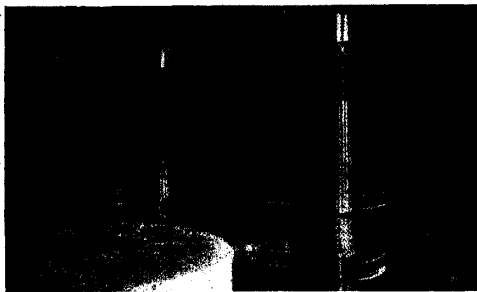
A year later one of the first descriptions of the Favorita appeared in a guide book *Guida Italiana per Palermo*, *Dinorini*, 1816, whose author, oddly enough, bore the name of Gaspare Palermo. "The pavilion is built in the Chinese taste and wholly conforms to the usage of that nation. On the façade hang numberless little bells which tinkle in the breeze, and at the sides tower (torreggiano) two spiral staircases built with consummate skill of massive blocks of stone; the architect being the Royal Surveyor Giuseppe Patricola. In the rooms there is nothing that is not of great worth, the most exquisite workmanship and variety of materials having vied in adorning them. The eye of the spectator is pleasurably diverted by the products of the most accomplished engravers of England, which hang from the walls in an arrangement of fanciful and varied frames.

"The Royal Bed-chamber is in altogether novel taste. In the supper room, by means of ingenious devices, the table already laden with the repeat rises from the kitchen coming to rest in the midst of the seated diners; who, without the assistance of the waiters and domestics, but calling for their needs with the aid of convenient ropes corresponding to divers bells artfully disposed to carry their sound into the lower room, are served with plates, glasses, and what else they may require, the whole being raised up by a skilful arrangement of springs."

To-day the Palazzina answers in the main to the above account, except that, alas, no longer do the "numberless little bells tinkle in the breeze," and the diminutive spiral staircases which serve the building inside could scarcely be described as towering or constructed of massive blocks of stone.

The fashionable vogue for *Chinoiserie* was not unknown at the Bourbon Court, as may be seen in the remarkable little room embellished with porcelain decorations in that taste in the Palace of Capodimonte. No doubt also Sir William Chambers's *Designs for Chinese Buildings* were known to the architect, though he does not appear to have directly adopted any of these for the Favorita. But a source of inspiration may quite simply have been found on the spot itself, as there is a record that a small Chinese pavilion stood already in the grounds before the King acquired them.

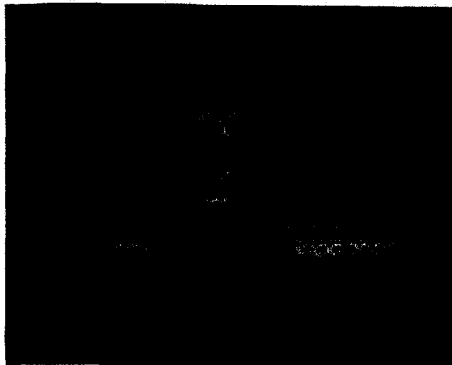
The plan of the building is square, with two colonnaded semi-



2.—THE SUPPER-ROOM WITH THE MECHANICAL TABLE



3.—THE BALLROOM, LINED WITH ENGLISH COLOUR-PRINTS GIVEN BY NELSON TO QUEEN MARIANNE

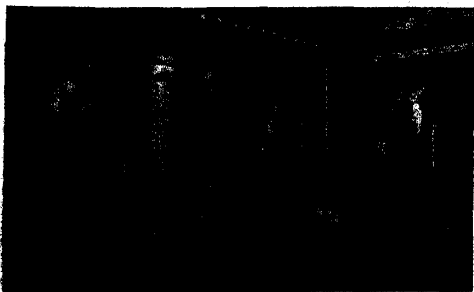


4.—THE GAMING-ROOM, LOOKING INWARDS TOWARDS THE SUPPER-ROOM

of steps and forming the principal entrances to the first floor. The exterior of the building (Fig. 1)—unlike the Brighton Pavilion, which evokes rather the impression of an Indian Palace—conforms to what was then supposed to be Chinese architecture, though certain Gothic details seem to have crept quite characteristically into the design. Its covering stucco is painted a warm yellow, with *trompe-l'oeil* architectural ornaments picked out in brick red, while the roofs are bluish grey. As if to give it a yet more authentic atmosphere, the architraves of the two porticoes are lettered in Chinese characters. To one who has seen both these exotic summer-houses, there is no doubt that the Favorita looks more at home under the vivid blue of the Sicilian sky and flanked by the curving sprays of palm trees than does the Regent's Pavilion in its chaste setting of polite marine terraces.

Within, the decoration is less consistent, as only the first floor and the crowning belvedere are reserved for *Chinoiserie*. The principal feature of the ground floor is a long low ballroom running the complete length of the central part of the building from north-west to south-west (Fig. 3). At either end of this is an alcove for the musicians, occupying the spaces below the porticoes. The main decoration of the room is a magnificent series of 18th-century English colour-prints (doubtless those mentioned by Palermo), the gift of Nelson to Maria Carolina, which are panelled in formal arrangement against the walls. The shallow vaulted ceiling is painted in Pompeian style with architectural motives.

One of these is another remarkable room, painted to imitate the interior of a Pompeian villa as it might have appeared to a visitor of the period, in all its picturesque decay (Fig. 5).

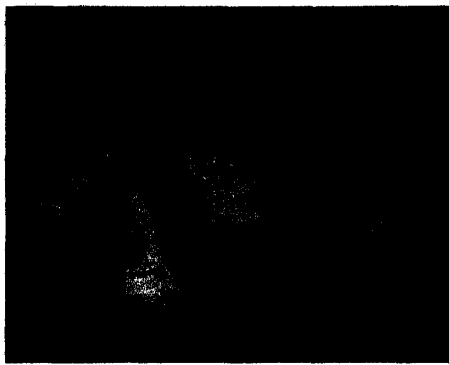


6.—THE POMPEIAN BOUDOIR WITH DECORATIONS SAID TO REPRESENT LADY HAMILTON IN HER "ATTITUDES"

The vault is shown as having fallen in at one end, allowing the vegetation from the outer world to force its way into the room round the jagged edges of the gap, through which is seen a flight of birds crossing the sky above. Indeed the *trompe-l'oeil* here is so masterly that when I first inspected the Palazzina on behalf of the Monuments and Fine Arts Sub-Commission of the Allied Military Government, I drew the attention of the local Superintendent of Monuments to the large blotches of damp on the frescoed walls, only to find out, to my confusion and the official's amusement, that they formed part of the decoration.

The King's apartments on the first floor are reached from below by a small spiral staircase, issuing direct into the supper-room (Fig. 2) where the fascinating table described by Palermo can still be seen, and where we can imagine *Re Nasone* treating his guests to samples of his culinary art. This room occupies the eastern corner of the building, while the corresponding corner to the north contains the Sala da *Gioco*, or gaming-room. On the south-west side is the King's bed-chamber: this is divided from the supper-room and gaming-room by a long saloon, running the whole length of the floor above the ballroom and opening at either end on the two porticoes.

As already mentioned, *Chinoiserie* here prevails throughout. The supper-room is painted with Chinese landscapes seen, as it were, through the arches of a leafy arbour (a well-known and attractive 18th-century decorative device); this is probably the work of Giuseppe Patania (born 1780, died 1852). Patania may also have been responsible for the frescoes on the twin coved ceilings of the King's bed-chamber, the walls of which are hung with silk bordered with painted flowers. The bed-chamber is divided in the centre by a pillared canopy below which stands the bed itself, a surprisingly modern-looking piece of furniture with a cast-iron head and tail-piece imitating fretwork. In the central saloon the coved ceiling is painted in what might be described as a Pompeian *Chinoiserie*; the walls are lined with floral papers alternating with panels inscribed, some with Chinese, some, inconsistently, with



5.—POMPEIAN ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR WITH TROMPE-L'OEIL DECORATIONS

Arabic characters in gold on red or buff lacquered grounds, the whole being framed within stiles of black and gold.

The gaming-room (Fig. 4) is perhaps the one which most recalls the interior of the Brighton Pavilion, with its walls peopled by groups of Chinese, similar to, though more vivid than, those in the Regent's banqueting-room. They are by Giuseppe Velasquez (born 1750, died 1827), a Palermitan whose illustrious surname did not, however, endow him with more than a local reputation.

On the second floor, reached by another spiral staircase, are the Queen's apartments, which revert to a more varied taste. The most striking of these is a boudoir (Fig. 6) painted, again by Patania, with figure-subjects in Pompeian style, traditionally said to represent Lady Hamilton in her celebrated "attitudes"; a small dressing-room with frescoed cameo profiles of the Royal family, each inscribed with an affectionate epithet such as *Mia gioia*, *Mia speranza*; and an exquisite "Turkish" parlour with light sea-green walls relieved by white stucco tracery, and columns mottled to imitate turquoise and encrusted with pale gold enrichments.

From the terraces above the second storey two outside staircases ascend to the octagonal belvedere, which is again embellished in Chinese taste but this time with original Chinese paintings on paper, together with a few incongruous-looking English colour-prints.

From the belvedere one looks out to the north-west, over the intricate convolutions of a formal garden backed by thick groves of dark cypress and orange trees, towards the distant Monte Santa Margherita. To the north-east the grounds, extending to the foot of the rival Monte Pellegrino, are laid out in broad, shady alleyways converging at the Fontana d'Ercolo, a basin from which rises a Doric column surmounted by a copy of the Farnese Hercules. When playing, this fountain presented a splendid sight, for the water not only spouted from the four masks on the parapet of the basin, but also cascaded in arcs from the capital of the column.

To the east of the Palazzina is a group of subsidiary buildings, likewise in Chinese style, including the Royal Chapel and the stables. In the former the architect would not allow his originality to adapt a Confucian interior to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and rather lamely provided instead a cold neo-Classical rotunda. The stables-to-day house a splendid museum of Sicilian folk-lore.

The Favorita has been fortunate enough to escape the severe air and sea attack to which Palermo was subjected. This may be welcome news to those who visited it before the war and an encouragement to those who may be tempted to include this enchanting product of royal caprice among their future pilgrimages abroad. The illustrations were kindly made available by

Mr. C. P. Ball.

THE HALL OF THE WORSHIPFUL SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES

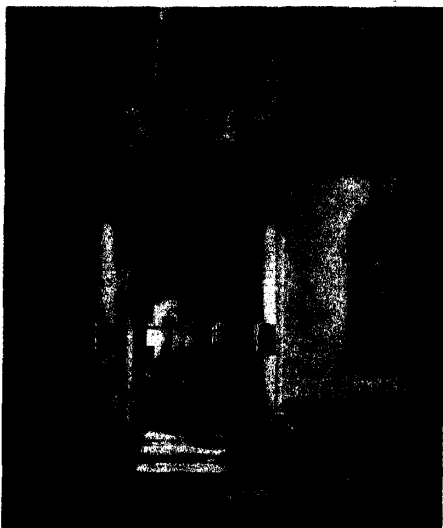
The Society of Apothecaries, incorporated in 1617, secured for their headquarters the town house of the Cobham family, the former hospice of the Black Friars. The present buildings, erected after the Great Fire, came practically unscathed through the bombing of London.

By ARTHUR OSWALD

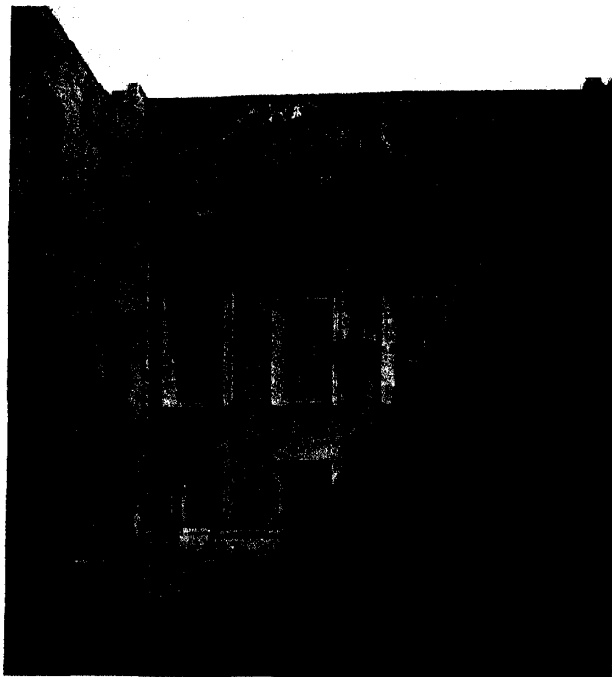
OF the thirty-six halls of the City Livery Companies that were standing in 1939, twenty were either completely destroyed by bombing or wrecked beyond repair, and fourteen more incurred more or less serious damage. The Apothecaries' Hall was one of the fortunate two to survive intact, in company with the Vintners'. But it had a narrow escape. In October, 1940, a 500-pounder hit the north end of the building, penetrated to the ground, but failed to explode. And only a few yards away to the north-west begins the great area of desolation beside Ludgate Bridge.

Walking southward from Ludgate Hill and leaving the debris behind, you find with a pleasant shock of surprise that you are in a corner of the City which has escaped both war-time violence and peace-time reconstruction. On the left side of what used to be called Water Lane, and is now Black Friars Lane, a classic doorway has an inviting appearance, and if you stop and walk through the archway a few steps take you into another century. The quiet courtyard and its surrounding buildings, the flagstones and the gigantic Georgian lamp on its scrolling standard and solid pedestal might almost suggest that this is an Inn of Court that has wandered eastward. But the display of arms and the four large sashed windows confronting you soon dispel any possible doubts as to identity: the buildings clearly proclaim themselves as the hall of a City company.

The Society of Apothecaries may not be old by City livery company standards, although it has been in existence for well over three centuries; but it is one of the very few companies to remain



1.—THE ENTRANCE IN BLACK FRIARS LANE



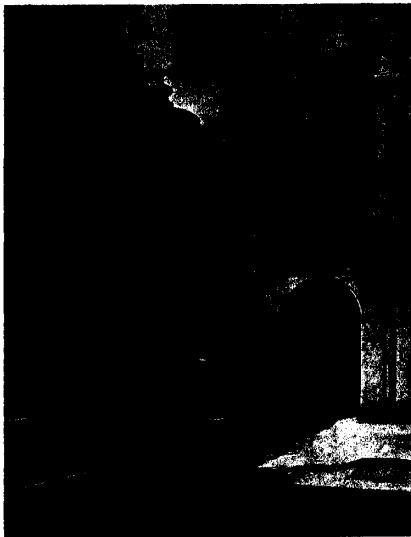
2.—LOOKING EAST IN THE COURTYARD
The stucco facing of the hall dates from 1785

a craft guild, fulfilling its original functions, which in course of time have greatly expanded. The apothecaries, before they achieved independence, were protected and regulated by the Grocers' Company, as drugs and medicinal compounds were among the commodities which the grocers bought and sold. In the original charter of the Society emphasis was laid on the anomaly of apothecaries, who compounded and dispensed medicines, being subject to merchants who had no skilled knowledge of the mystery. The Society has always regarded as its virtual founder the Frenchman, Gideon Delaune, who came to England with his father, an *émigré* pastor and physician. Delaune was appointed apothecary to Anne of Denmark, James I's queen, and it was largely through his influence that the company secured its independence. The charter of incorporation, granted by James I in 1617, was drafted by Francis Bacon. Like others after him, Delaune made a fortune out of a famous pill, for which he must himself have been an excellent advertisement, seeing that he lived to the age of 94. There is a portrait of him above the fireplace in the Court Room (Fig. 9), and his bust, which was saved at the time of the Great Fire, has a place of honour at the south end of the hall (Fig. 5).

We can only allude very briefly here to the subsequent history of the Apothecaries. While in the course of time the Society has become a professional body, holding its own examinations and awarding its own medical diploma, it has also retained much of its original character and it remains a City company exercising its full craft functions. Before the rise of the large modern firms of chemists, the supply of drugs prepared in its laboratories was one of its most important activities. In 1673 the Society began to rent the famous Physic Garden at Chelsea, and later, through the generosity of Sir Hans

Sloane, it became the Society's own property. It has been maintained as a botanical garden ever since, although its custody is now in the hands of a public committee on which the Society is represented.

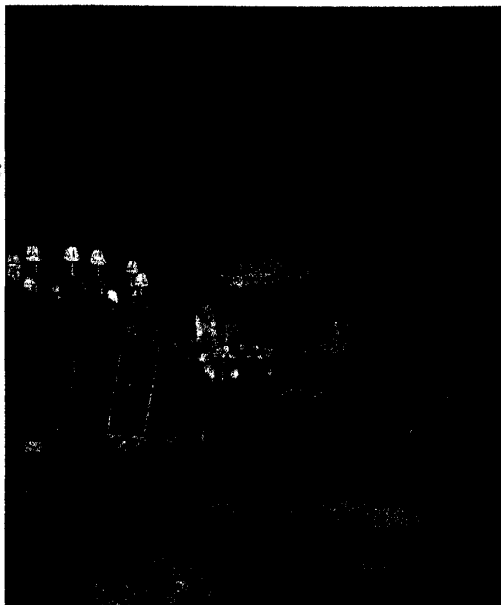
Before the Reformation the ground which the existing buildings cover formed part of the precincts of the Black Friars, whose property stretched from Ludgate Hill to the river, having Water Lane as its western boundary. The hall, court room and parlour on the east side of the courtyard occupy the site, and probably stand on the old foundations, of the hospice or guest house on the west side of the friars' cloister. They form a range 110 ft. long. The courtyard itself represents the original outer court of the friary, which was entered, as now, from the lane on the west. In 1522 the Emperor Charles V was lodged in the guest-house of the Black Friars, and in preparation for his visit a covered gallery was built connecting his lodging with the palace of Bridewell on the other side of the Fleet River. Its memory was perpetuated by the Society after the Fire when they had a gallery built above an open colonnade on the north side of the courtyard running westward from their new hall. After the Dissolution the friars' guest-house and outer court passed through two or



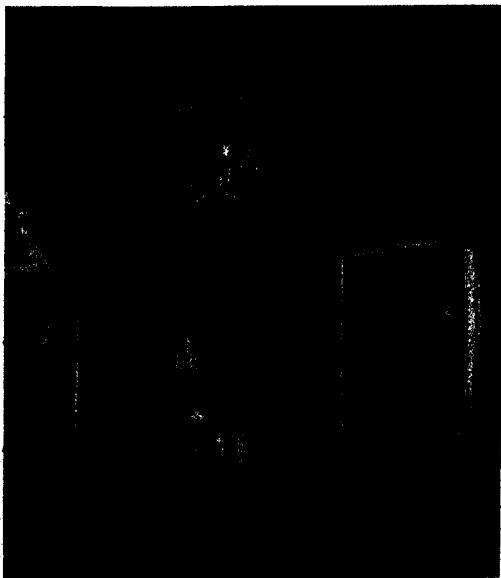
3.—THE GREAT LAMP IN THE COURT

three hands, and in 1551 were acquired by George Broke, Lord Cobham, as his town house. It was here that his grandson entertained Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Herbert to Anne Russell, when there was a masque performed by eight ladies of the Court and the Queen was persuaded to join in the dance. The well-known Digby painting shows the Queen being borne to Blackfriars in a litter carried by six courtiers with the bridegroom and bride in the foreground. The Cobham property was acquired by the Apothecaries in 1632 from the executors of Lady Anne Howard, whose sister-in-law, Lady Kildare, had received a grant of it after the attainder and execution of her second husband, the Lord Cobham who had entertained Queen Elizabeth. The Society adapted Cobham House to its own needs and the old buildings served their purpose until they were destroyed in the Great Fire.

Since the fires of 1940 and 1941 spared the Apothecaries' Hall that rose out of the ashes of 1666, while destroying so many of its contemporary buildings, it is worth recording the names of the survivors and craftsmen employed in its construction and in the making of the fine woodwork, now among the few surviving examples of its period in the City. I have to thank the Clerk of the Society for his kindness in allowing me to examine the contemporary Minute Books and



4.—THE HALL, LOOKING SOUTH. WOODWORK BY ROBERT BURGESS AND ROGER DAVIS, 1671



5.—THE SCREEN AT THE SOUTH END OF THE HALL. THE BUST IS OF GIDEON DELAUNE, THE REPUTED FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY

Accounts and to make use of the unpublished typescript of a history of the Society left unfinished by the late Dr. Cecil Wall. An instruction issued to two of the assistants in December, 1666, more than two months after the fire, to take care of the iron and lead belonging to the Company, is the first hint in the records of the disaster that had occurred. In the following August "Mr. Jermin," the City Surveyor, and "Mr. Clisbie," a carpenter, came "to view the Hall ground" and under March 12, 1668, there is an entry in the Warden's accounts: "Spent more att the Sun with Mr. Jermyne and Mr. Sambroke," the latter being a member of the Company. In the spring the site was being cleared of debris preparatory to the work of rebuilding, which, beginning in the summer of 1668, went on over two years. Under April and May, 1668, there are payments to Mr. Mills (Peter Mills, another of the Commissioners) who came "on a view," but neither he nor Edward Jerman, who died before the end of 1668, seems to have given anything more than advice, and the surveyor in charge was a "Mr. Locke." In October, 1668, he was consulted about the roof of the hall, when the Society decided to have a low-pitched roof covered with lead, and in January, 1670, "Mr. Locke surveyor" received £40 "in full." He is perhaps to be identified as Thomas Locke, the carpenter, who was employed by Sir Roger Pratt on some of his buildings and carried out work in three of the City churches. But the contractor responsible for most of the work was George Clisby, also a carpenter, who was paid instalments of £100 at a time. The bricklayer was Edward Salter, the plasterer a "Mr. Blunt." A "Mr. Young,"



6.—NORTH END OF THE HALL SHOWING THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY

stonemason, supplied a "Draught of the doorecase to the Hall wth the Companies Armes upon it," which was to cost £35, or £30 if in a plainer style.

The hall, court room and parlour are all at first floor level in the east range built on the site of the Friars' hospice, the court room and parlour being placed north of the hall.

Below the hall are the offices of the Clerk and Registrar; the kitchen is beneath the parlour. The entrance in the north-east corner of the courtyard (Fig. 2) was given its present character at the restoration of 1923, when the open colonnade was filled in, the carved doorecase added, and the entrance hall panelled. At the same time the east end of the gallery on the first floor was taken in to give additional space and light to the landing of the main staircase (Fig. 7), and the staircase itself, a good example of its period, was rearranged round a well to show to better advantage its moulded handrail and turned balusters. In the windows seen in the photograph are three large panels of heraldic glass with the arms of the City of London, Charles II and the Company, and the date 1671.

The great hall, nearly 60 ft. long (Fig. 4), was originally entered through a lobby formed by the screen, but in 1793, when the hall was re-roofed, the screen was set back against the end wall. The fine oak wainscoting set up in 1671 cost £117 12s. Of the two joiners, Robert Burges and Roger Davis, the latter figures frequently in accounts published by the Wren Society; he was responsible for woodwork at St. Paul's, in four of the City churches, at Whitehall Palace, and in Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals. Having completed the wainscoting, the same pair contracted for the screen (Fig. 5). Carvings of the royal arms and the arms of the Company were ordered from a Mr. Phillips, who must have been Henry Phillips, the King's Master Carver. In addition to the portraits of former Masters, full lengths of James I and Charles I flank the columned centrepiece; the James I, a copy by Snelling of the Mytens portrait, was presented in 1666. Other interesting possessions are a great chest of oriental origin, dated 1668, the gift of William Clarke (Fig. 10), the old banners used in the Lord Mayor's water procession and on other State occasions, and a fine candelabrum in two tiers presented by Sir Benjamin Rawling in 1796. The ceiling and the musicians' gallery with its delicate metal-work (Fig. 8) date from the time of the alterations at the end of the 18th century.

The court room (Fig. 9) is also splendidly wainscoted with richly moulded panels, raised and fielded; this woodwork was



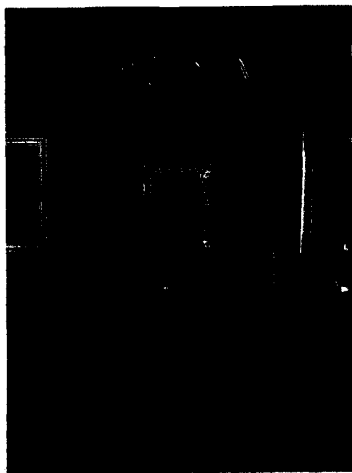
(Left) 7.—THE MAIN STAIRCASE

ordered in 1672. Opposite the fireplace is a blind doorcase, with a carving of the royal arms in the pediment, forming an appropriate frame for a portrait of James I showing that monarch wearing a ruff of delicate lace (Fig. 8). Portraits of eminent members of the Society look down from the walls; there is also a sketch by Reynolds of John Hunter, the surgeon. The parlour, north of the court room, is not wainscoted; it has a carved Georgian fireplace, which came from West Harling Hall, Norfolk, and goes well with the 18th-century mahogany furniture (Fig. 11). Leading off from the parlour eastward are the modern examination rooms. The curtailed gallery on the north side of the courtyard is oak-wainscoted and contains a valuable collection of old medical books and herbals in presses ranged along one side of the room.

The courtyard (Fig. 2) acquired its present appearance in 1785 when the brick walls were faced in stucco. The stone stairs in the south-east corner were made in 1671 by Young, the stonemason, at his own cost in discharge of the rent for his riverside premises left unpaid after the Fire. They originally had a stone balustrade. The south side of the court contained the laboratories in the days



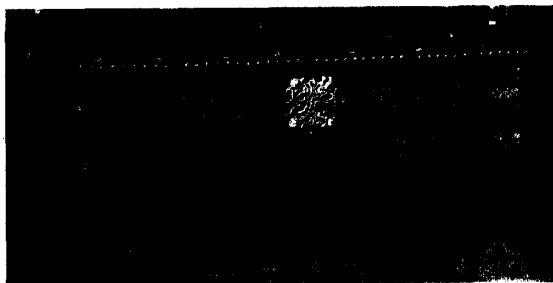
9.—THE COURT ROOM, WAINSCOTED IN 1672



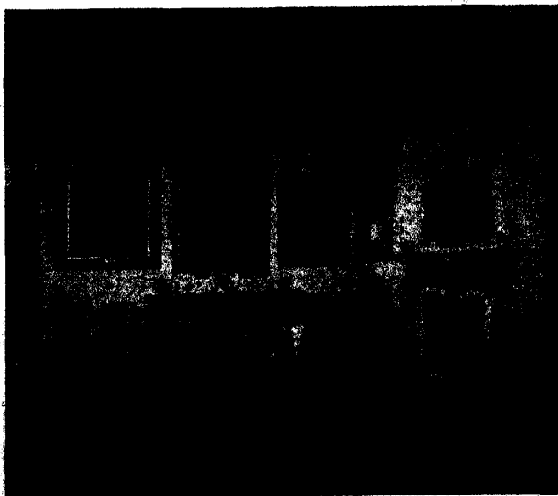
8.—CHARLES II JOINERY AND A PORTRAIT OF JAMES I IN THE COURT ROOM

when the Society sold medicines and instructed apprentices in botany and chemistry. Four houses on the west side of the court seem to have been built about 1684 by John Pelling, the lessee, but an entrance was left in the centre, and it would appear that the stone doorway (Fig. 1) was retained when the street front was reconstructed in 1784-6. There are entries in the Court Book under the year 1784 showing that Messrs. Priest and Severn were the contractors who undertook the rebuilding. The front is of stock brick above a stuccoed ground storey; the arms in the broken pediment over the doorway have been moved to their present position from a doorway a few yards to the north. The inner doorway (Fig. 3) is flanked by pilasters with delicately carved capitals and over the arch there is an oval panel recording the restoration under the Master, John Field.

(Right) 11.—THE PARLOUR



10.—AN ORIENTAL COFFIN (1668). 75 ins. x 25 ins. x 35 ins.



THE ART OF CULTIVATING FLOWERING SHRUBS

Written and Illustrated by

MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

TO have really fine flowering shrubs half the battle is to get the right varieties, those that are absolutely effective and capable of making a show; the other half is to know how to cultivate them so that they really do grow and produce the effect.

Although they can be made to grow superbly side by side in the same bed, the treatment for the more important kinds is quite different. There are two main divisions into which the required attentions can be divided; first the initial preparation of the soil when planting, and secondly the feeding and pruning that come later. It is important to know, too, how a healthy shrub of a given kind should look, so this shall also be described.

Time is short for such jobs nowadays so I will only deal with the more important kinds which are able to repay these special attentions in a worth-while manner.

Taking them in order of flowering, the camellia shall be the first. A healthy camellia will have brilliant and lustrous deep green leaves free from any rustiness or yellowness and the new growths each year will be about six inches long. The camellia likes shady and calm places with a deep moist soil; in Nature it grows in the forest beneath taller trees. When planting, therefore, choose a moist shady spot where fallen leaves gather. Enrich the soil with leaf mould and make a temporary saucer-rim of soil around the plant so that watering can be done easily and quickly. If an established camellia looks seedy, water in the evenings with a small handful of soot in the can so that the liquid looks like brown ale and cover the saucer, which should extend to outside the circumference of the plant's branches, with a mulch of oak or beech leaves about four inches thick. This will retain the moisture and feed the plant as the leaves decay.

Now let us consider the magnolias. These have fleshy, brittle roots and so suffer severely when moved. The effect of this is to injure the stems so that they no longer act as efficient channels for growth liquids. Thus we should plant our new magnolia in as rich and deep a soil as possible and feed it well with liquid manure when once growth restarts, and cut away



MAGNOLIA SINENSIS. THE CRIMSON CARPELS MAKE A VERY PLEASING CONTRAST WITH THE SILVERY PETALS. THE TREE IS 15 FT. HIGH

the injured nursery-grown wood as soon as we dare in order to encourage a fresh shoot to start from the base. Slugs are very partial to such shoots, so we must be sure to place a ring of slug poison round the young plant or we may well lose it. Once the new shoot starts our troubles are over; it will shoot up like a pole at remarkable speed and thus very quickly provide the framework for a healthy, handsome tree. *Magnolia sinensis*, pictured above, when growing well has leaves from five to seven inches long and makes young growth nearly two feet long each season. *M. Sieboldii* (*parviflora*) is quite as fine and has the merit of flowering nearly all through the summer. *M. Watsonii*, *M. globosa* and *M. Wilsonii* are other fine species of the same type.

Next we will take an azalea of the evergreen Japanese type, such as the well-known

Hinemayo. A healthy plant will be feathered to the ground and make shoots two inches long ending in a flower bud each year. Peat is the favourite medium here, so give a couple of shovelful of peat moss litter, well soaked beforehand, mixed in with the soil when planting. A sunny position in the open suits these charming miniature shrubs, but water may be needed in a dry summer and it is for this reason that the "saucer" is useful. If the plant looks stunted, give a mulch of peat about an inch thick and water well. A few stones may be used to "layer" down the outer branches and so both help the shape of the plant and provide useful new plants as the branches root.

A healthy rhododendron of the ordinary hardy hybrid type should have clean, uniformly rich green, leaves, without brown spots or twisted stalks, each leaf about five inches long

and the new shoots each year should be at least as thick as a pencil and about eight inches long. The rhododendron enjoys clearings in woods where it gets the benefit of the shade of distant trees and abundant fallen leaves to keep its thirsty, shallow, roots moist and well fed. Therefore choose a place shaded from the mid-day sun, give plenty of leaf mould when planting, use the "saucer" plan and keep it mulched with fallen leaves as a carpet over the roots six inches thick, and, provided of course that the soil is lime-free, the plant will otherwise look after itself.

The same treatment suits the hybrid azaleas of the Mollis, Knap Hill, occidentale and Ghent types. But, with these, particular care must be taken to see that, when planting, the top of the ball of fibrous root is *not* buried in the soil, but covered only with a sprinkle of peat and the mulch of dead leaves. Otherwise the basal growing point is smothered and cannot send up the essential fresh shoots from the base each year. It is for this reason only that, in nine gardens out of ten, these azaleas dwindle gradually away from the time they are planted until they die.



THE OCCIDENTALE HYBRID AZALEA EXQUISITA GROWS BETTER IN FULL SUN THAN DO MOST AZALEAS. THE FLOWERS ARE PALE CREAMY PINK

Let us take the shrub-rose next. I refer to the type that can be grown and kept as a large comely bush—not the bedding type with little sprouts protruding from a stump; such a bush, in fact, as Felicia, Betty Prior, or Zephyrine Drouhin will easily make me if overpruned. The rose likes an open, windy, sunny position and turf-loom to grow in. Therefore put half a dozen inverted turves in the bottom of a wide, deep hole when planting, then a sprinkling of peat and heavy soil. The secret is to cut only just enough of the oldest wood each year to induce just a shoot or two from the base, that is, if you want the large comely bush, and not the snags and sprouts which make the average rose bed such a dreary sight most of the year.

Now let us consider the brooms. These plants like an open position, and a good soil and stem clipping of the new wood, when young, if they are to make good bushy specimens. A well-grown broom should be the shape

of a mole-hoop, feathered to the ground. In a shady, moist place they make gangling short-lived plants of little decorative value; therefore plant your brooms in shallow-soiled places in full sun and do not feed them. With the help of the friendly bacteria living on their roots they do this quite adequately for themselves. Cut off faded flowers of roses, brooms, rhododendrons and azaleas if seed is not needed, and so save the plants the work of seed.

Lastly we have the hydrangeas, the varieties of *H. macrophylla*, either the mop-headed or the flat-headed types, which are to my mind more attractive. The prototype of this kind is a sea-shore plant that grows wild in Japan, and it blooms in the overcast and rainy period in late July and early August. This is awkward because it wants an open position to grow and set flower buds in and a shady one to flower in. The best compromise is to give it shade from the mid-day sun, from trees or house walls, and an open sky overhead. Under the comparatively grey skies of the West full sun and exposure such as a sea-shore plant would find dangerous. It likes a moist atmosphere, and all we can do about this is to put it near large trees if we can. It is no good putting the plant underneath

them as it only makes soft growth and does not flower freely, even if it survives the winters. Besides, the young shoots necessary to take the place of the older growth are palatable to slugs. Plant in fairly heavy soil with rotted farm manure added, and make the "saucer" with particular care, as it will be desirable to water weekly for at least the first season. Start watering in May if the weather is dry, giving a gallon of water per plant into which one quarter of a pound of sulphate of iron (any chemist can supply it) is stirred. This is awkward, except when the plant wilts in heat, in August. This treatment will not fully "blue" the flowers of a bad "bluing" variety, but it will ensure healthy growth and deep green leaves and pure blue flowers on the real blue varieties such as *Généralé Vicomtesse de Vibraye*, *Blue Prince*, *Bluewave*, etc. Never put hydrangeas until growth starts in spring, then prune very lightly if at all, as advised for the shrub-rose.

All the flowering shrubs described above, except possibly the magnolias, are ideal for even the smallest gardens, and, looked after in the manner described, will make a real contribution, better even, to the display, and a little trouble compared with the labour needed for bedding, herbaceous, or alpine plants.

DALY DOES IT AGAIN

I MEAN to keep a diary of the *News of the World* Tournament at St. Anne's, and so am dutifully sitting down, in a rather battered and dilapidated condition, to tackle the first day, Wednesday. It consisted, so far as I and too many thousands of others were concerned, of Cotton and Van Nida, and never have I struggled so hard to say so little. I can remember a good many crowds: I tried to watch Vardon and Taylor when they were drawn together in the Championship at Prestwick; I followed Macdonald Smith, also at Prestwick, when he set out to try to catch Jim Barnes; I saw the Walker Cup Match at St. Andrews in 1913, but all these crowds were too big for me, this one. They were good humoured, well behaved, admirably stewarded, but there were so many of them that nobody could see a shot; or perhaps it would be truer to say that if anybody did, by good luck or by running, see one shot, he could not possibly see the next.

This was naturally disappointing, and in any case a match so eagerly awaited and so loudly trumpeted as "the match of the year" or even "the match of the century," is almost bound to fall just a little flat. And yet it produced some truly magnificent golf by Cotton. Never have I admired him more; he dominated the scene and he certainly dominated his enemy. Van Nida is a very fine golfer; he has given his proofs this summer over and over again, but this time, set beside Cotton at his best, and playing stroke for stroke against him, he was simply not in the hunt as a striker of the ball. For once in a while I think he was conscious of his inferiority, and bravely as he tried, he never ceased to try—he could not get over it. Moreover he did quite definitely play badly for the first six holes. At four out of the six he was one over par, and in this company that is just not good enough. Later he came more or less back to his rightful game, but it was too late.

When Cotton was four up after ten holes, and he might have been even more, the match seemed dead and over. Then he made a slip at the 11th, and Van Nida took his chance and won it. He rubbed it in too, with a two at the 12th, and two down is a vastly different thing from four down. At the 14th he seemed likely to be only one down but Cotton, calm and unshaken, saved the hole with a pitch and a putt, and then polished his man off with two consecutive and magnificent threes. A great day and a great show, but a great match—no.

Thursday. A most miserable morning with a leaden sky punctuated by few multi-coloured umbrellas, and a persistent rain. I think it no shame to say that my watching was done almost entirely through the clubhouse windows looking down on the home green. There were several good finishes, but life was

comparatively flat till Cotton's crowd (he alone could have a crowd on such a day) came into view, and it was known that McIntosh was holding gallantly to him. I gather that Cotton's putting had something of a relapse after his game against Von Nida, and that he was not so good as he had been. He must often took three putts. Anyhow, McIntosh deserved all possible credit for getting him to the last hole. There is a temptation to write about no one but Cotton, and it is particularly strong as to the afternoon round when he went gloriously mad against E. E. Whitcombe and holed 15 holes in six and four strokes. I was lost, it is true, merely saying "E. Whitcombe stuck to his guns like a man and played well enough to beat most other people."

And so to Adams and Rees—the best of fun—much brilliant golf and a little rough and tumble to levitate the lump. Adam's five at the 11th, where he holed front off the green after four atrocious shots, while Rees missed a tiny one for a four, might have turned the fate of Empires. So to a lesser degree might the 13th, where Adams got a four out of the wood, and Rees took three putts and a five. However, these events only inspired Rees to some most inhuman putts—one of eight yards for a three at the 14th, ten yards for another three at the 15th and eight or nine feet—fully as valuable—to keep his nose in front at the 17th. He deserved to win, but my heart bled for Adams, who, to his eternal credit, came off the home green wreathed in smiles.

Friday, a day as perfect and sunny as the first day, with a crowd if not quite so big, at least big enough. As far as I am personally concerned it has been the day of the discovery of Van Donck. I knew, of course, that he was a good player, and I had seen him play a shot or two which were very pleasant to look at, but I had not realised how good he was. When a friend told me the night before that he would beat Rees I was a little surprised and incredulous, but the friend was right, for he beat him fairly and squarely with no doubt about it. I never saw a much longer putt than this with which he began the match for a two at the first hole. "By gum," said a Lancashire gentleman behind me, "I bet he's feeling elated." It was a cheering start, and the small and impertinent field mouse that scuttled across the fifth tee just as Rees was about to play may also have been a help; but he did play very, very well, and with Rees just failing at his putts—and he nearly always holes some of them—Van Donck always looked like a winner.

In the afternoon, of course, all eyes were on Cotton and Daly in the semi-final. Cotton also began by holing a long putt for a two, everyone said he was once more going to "turn on the

A GOLF Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

beat" and do some indecent number under four. But he did not; in fact, he made a good many mistakes and was certainly not driving as well as he had been. He did get two cruel stymies, the kind of stymies that might encourage the tender-hearted to approve of the American, better allowing the ball to be lifted when within six inches of the hole. Still, on this day Daly played beyond question the better golf. He was beautifully accurate all the way, and with all his clubs, and his putting was a delight to see. Time and again there was a murmur in the crowd that he was short, but the ball, after being clean and true, rolled on and on, and eventually rolled right to the end. It ought to be a worthy final, and I am not prepared to prophesy. My inclination is for Daly, but that Van Donck is playing confoundedly well.

Saturday. My rather cautious and half-hearted prophecy turns out to be right, for Daly won at the 16th hole in the second round. Both played very well indeed, and I cannot think of any lead or inferior reason to give to either Daly won. He did no one thing the better of the two, as far as I could see; but on the whole he was definitely a little better of the two, and in the afternoon, when once he had become three up at the fifth hole, he gave the impression of having the match in hand and playing well within his grasp. The early morning dew on the round produced some tremendous fireworks. At the 4th, which wanted two uncommonly fine shots against the wind; Van Donck laid a great iron shot four feet from the pin, and holed his putt for three against Daly's copy-book four. At the fifth both were putting for two; Van Donck missed his putt, and I was awfully annoyed by the back door. Van Donck promptly came back at him with another gorgeous iron shot to within six feet, and down went the putt for his third consecutive three. Things could not go on at this pace, and the game quieted down though the golf remained very sound. Daly just got ahead through no real reason, and his opponent, at the 12th and 13th, and though he was once pulled back he was one up again at lunch.

In the afternoon he was two up at the third and three up at the fifth, and after that there was not much doubt. It is a great feather in Daly's cap to have done what only the great James Bradshaw has ever succeeded in doing, and that forty years ago, namely to win the Open Championship and the Professional Match Play Championship in the same year. It will give him a great send-off for his American adventure. Let me end by saying that St. Anne's was in the most perfect imaginable order and the stranger within the Club, as usual, in danger of being killed by kindness.

THE FUTURE OF AN 18th-CENTURY SQUARE

By SHEILA G. FORMAN

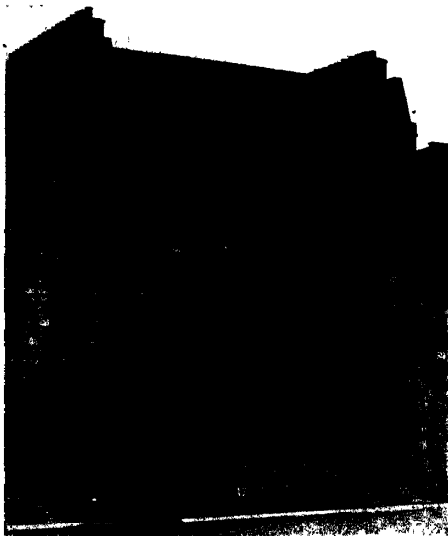
Photographs by PATRICK FORMAN

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY'S projected plan to acquire the whole of the 18th-century George Square, a part of which it already owns, to demolish the present houses and to build something "finer, more imposing and of greater benefit to the city," has aroused a storm of protest which is reverberating over much of Scotland. Not only the rallying of cultural bodies to the fray, but indignant letters to the Press and heated discussions in club-rooms and over tea-tables testify to the deep interest awakened in the public. While there is sympathy with the University's desire to expand on a more compact design, the destruction of George Square, to make way for a Scientific Department "with boilerhouse, etc.," in a form as yet unknown, would seem to many a rash act of vandalism.

The architecture in itself, however, is not the primary consideration, although these mid-18th-century stone houses with their good proportions, solid walls and occasional touches of elegance have a dignified, well-mannered men. But it is the rich historical associations of almost every house in the square that urge the strongest plea for their preservation. It has been said that a considerable part of the history of Scotland during the last part of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries might be written from a study of the lives of the inhabitants of George Square. As this period was perhaps the highest peak in the cultural development of the country, the claim is not an unimportant one.

Until the middle of the 18th century, Edinburgh had been almost entirely contained within Flodden Wall—a curious boundary which as a means of defence was quite inadequate. The elite lived cheek by jowl in the "wynds" and "lands" of the High Street, where tall narrow houses grew up so close to each other that the occupants could often join hands from their respective windows. The first migration from these dark overcrowded dwellings was not to the new town across the old Nor' Loch, but south to the open uplands in the neighbourhood now known as the Meadows. By the end of the century this area was covered with houses, mainly owing to the enterprise and foresight of the architect, John Brown. Ross Park, on which George Square is built, was offered for sale in 1761, twenty-six acres being priced at £1,200. The Town Council declined to buy this at the time, but no sooner had Brown stepped in and acquired it than the Corporation saw their mistake and proposed to take it over from him for £2,000. Brown, however, who saw the immense possibilities of the ground, held out for £20,000, which he eventually received from them in the form of an annual return.

The north side of The Great Square, as it was then called, was begun in 1766 (Fig. 2) and in 1779 the east and west sides were finished, all the houses being completed by 1785. Craigmillar stone was used for building,



1.—No. 13, GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH, ONCE THE HOME OF LORD BRAXFIELD, IMMORTALISED IN STEVENSON'S *WEIR OF HERMISTON*



2.—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE GREAT SQUARE, AS GEORGE SQUARE WAS INITIALLY CALLED, WAS BEGUN IN 1766

and Michael Naysmith, the chief mason, took great pride in the "elegance and substantiality" of his work. Brown, as "heritable proprietor" of the square, laid down strict and definite rules for the inhabitants, forbidding them to deal in trade of any sort, to keep the square garden "in good order and in an ornate manner," not to raise their chimney stalks higher than those of their neighbours, and to pay a sum not exceeding one shilling in the pound on the respective rents towards the "cleansing, lighting and watching."

His plans for a dignified and select new quarter materialised with swift and unprecedented success, and the gentry, still crammed into the dim closes of the High Street, looked out with envy towards the comfortable and spacious mansions growing up on the southern slopes of the city. Formal dinner parties now took the place of the rowdy supper parties that had been a feature of life in the High Street, and an invitation to dine in George Square was of such importance that "it was customary for egotistic persons to be favoured to stand at the Cross in full dinner dress during the afternoon so that their friends might know that they were to dine in the aristocratic suburb that evening."

In 1792 the peace and seclusion of the square was disturbed by an event that

may have reminded the residents that a bloody revolution was then raging across the Channel. There had already been rioting in Edinburgh that year as a result of the agitation for Parliamentary and Burgh reform that was strongly opposed by the Home Secretary for Scotland, Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, and his nephew Robert Dundas, the Lord Advocate, both resident in the square. On the evening of June 5 an angry mob gathered outside No. 5, the Home Secretary's house, armed with sticks and stones and carrying an effigy of the Lord Advocate which they intended to burn there. The family, after trying to expostulate with the rioters, were driven back into the house under a shower of stones and eventually soldiers from the castle garrison were summoned. After the sheriff had appealed to the crowd in vain, the order to fire was given and there was a general dispersal, but not before several people had been severely wounded and blood lay in pools on the pavements of the square. The same house, afterwards known as Melville House, which is now incorporated with George Watson's Ladies' College, witnessed happier scenes in 1797, when it was the home of Admiral Duncan, the hero of Camperdown. The great naval victory was celebrated with much rejoicing in Edinburgh, and on the night of October 24 the admiral's house was illuminated, with representations of a ship with flying streamers in each of the lower windows.

No. 13 on the same side of the square (Fig. 1) belonged to Lord Braxfield, the "singing judge" immortalised in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Memories of Herminion*, where it is recorded that "My Lord's house was wretchedly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance but the cellar which was his own private care." The eccentric Mr. Sym, Writer to the Signet, lived at No. 20, where contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine* would gather for literary and convivial evenings. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was a frequent visitor there, when he and his host would play Scottish music together. "At the end of every tune," Hogg writes, "we took a glass, and still our enthusiasm increased, our energies of execution being redoubled; till ultimately it became not only a well-contested race of fiddlesticks but a trial of strength to determine which would crown the other." Sym, who died in 1845 at the age of ninety-three, had lived all his life in fear of burglars, having a triple lock on his door and the following notice placed on the small back green of the house: "There are man-traps and spring-guns in these gardens; so that if after this fair notice any person attempting to go over shall be killed or wounded and so come to a miserable, painful and untimely death, their blood will be upon their own heads. Persons attempting to climb on the dykes will be shot at from the windows."

No. 25 (Fig. 4) was the home of Sir Walter Scott for nearly twenty years. His father moved there in 1779 from the unhealthy precincts of College Wynd in the High Street, where six of his children had died in infancy. The young Walter benefited from the fresh air and pleasant surroundings of his new home, although he was never a strong child and was often bullied by his more robust elder brothers. Stern discipline, however, was

apparently approved by the Scott family, for Sir Walter writes "when the Singing Master attended us in George Square, our neighbour, Lady Cumming, sent to beg that the boys might not all be flogged at precisely the same hour, as though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise of the concord was really dreadful."

On the other side of the Scotts' house at No. 26 lived the brilliant advocate, Hugh Erskine, a son of the Earl of Buchan and brother of Lord Erskine who was raised to the Wool-sack. At No. 55 resided Henry Mackenzie,

one of the first critics to recognise the genius of Burns and author of *The Man of Feeling*. Here he would entertain his friends Hume, Adam Smith and Scott. At the beginning of the 18th century the east side of the square accommodated many prominent Border families. No. 58 housed the family of James Stuart, who killed Sir Alexander Boswell, son of Dr. Johnson's biographer, in a duel for having satirised him in an Edinburgh periodical. Stuart was tried in 1822 after much discussion in the House of Commons, but was acquitted of murder. Sir Alexander Boswell, who disapproved of his father's association with Johnson, was talented as a poet, antiquary, bibliographer and musician.

John Brown's dictum about trade seems to have lapsed in the 18th century, for No. 22 belonged to a firm of booksellers with whom Jane Welsh often stayed.

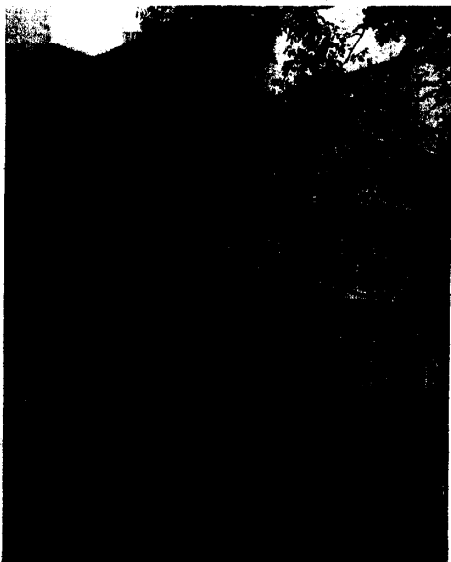
Here she met Carlyle and from this time her visits became even more frequent in spite of her family's disapproval of the friendship. He gave her German lessons here and they read Schiller together and discussed Goethe's philosophy. But even at this early stage of their acquaintance there must have been some disagreement in outlook, for one day, as they were walking down Princes Street, Carlyle remarked, "How many things there are which I do not want," to which Jane replied, "How many things there are which I cannot get." They were married in 1803.

These are but glimpses of the pageant that proceeded through George Square down the years. Not all the memories of those who made history there with the pen and the sword are inseparable from their dwellings, but there are others who lived more unobtrusively within the pattern of the times whose immortality would as surely perish.

There can be no progress without constant reference to the past, and with the disintegration of George Square would vanish a unique spiritual legacy from a glorious and cultured age.



3.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE SQUARE, NOT COMPLETED UNTIL 1779. LOCAL STONE FROM CRAIGMILLAR WAS USED FOR BUILDING



4.—No. 25, WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT LIVED FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS

CORRESPONDENCE

A GREY SEAL IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

SIR.—Returning from Ostend to Dover in the cross-Channel boat on September 22, I had an excellent view of a young grey seal about two miles off the French coast at Dunkirk. Is it usual for grey seals to be seen as far east as the Straits of Dover at this or at any other time of year?—JOHN SWINTON, Pirbright Camp, Woking, Surrey.

[Grey seals are not usually found in the English Channel.—ED.]

HIDDEN RIGHTS OF WAY

SIR.—Some of our county councils will find a tough job ahead of them if they are called upon to map the rights of way in their area, as suggested in the Hobhouse report on footpaths, to which you referred in an Editorial Note last week. It is not so much a matter of establishing the right to cross a field as of finding just where the right of way, if any, exists. To attempt, as I did lately, to follow a footpath between two villages as shown on the Ordnance survey map is to risk the unpleasant experience of being inauspiciously ordered off by an infuriated landowner.

Of late years many rights of way have become hidden. All there is to mark them may be a stone somewhere in a bramble, a couple of rails overgrown by a hedge, over which villagers have clambered for generations, even a kissing-gate now off its hinges and reinforced against cattle with barbed wire. These landmarks show the path to the initiated, but the stranger may be unable to recognise them.

The field paths need first to be found and established, and then clearly marked where they leave the road, so that the country-lover may know the right place to turn aside on to them.—MADGE S. SMITH, West Halse, Bow, North Devon.

AN OPPORTUNIST MAGPIE

SIR.—I recently saw a fully grown thrush either stir or kill itself by flying into a window. Immediately a magpie swooped down, picked it up, and carried it off, followed by several birds chattering with rage. Do magpies eat flesh as well as eggs?

I also recently saw a waterhen with a fish 2 ins. long struggling in its beak.

With reference to your correspondence about the scarcity of swallows in certain areas of England, here in Staffordshire there have been more than usual nesting in the buildings this year, and all have raised a second brood. House-martins have also been plentiful, but the tree-creeper has disappeared after the hard winter.—D. V. CHAWNER (Miss), Burslem, near Stafford.

[Magpies regularly prey on young birds and small mammals and will attack even the adults if they are sickly or injured.—ED.]

NEW LIFE FOR OLD BUILDINGS

SIR.—With reference to the letter from Mr. G. E. Wood in *COUNTRY LIFE* of last week about giving old buildings a new lease of life, during a recent visit to the village of Hurst Green, which lies close to Stonyhurst College, in Lancashire, I was interested to see the building illustrated in the enclosed photograph. On enquiry I learnt that what might have been either a new school or a hotel was a set of almshouses that had been removed, stone by stone, from Longridge Fell near by and rebuilt to be used as workers' cottages.

A stone plaque in the centre of the building is inscribed: "Shireburn's Almshouses built at Kemple on Longridge Fell 1706. Rebuilt

15th-CENTURY CARVED SILL ON THE WHITE SWAN INN AT CLARE, SUFFOLK, WITH THE ROYAL ARMS AND THE ARMS OF MORTIMER QUARTERING DE BURGH

See letter: *The Chained Swan*.

here A.D. 1946 and named Shireburn Cottages."

It seems that the almshouses were erected by Sir Nicholas Shireburn, from a charity established by his father, Richard Shireburn, but were later bought by the College authorities, in a dilapidated condition, but fortunately with the stonework in reasonably good repair and the roof intact.

They are now placed just off the road close to the entrance gates of the college and are a fine sight, with most of the principal features of the old building retained. The wide semi-circular flight of steps leads directly on to a balustraded terrace which is enclosed on its three sides by the cottages. Practically the whole of the balustrade had been removed, and this has been replaced by new stonework.

Six stone urns on the pediment of the old central chapel block had been removed some time ago, as it was feared that they might also be lost. These have now been replaced, and the initials, all of which were lost, have

been faithfully copied and placed on the gable ends.

An upper storey has been added to the almshouses on either side of the chapel block, but otherwise the exterior of the building remains the same. The interiors have been made quite modern with baths, electric light, etc.—RALPH WRIGLEY, 37, Salthill Road, Clitheroe, Lancashire.

[For comparison with our correspondent's photograph, we reproduce an old illustration showing the Shireburn Almshouses in their original position on Longridge Fell.—ED.]

THE CHAINED SWAN

SIR.—Your correspondent's interesting photograph of the carved sill below a window at Newport, Essex (*COUNTRY LIFE*, August 29) reminded me of another splendidly designed carving at Clare, Suffolk, not many miles away. Canted to an angle of about 45 degrees, this wooden bracket—supporting nothing to day—graces the exterior wall of the White Swan Inn

and shows many interesting features. The white swan in the centre is in heraldic language, gorged with a crown, and is chained to a tree on the left, from which depend two swans, while on the opposite side there is a vine laden with grapes. Armorial shields at the two ends bear the Royal arms of England and France differenced for the eldest son, and the quartered arms of Mortimer and de Burgh. Another badge, seen on the left, is a crescent enclosing a star.

Probably this carving represents the medieval practice of a local hostelry using as a trade sign the emblem of some notable family of the neighbourhood.—ANTIQUARIAN, *Aldeburgh, Suffolk*.

From the great Norman family de Clare the Honor of Clare and the lordship of this Suffolk town, where there was formerly a castle, descended through the de Burghs to the Mortimers and so to Edward IV, who gave the Clare lands to his mother, Cicely of York.—ED.]

PROBLEM OF A CONVERSATION PIECE

SIR.—The conversation piece by Anthony Devis illustrated by Mr. Clifford Smith in your issue of September 12 seems, as implied by Mr. Gilbert Turner in his letter of last week, to have been painted at a point very close to the present boundary between Kew Gardens and the Old Deer Park. The telescope at first made me think of New Observatory, but this was not built until 1768-69, and lies in any case too far to the south to give this view of Syon. The position is, however, close to that of the old Palace of Kew, originally Kew House.

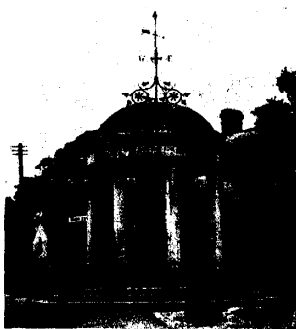
Hayley's *History of Surrey* (1850), Vol. III, p. 141, states of this that it came to Sir Henry Capel, afterwards Lord Capel and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who died in 1696. It continued with his widow until her death in 1721, when "the property next devolved on Samuel Molyneux, esq., who had married the Lady Elisabeth Capel, daughter of Algernon, second earl of Essex, and grand-niece of Lord Capel. This gentleman, who was secretary to George the Second before his elevation to the throne, resided at Kew, where he devoted his time to scientific pursuits, and especially to the study of optics and astronomy; and he erected a telescope with which, in 1725, Dr. Bradley, afterwards Astronomer Royal, made the first observations which led to his two great discoveries, the Aberration of Light, and the Nutation of the Earth's Axis; . . . Mr. Molyneux died in April, 1738; and his widow, who was a notorious empiric, Nathaniel St. André, (the great patron of the infamous Mrs. Tofts, of Godalming) who was publicly accused of having hastened the death of the Lady Elisabeth's first husband, in order to become her second mate. About the year 1739, Frederick, prince of Wales, obtained a long lease of Kew house from the Capel family . . ."

Is it possible that the costumes shown are as early as 1729? There

THE SHIREBURN ALMS-HOUSES AT STONYHURST: (above) ON THEIR FORMER SITE ON LONGRIDGE FELL AND (below) RE-ERECTED AS COTTAGES NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO STONYHURST COLLEGE

See letter: *New Life for Old Buildings*





MARKET CROSSES IN THE FORM OF ROTUNDAS AT (left to right) TICKHILL, SWAFFHAM AND MOUNTSORREL

See letter: Vanbrugh's Rotunda

was notoriously little change in the first half of the 18th century, but only an expert can decide. I may add that Samuel Molyneux was the son of William Molyneux, also an astronomer and author of the famous tract *The Case of Ireland*. As to the landscape, there are plans of the Deer Park and West Sheen of c. 1730 in the British Museum (Roy. XL, 16, a-e), and a photostat copy of Thomas Richardson's large plan of the whole Royal Manor of Richmond (including Kew) in 1771 (Maps 5310 37). Possibly further attention might be given to the Middlesex shore, where the fence and trees on the extreme left afford a possibility of establishing an exact position.—JOS. H. HAVREY, Half Moon Cottage, Little Bookham, Surrey.

PICTURES OF WINDSOR CHAIRS

SIR,—A minor point of interest in the painting by Anthony Davis, may merit remark. As the date of the work is about 1780, it forms an uncommonly early record of Windsor chairs in England; indeed, I cannot offhand recall any earlier graphic record. This is not to suggest that Windsor chairs were new inventions in 1780 (they may well have been evolved between 1675 and 1700) but merely to stress the scarcity of pictures showing them during the first hundred years of their

with Vanbrugh's beautiful building.—F. A. GIRLING, Holly Lodge, Lawford, Manningtree, Essex.

[The domed form of market cross with circular colonnade, examples of which Mr. Girling shows, may well have been inspired by the rotundas erected as ornaments in landscape parks.—ED.]

LINK WITH THE KISSING BOUGH

SIR,—May I contribute a somewhat belated addendum to your correspondence early this year about the revival of the Kissing Bough?

The Kissing Bough bears a striking likeness to the Advent *Kranz* or wreath hung in the chancel of German churches in the Advent season. I was charmed with this and its mystical symbolism when I saw it for the last time at Advent 1945, in the churches of the Rhineland. It consists of a large hoop of evergreens and fir cones with four large candles fixed on it. Below the candles are streamers of purple ribbon. On the first Sunday in Advent one candle is lit, on Advent II a second, and so on until at Christmas the "Full Light" is seen.

I noticed a table version of the wreath in the houses of the people, both Lutheran and Roman Catholic, and it was even to be found in cellars where the families were poor. The household was usually made up of a small circle of people from which ribbons hang. It was charming, and there was a real sense of the coming joy of Christmas as the candles grew Sunday by Sunday.

—LEONARD J. BRACE (Rev.), Bosley Vicarage, Redditch, Worcestershire.

A TRINITY OF RABBITS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing a small piece of 16th-century glass, measuring about 5 in. across, in one of the windows of Melford Church, Suffolk. Obviously it must have formed part of some larger design, but it is fortunate that this fragment remains, since the three rabbits crowded into one corner are supposed to represent the Holy Trinity in a very unusual manner.

Each rabbit is complete with a couple of ears, yet there are only three ears for the trio. This strange device

also occurs as a plaster ceiling decoration in the King's Bedchamber, King Richard's House, Scarborough, and I notice that Mr. Edmund Vale has seen it somewhere in Devon and also at the now destroyed Paderborn Cathedral, Germany.

It would be interesting to hear whether any reader knows of other examples.—G. BERNARD WOOD, Haxton, Leeds.

A SOUVENIR OF CORK

SIR,—With reference to Major Wade's letter in your issue of September 12 about a tape-holder with micro-photographs set in it, in an old box of treasures I recently found a small black pig carved in wood, measuring 1 in. from snout to tail, and standing 1/2 in. high. There is a hole 1/4 in. in diameter through its stomach filled by a minute, magnifying glass, through which can be seen a set of photographs entitled "A Souvenir of Cork," including Blarney Castle, Grand Parade, etc. There is no photographer's name printed, as in Major Wade's tape-holder, where the photographs are in memory of English towns and the photographer's name is Mr. McKee, of Dublin.

Is it possible that Mr. McKee also made the Irish pig and was, indeed, the inventor and maker of these quaint little treasures? It would be interesting also to know how this microscopic work is carried out.—V. M. S. FINNIS (Miss), Martinhoe, Watlington Road, Reigate, Surrey.

Micro-photographs such as those described by our correspondent and measuring 2-4 mm. sq. were set also in the top of fountain pens. There was nothing subtle about their presentation; they were simply stuck on to the end of the glass through which one looked, which was an ordinary magnifying-glass.—ED.]

ANOTHER NATURAL HONEYCOMB

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in your issue of September 26 about some bees which made a honeycomb in a wood near Sheffield, I enclose a photograph of a set of three perfect combs which a colony of bees

have built suspended from a branch of a hawthorn hedge at Heath and Reach, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire. The largest comb is about two feet deep.

Reputable opinion in this district considers the combs to be the work of a late swarm. Some of the bees can be seen clustered on one of the combs.—B. BLINCO, Dulce Domum, Bassett Road, Leighton Buzzard.

FRUIT-SHY BIRDS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. T. C. Chamley's remarks in your issue of September 19 about birds not attacking fruit this year, in spite of my not taking any special care to net my strawberries this summer, they were not eaten by birds, whereas in previous years I have found birds under the net. I put it down to the terrible death roll of birds during the exceptionally cold winter.—G. W. HUMPHREY, Weir View, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

FOR USE IN BAKING

SIR,—The wooden spoon-shaped implement referred to by Mr. Edward F. Gray in your issue of September 19 is that with which the baker turns into or retrieves from an old-fashioned deep brick oven the baking tins in which the bread is baked. I saw one in use in a bakery in Lewes recently, but it was more than twice as long as 21 inches.

The wedge-shaped blade is in-



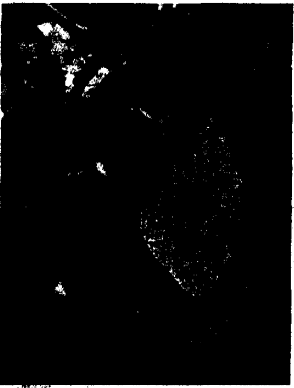
AN UNUSUAL REPRESENTATION OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN A SUFFOLK CHURCH

See letter: A Trinity of Rabbits

existence.—J. D. H. WARD, Abingdon, Berkshire.

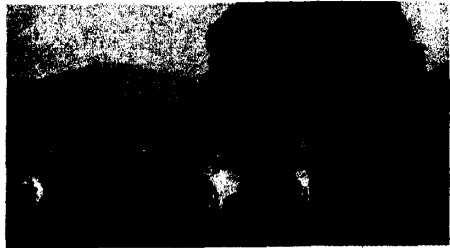
VANBRUGH'S ROTUNDA

SIR,—Illustrating the article on Stowe by Mr. Christopher Hussey in *COUNTRY LIFE* of September 12 there is a photograph of Vanbrugh's Rotunda. This building is in the tradition of some 18th-century market crosses such as those at Swaffham, built by Lord Orford in 1783, at Mountsorrel, Leicestershire, and at Tickhill, Yorkshire. Possibly you may care to publish these photographs for comparison



A SET OF HONEYCOMBS SUSPENDED IN A HEDGE

See letter: Another Natural Honeycomb



PART OF THE VAYNOL PARK, CARMARVONSHIRE, HERD OF WILD WHITE CATTLE

See letter: *Wild White Cattle*

serted under the tin, which is then pushed forward to arm's length within the oven. It is interesting to watch the more difficult sparring movement by which the wedge is thrust under the tin and withdrawn with the tin balanced on it.—ANTONY DALE, 46, Sussex Square, Brighton, 7.

FISHING FOR OCTOPUS

Sir,—When I was in Southern Italy during the war I frequently ate fried

amalgamated with Waring, who had come from Liverpool and had occupied premises opposite to where they are now which previously, I believe, housed Duveen. Warnings occupied premises farther east, now demolished, previously occupied by Collinson and Lock, who had come from Fleet Street, and also at one time by Jackson and Graham.—STANLEY HOWARD, 18A, St. James's Place, S.W.1

THE SPREAD EAGLE

Sir,—Having only recently come across a copy of COUNTRY LIFE of July 25, I am much interested in a letter and a photograph of an inn sign, The Royal Oak, Withypool, Somerset, painted by Captain J. F. Hutchings, R.N., Commander of the Naval Force Pluto.

By a coincidence there is another inn sign, not a hundred yards from where I live, painted by a member of the Army Pluto team. This sign has recently been painted by M. C. Farrar Bell (late Captain, Royal Engineers) for that famous old inn, The Spread Eagle, at Thame. The sign depicts

a most warlike eagle, resplendent in black and gold on a scarlet background. While both artists certainly met during Pluto operations, neither of them was aware that the other followed the same pursuit in better days, let alone practised in the narrow field of inn-sign painting.—F. J. PATRIS, *Holmways, Thame, Oxfordshire.*

AN INN SIGN AT THAME PAINTED BY M. C. FARRAR BELL

See letter: *The Spread Eagle*

octopus (*O. vulgaris*) in the restaurants. It was very strange to see the curled arms of these molluscs—each bearing double rows of suckers—on one's plate.

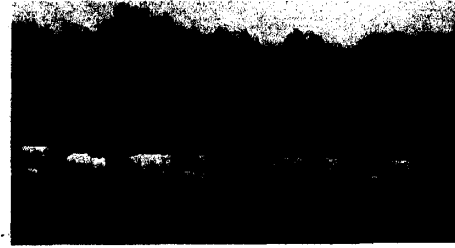
There was apparently no lack of this delicacy, but only occasionally did I see the octopus fishers at work. They were wizened old men, working with their trousers rolled above the knee and continually soaked up to the waist by the breakers.

They probed for the octopus among the rocks with a pole bearing a three-pronged hook, but captures were few and far between. Each man carried on the front of his jacket a tiny bottle containing some liquid and a bit of stick. Every few minutes the fishermen flicked one or two drops of the liquid on to the water by means of the little stick.

What the function of this liquid was I never discovered; perhaps one of your readers can tell me what the liquid is and what effect it has on the octopus. Is its use simply a local superstition, or does it poison a sufficiently strong scent to attract the creatures from the crevices in which they lurk?—F. R. TREACHER, 1, Becheste Avenue, Townsend, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

GILLOWS OF LANCASTER

Sir,—In the article on Gillows of Lancaster in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE it was stated that Gillows came to London and erected premises on the site of the present showroom of Waring and Gillow in Oxford Street. May I make a correction? It was on the site where Selfridges now stand that Gillows were established until 1906 (Hindly and Wilkinson were hereabouts, I believe), after which they



WILD WHITE CATTLE

Sir,—With reference to the correspondence that has followed Mr. Lionel Edwards's recent article on the white cattle of Dynevor, Carmarthenshire, it may interest your readers to see two photographs of the wild white cattle of Vaynol Park, Carmarvonshire.

These cattle to-day number about thirty and are of the *Cadsworth* rather than the *Chillingham* type, in that they have jet black muzzles and black interiors to the ears, and that the majority of them have black on the forelegs also. When I saw the herd in June, the beasts were moulting, with the result that the neck skin, relieved by a few large black freckles, showed up pink through the thinning hairs of the moult. The rest of them is a creamy white. The *Chillingham* cattle, on the other hand, have foxey, red coloured hair in the ear, but are black on the muzzle, hoofs and tips of the horns.

I am told the herd now numbers only 18 animals, since no fewer than 20 died in the severe winter. This was not, however, the first time this famous herd almost suffered extinction, for, according to Sir William Jardine, Bart., writing in 1836, the stock was reduced at one time to a single cow in calf. Fortunately the product proved to be a bull, so all was well.—G. KESSELY WHITEHEAD, *The Old House, Wilmott Fold, Chorley, Lancashire.*

COACHING IN LONDON

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Lionel Edwards's article, *Post-War Coaching*, in your issue of August 15, it may interest you to know that I ran the last stage coach from the Dorchester Hotel to Hampton Court with four teams from May, 1939, to the outbreak

of war in September.—J. ROY LANCASTER, *St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight.*

HOW BRITAIN USED TO MAKE IT

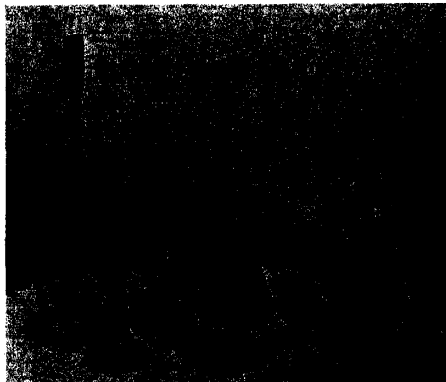
Sir,—In the informative article *How Britain Used to Make It*, in your issue of August 8, your contributor, referring to the wooden mouse-trap shown in Fig. 2, describes it somewhat inaccurately as unique and medieval. Its counterpart faces me from where I am writing, and another, rectangular in form, is also in my possession. The construction of these mouse-traps, many of which are extant, is quite consistent with much woodwork of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, in spite of a primitive appearance that "by-gones" tend to assume, and the woods commonly used, such as elm, ash and beech, help to confirm this date.

It would also be of interest to know on what authority the statement is based that rushlights were the sole means of lighting in nearly all the cottages of England until about 1830, when contemporary evidence to the contrary exists in the form of lamps, lanterns, cruets and especially candlesticks, which from the nature of their very simple construction and the comparatively cheap materials used were obviously made for the use of the cottager. Dutch and Flemish paintings of the 18th to 18th centuries showing interiors of cottages often depict candlesticks in these simple forms, made of wood, pottery and base metals such as iron, pewter or brass, and many examples, both Continental and English, may be seen in my loan collection at the Luton Museum.

The object to the right in Fig. 3 in Mr. Gardner's article is a candlestand and rush-holder combination, and I enclose a photograph illustrating some of the candlesticks mentioned above with a typical rush-holder in the centre. They are, left to right, (back row) wrought-iron candlestick, brass candlestick, iron-and-wood-base rush-holder, wood candlestick, combination candle and rush-holder in iron-and-wood base, (front row) pewder candlestick, wrought-iron candlestick with drip-pan and spike for fixing into beams, etc., pottery candlestick.

Finally, Gilbert White in his *Natural History of Selborne* writes: "... but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, burn a halfpenny candle every evening..." —S. W. WOZNEY, *Hearne, Hampshire.*

Kensington Square.—In our last issue we had to close the correspondence about Kensington Square. We think it only fair, however, to publish an explanation from Mr. John Summerson, whose name was mentioned in the correspondence. He asks us to state that the only reason why the Square was named from the text of his *Georgian London* is that as a unit it antedates the Georgian period. The reason for the reference to Georgian houses in the Square in the appendix of the book not being fuller was that, being unfamiliar with their interiors, Mr. Summerson could not commit himself to a more particular description.—E.



EARLY CANDLESTICKS AND RUSH-HOLDERS

See letter: *How Britain Used to Make It*

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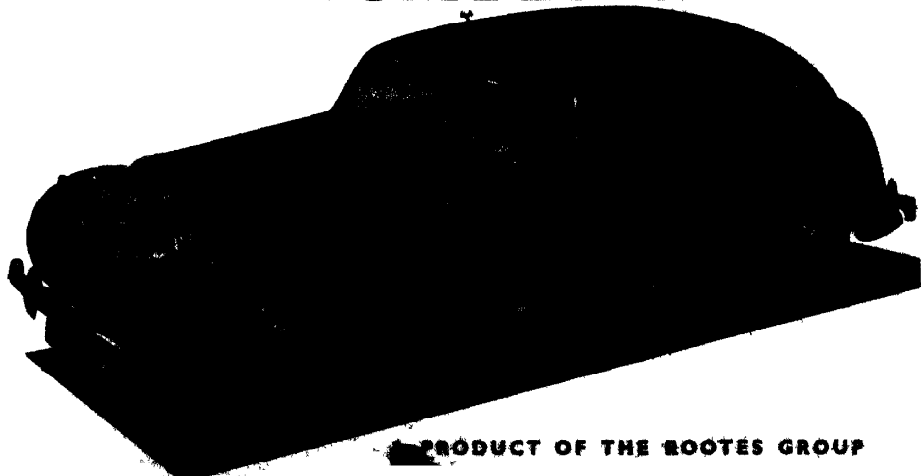
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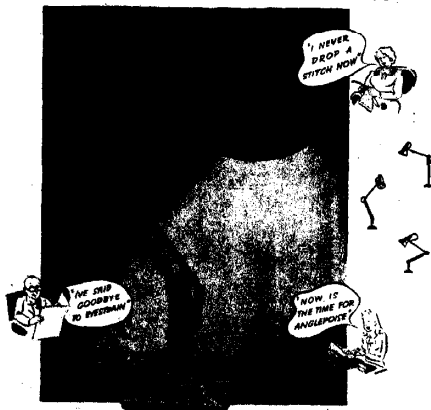
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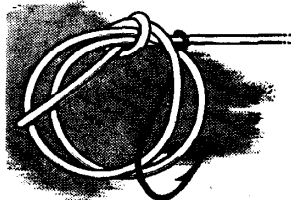
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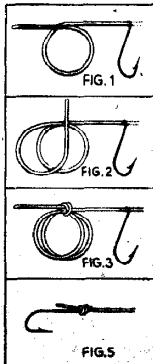
CHIEF among the many crafts supported and inspired by the inn-keeper was that of the pewterer. Pewter itself is as old as Roman civilisation. But it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that it found its most elegant expression in the nobly-proportioned ale-pitchers and flagons of those days. Without resort to the precious metals reserved for the rich, the pewterer created works of art for everyday use—another example of the craftsmanship that has ever flourished

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A NORTH-WEST FRONTIER SHOOT

By SIR RALPH GRIFFITH

I—CHIKOR IN THE TERRITORY OF SWAT

*Who, or why, or which, or what,
Is the Akhond of Swat?*

I CANNOT attempt here to offer an adequate answer to the intriguing problem posed by Edward Lear. Suffice it to say that the Akhond, who started life as a simple peasant boy in the Mardan district of India's North-West Frontier Province, emerged after a period of deep contemplation, for which his calling as a shepherd afforded ideal opportunity, as the acknowledged high priest of Islam throughout the border-land.

But there is no priesthood in Islam? Oh yes there is; among the frontier tribes at any rate, as political officers and many thousands

of the valley. Oppressed beyond endurance by the never-ending factional warfare, which frequently drove whole village communities into the wilderness, the people saw that their salvation lay in a strong ruler—above faction and backed by the prestige of the sacred shrine at Saidu.

The Mian Gul, however, shrank from embarking upon such an adventure, realising that the contamination of politics would not only split the brotherhood asunder in rivalry for power but also tend to impair the dignity and repute of the shrine itself. Suggestions to this end were, therefore, firmly resisted, but a puppet ruler was set up with the backing of the Mian Gul and succeeded temporarily in establishing some semblance of order in Swat and the neighbouring mountainous country of Buner.

Breakdown was not long delayed. The new ruler, who declared himself to be of the Ahmadi persuasion, and was therefore unacceptable to the strictly Sunni tribesmen, disappeared across the Indus and internecine warfare broke out again among the clans with renewed violence.

In the end Mian Gul, Gul Shahzada was thus, in spite of himself, forced into power by a conspiracy of events which he had vainly tried to control by the exercise of pastoral guidance. Having "taken care of" certain relatives and others who rose against him, he set himself at once to disarm the people, to raise an army of military police and to organise an administration upon the broad basis of the Islamic Law of the Shariat. The measure of his success is to be found in the peace that has since prevailed in the turbulent areas of Buner and the Swat Valley. The Islamic Law is now evenly administered, its puritanical rigour mitigated by the humanity of the ruler and his heir. A contented territorial army, paid mostly in grain at the time of the harvests, protects the State from external dangers and embodies its internal authority in efficiently garrisoned posts connected by telephone with headquarters. The health and education departments, affiliated to the sister departments of the Frontier Province, seek to spread a network of efficient dispensaries and schools, and a high school of some 800 boys at Saidu is evidence of the tribal appreciation of the régime. A large area of tribal territory, which was once regarded as the most fanatically hostile on the Border, has been opened up by motor roads which can be freely traversed by British officials and their wives. The Mian Gul, author of these beneficent reforms, is now recognised as a ruling prince under the title of Mian Gul, Gul Shahzada, Sir Abdul Wadood, Wali of Swat (Fig. 1).

But enthusiastic admiration for the Wali as an administrator has led us somewhat astray,



1.—THE WALI, THE RULER OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER TERRITORY OF SWAT, LOOKS OVER THE WATER-SHED INTO BUNER

of soldiers can affirm, and a pestilential priesthood they would declare it to be. The Akhond was the spirit behind the fanatics whose activities in Swat and Buner culminated in the Ambeyla campaign and he himself led them in their amazingly stubborn defence of the pass of that name in 1863. Since then the leading mullahs, fakirs, sheikhs and the like who have so effectively kept alive the spirit of militant Islam among the tribesmen of the frontier hills have claimed to derive their inspiration and authority from the Akhond, their prototype.

After his death the Akhond was buried at Saidu in tribal territory on the left bank of the Swat River, and his tomb at once became the most highly venerated shrine on the Border and the most important local place of pilgrimage for all pious Pathans throughout the land. His successors continued to reside at Saidu, tending the shrine and administering its substantial income, much of which has always been spent on the entertainment of the ceaseless procession of pilgrims. But as the number of the old Akhond's descendants swelled, the family found itself increasingly involved in the politics of the Swati tribes, in faction-fighting and, as a natural consequence, in *fariburd*—"cousinship," or as we should say, *feud*—among themselves. There is no more bitter vendetta on the frontier than that between "cousin and cousin"; so much so, indeed, that the very word has come to connote "enemy" in tribal areas.

And so the years passed till, about the beginning of the present century, Mian Gul, Gul Shahzada and his brothers, a number of "cousins" having been successfully eliminated, found themselves in possession of the shrine and of the religious leadership of the tribes. From now on they were repeatedly pressed by the Swatis to assume full administrative control



2.—THE WALI AHAD, HEIR OF THE WALI, WITH THE WALI AND HIS GUESTS

since it is specifically as sportsman that we purpose to meet him on our present trip to Saidu. We must therefore move quickly past the railway terminus at Dargai, swoop dangerously over the tortuosities of the Malakand Pass, to view for a brief moment the war-scarred fort of Chakdara on the far bank of the Swat River before passing through the historic battleground of Landikal—where Fincastle and Battye won their Victoria Crosses in 1807—and prepare ourselves to meet the Wali, who, most charmingly punctilious of hosts, has come some twenty miles down the valley to meet us on the very threshold of his State.

Arrived at the border we greet our friend, who, abandoning his limousine, mounts to the front seat of our car beside the driver, where, armed with his inevitable twenty-bore gun, he assumes the formal rôle of ward and cicerone to his guests on their journey through his State. We sweep at a good pace along the well-kept dirt-track, up the lovely valley, the swift river running crystal-clear on our left between the irrigated rice fields stretching on either bank to the foot-hills which buttress the enclosing mountain ranges. Some ten miles ahead the valley bends northward towards the Kohistan, the upper reaches of the river, and over the curve of the hills we enjoy a glimpse of distant, snow-covered Mankial, its towering peak blushed by the morning sun—so lovely as almost to take one's breath away.

As we approach Saidu the road curves abruptly away from the Swat River, turning southward towards the hills and bringing us quickly, after a short run through the village, to the porch of the house of Wali Ahad (Fig. 2).



3.—MALAKAND FORT PERCHED ABOVE THE SWAT RIVER

son and heir of the Wall, a veritable marble palace in miniature set in a scene of frontier ruggedness.

Here, in Saidra, we were met beneath the marble-pillared portico by a self-possessed young man of striking grace and charm of manner, faultlessly dressed in European style by an obviously first-class tailor. Jehanzeb, the Wali Ahad, a bachelor of arts of the Panjab University, a good sportsman and first-class shot, carries on adequate shoulders with supreme competence a large share of the administration of the State.

The area of the chikor shoot, the main object of our trip, embraced the steep side of a minor subsidiary valley, the beaters advancing slowly in a line, with the five guns, stretching from the watershed to the dry torrent-bed at the bottom. The three upper guns walked a strenuous and difficult line under conditions far from conducive to good shooting. The steep, sometimes almost precipitous, hillside was so closely encumbered with boulders, loose stones and sharp, rocky outcrops that a reasonably

balanced preparedness of body and mind was impossible to maintain. Yet snap-shooting in these difficult conditions, with the body sometimes strangely contorted, sometimes poised in a state of tottering equilibrium with any reasonable foot-work entirely out of the question, was not unsuccessful. I saw the Wali Ahad secure a beautiful right-and-left at high wheeling birds while apparently in the act of slithering, seated, down the sloping face of a large rock. Another stalwart pulled down a chikor from the zenith and with the other barrel bagged a seecoe at horizon level while—as he put it—unpinning his ear from a thorn bush into which a treacherous foothold had precipitated him. There is no doubt an element of luck in such *lours de force*; but these guns maintained a high standard of shooting.

The occasional twinges of guilt that I experienced, as I followed a far easier line on comparatively open ground below did little to detract from the pleasure of my own share of the proceedings. The shots that offered varied through every stage from high chikor, driven

forward by the beaters on the hill-top and wheeling back over us, or down the line, at a tremendous pace, to seecoes which, rising no more than a yard or so above the ground some thirty yards ahead, afforded only the quickest of shots before they slid—usually into safety—over the brow of the next slope.

The Wali's shooting seemed to suffer little from the fact that a recent operation for cataract in the right eye had compelled him to switch to the left shoulder. On a rough and broken line that took him along the brink of the stream he made easy work of the thirty-foot chams cut into the bank at frequent intervals by flood water from the upper slopes. At the age of sixty-five or so, I have heard recently, he stands up easily to a hard day's shooting and is still a difficult man to beat in a scramble over the rocks upon his native hillside. Long may he so continue!

My game-book shows a bag, for the three hours' tramp, of ninety-one brace of chikor, a few seecoes and a hare—but there is a record for a half-day's shoot in this detectable valley.

PRESENT-DAY PARTRIDGES

By J. B. DROUGHT

THE problem of how best to tackle partridges is a very real one nowadays. Indeed, on small shoots one is confronted by a series of problems, each contingent on the next. There are none too many birds; holding cover is conspicuous chiefly by its absence; and what there is comprises one or two isolated strips fringing the boundaries. In their turn, the boundaries perhaps enclose a narrow series of peninsulas, broken by rivers, roads and relics of war-time occupation, rather than a compact block of good mixed ground. The fields are disproportionate in size to the total acreage, and those which are grazed are under plough; the hedgerows, thinning out, tend to a low level, would not afford concealment to a dwarf.

That is no exaggerated picture of many shoots to-day, and how to work them to the best advantage is not the only problem we are up against. If we shoot too early we risk killing immature birds; if we leave it till too late covers will be unapproachable. We must remember, too, that important as it is to break up covers and eliminate the old birds, our future breeding stock must be the first consideration. To shoot too hard and at the expense of the rising generation is fatal at a time when no artificial methods of replenishment are possible.

What then are the tactics to employ? Obviously they will vary with the size, lay-out and natural amenities of individual shoots. But to be strictly truthful, irrespective of these considerations, walking up partridges, however traditionally and theoretically delightful, is hardly calculated to fill a bag under modern agricultural conditions. In practice, sounder tactics than with little cover, stubble, and grazing fields close cropped, with rivers half lifted and kale and clover cut, the covers can spot the guns long before the latter can spot them. They do not wait for any closer introduction; a few odd shots are quite sufficient to provide them with a little extra, and they get out of any field at the first glimpse of shooters getting in. I do not suggest that blank days are inevitable; but that old-fashioned methods are a waste of time and energy and that two or three guns by means of cunning stalking will do more execution than thrice that number pursuing them in a half-mooning in accordance with traditional teaching.

Intelligent woodcraft by which a couple of guns may come up-wind on birds marked down into heavy cover will usually yield results. Sheltered dusting sites on the blind sides of hedgerows are likewise bag-filling manoeuvres; so are old clay-heaps, field edges where the coarse grass has escaped the reapers, and diseased rich bases in which weeds and seed engage the partridge's attention. Thus may September shooters profit for a short while, although success is measured by their individual woodcraft and limited to the degree of wildness which their quarry, inevitably and pretty quickly, will exhibit.

Though it has always been axiomatic that the two essentials to successful driving are an abundance of birds and an extensive area over which to drive them, this is a counsel of perfection in these days. Sooner or later, whatever our acreages, we have to drive our birds if we are to shoot at all. The difficulties of driving on a small tract of narrow, hilly and irregularly shaped land, with the boundaries too priested of those aforesaid peninsulas are too patent to need comment. But there is perhaps one mitigating factor. Whereas the planning of a big shoot must be arranged in detail long beforehand and more or less rigidly adhered to, impromptu tactics, suited to conditions, tend to be more effective on a small shoot.

To all shoots, large and small, the main principles governing the high art of successful driving apply. They depend, of course, on divers factors, on the extent of holding cover, and on whether the country is flat or undulating, open or intersected by high ridges which may break the line of vision of beaters. They turn, also, very largely on whether the shoot is more or less square or circular or simply a long, narrow strip that permits of driving in only one of two directions. It is quite conceivable, for instance, that 800-800 acres in a ring fence, and compact in the sense that no portion is cut off from the remainder, may yield consistently better bags than twice that extent of ground the topographical features of which are on the whole unfavourable.

No one can drive partridges successfully unless he puts on his thinking cap beforehand. With varying types of ground, plans must necessarily differ in degree, because the object being to put the maximum number of birds over the guns, and so it follows that covers must be concentrated where they are most wanted at a given moment. So long as partridges are fairly plentiful, there is no particular difficulty in providing at least half a dozen birds to each gun, and the general principle lies in making each beat complementarity to the next, and so influencing the direction of the covers that there will always be a decent show of birds between the beaters and the guns. But one may suggest the folly of trying to cram too many beats into the day, involving as it does rapid as opposed to methodical advances. What is to be the outline portion of a shoot must be either driven or blanked in first, the object being to concentrate covers in the central patches of cover. Although partridges are, by nature, methodical of habit, feeding at definite times in definite places, and always exhibiting a certain reluctance to take a second shot without undue delay, it is not wise to bank too heavily on these inherent traits. Weather, wind-direction and unaccustomed disturbance will jointly and severally influence the movements of the birds. So while the general idea of a day's operations may well hold good, no one should be too field without alternative plans as to the order and precedence of beats,

based on the previous observations of the birds under trying weather conditions.

Although the length of beats obviously depends on the extent of ground available, one cannot make partridges go where they do not want to go. Two major factors influencing their movements: the position of holding cover and the strength and direction of the wind. Probably one's tactics are more often decided by the latter than the former, because, provided one is not shooting in half a gale, the birds will tend to make for any cover ahead to which they are accustomed. When they have gone as far as pleases them, they will want to return, and when they have been pushed with the wind away from home, they will seldom be deterred from returning against anything short of gale force. The secret of success, therefore, is to know where one's birds are and whether they will go with the least persuasion, because the direction they take after passing the guns is of considerable importance.

Generally speaking, to restrict the length of beats, so that one can make fairly sure that they will come down not too far ahead, whenever they can be driven home again, offers the best prospects of a bag. In this connection it usually pays to drive first of all any strips of ground, three of whose sides form boundaries, in crescent formation, even though half the birds take refuge in one's neighbour's roots for the rest of the morning, because one can lay a shade of odds that they will have returned home by early afternoon. And although wind and weather must necessarily influence one's plans, the latter should be so varied that ground is not always to look ahead and to study the likely effect of one's operations on the birds. It may be just as harmful to drive too early as too late. Young birds, just fully grown, chivied from pillar to post against a strong head wind and rounded up for a final dusting in the evening, are not likely to profit by the experience. Nor does it pay to prolong the day unduly. Those last drives of the evening like a productive of less than a sure thing. The birds are tired, and the guns, and the chances of human error are thereby increased. Driven partridges are never easy; in a bad light they are extremely difficult, and since, unfortunately, one cannot guarantee a clean miss, where one fails to make a clean hit a sure thing is never a sure thing.

Lastly, however skilful the planning, results depend on the shooters. Indifferent guns are perhaps worse than indifferent beaters, and here I do not refer to marksmanship alone. Some men never recognise that birds have ears as well as eyes. The irrepressible raconteur is as tiresome as the individual who is never still.

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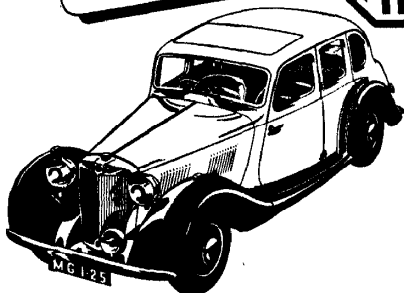


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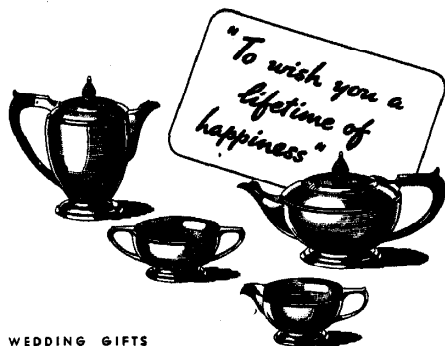
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POET, MARTYR, DWARF AND GIANT

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. JOHN DRUMMOND'S book *A Candle in England* (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.) is a series of essays of exceptionally wide range. From celebrated freaks such as "the redoubtable Jeffery Hudson," who was just under 18 inches high and one of the "menagerie of pets" kept at Whitehall by Queen Henrietta Maria, to the character of William Penn and the art of Canova is a big step, but our author can take such steps gracefully enough. Whether he is writing about Bosquet or Bufon, Spenser or Ridley, dwarfs, giants or

tury before Darwin was heard of. Bufon and Anthony Trollope had one thing in common: each of them paid a man-servant a little extra money to rouse him from bed at that he could begin work at five in the morning.

Though his writing is generally of a philosophic and contemplative kind, Mr. Drummond does not despise the lively anecdote. One concerns the dwarf Jeffery Hudson who has already been referred to. The little man was sensitive about his honour and once challenged to a duel a mean person named Crofts who had insulted him.

A CANDLE IN ENGLAND. By John Drummond (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.)

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY. By Agnes Rogers (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)

THE BRONTËS. By Phyllis Bentley (Home and Van Thal, 6s.)

THE BEDSIDE BUNYAN. Edited by Arthur Stanley (Eyre and Spottiswoods, 10s. 6d.)

"Old Crome," he has something to say, and though we may not always agree with it, we admit that it is well said. He is a graceful controversialist. I do not share his views for example, on Spenser's poetry, but I find it refreshing to hear them so well expressed; and, coming as they do in the midst of an essay which is, essentially, a plea for toleration, we cannot but let Mr. Drummond have his word.

RIDLEY, THE MARTYR

This particular essay, the one that gives its title to the book, is an excellent example of the author's manner. It is a brief glance at the many great men who have come out of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and among them was Nicholas Ridley, of whom every schoolboy knows at least one famous anecdote. It was to Ridley that Latimer turned, as they stood with the fire at their feet, and said: "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man, for we have this day lighted such a candle in England as by the grace of God shall never be put out."

Thus Ridley stands stamped upon all our minds as a suffering martyr, as indeed he was; but it is as well to be reminded—and Mr. Drummond reminds us—that Ridley, when Bishop of Rochester, had "meted out this inhuman punishment to others"—once to a girl who denied Christ's humanity, and once to a man who denied his divinity. "And so the candle of enlightenment is burning on to-day in the prejudiced and ignorant world in which we live, as it burned in the more prejudiced and ignorant days of the past. The taper which Margaret de Valence lit, which has never been put out, will, I trust, burn into a future when 'ignorance' and 'prejudice' are historical words like 'torture' and 'the stake'."

Alas! Mr. Drummond, is "torture" even yet, an "historical" word?

I liked very much Mr. Drummond's essay on Bufon, who had rescued Darwin's conclusions a cen-

"Crofts thought it a fine joke to fight a duel with a dwarf of eighteen inches high, and, much amused, he appointed a second. It was agreed by the two that, to level things somewhat, the combatants should be mounted, and Crofts armed himself with a water-squirt. But Hudson, taking the affair quite seriously, arrived with a real pistol, and killed Crofts."

There is a story, too, of "several tons of marble horse" which Canova had designed as a fitting mount for Napoleon. But this and that intervened, and Napoleon found himself on St. Helena. Then Canova thought it might do for Murat, but Murat was executed. "Therefore Canova approaches Sir Wm. Hamilton, who, you will remember, was the proud husband of Nelson's Emma. Sir William apparently sees it as a suitable mount for Charles the Third of Naples. . . . And so the huge horse, which had been so long out at grass, finds a rider at last."

U.S. BETWEEN THE WARS

I Remember Distinctly (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.) might fittingly be called "A Candle in America." It contains 500 pictures, assembled by Agnes Rogers, illustrating the life of America from the time when the troops came home after World War I up to the time when they began to march away to World War II. There is a commentary by Mr. F. L. Allen, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and the whole thing seems to me to amount to an historical document of first-rate importance.

Every phase of the country's life is here touched upon. The presidents come and go, from Wilson to Roosevelt. Liquor is banned and the "rackets" flourish. Trade booms and the "depression" strikes. Motor-cars are transmogrified from models which look already prehistoric to the streamlined things of to-day; and with the motor-car the roads turn from muddy tracks to concrete highways. Manicé sit upon poles and dance in "marathon" till they drop down all but dead; and the sinister dust-bowl sends

its gritty storms whirling. The silent cinema finds a voice; the Atlantic is flown; baseball favourites rise and wane; and women's clothes undergo infinite elaborations and simplifications. Bobby Jones makes golfing history; Nurni, the "flying Finn," runs two miles in less than nine minutes; Tilden and Beckett and Dempsey illuminate the court and the ring. The "crystal set" is the seedling from which rises the giant beaststalk of the "radio network." Finally—and then, on Sunday, December 7, came the blinding event. . . . The last two pictures show the American Navy when the Japanese aeroplanes had done with it Pearl Harbour and the smashed planes littering the field of the naval air station. "Would we be able," asks Mr. Allen, "looking back, later, over the record of our inter-war achievements and idiocies, not simply to apply successfully the old maxim of a great schoolmaster, 'To err is human, to make the same mistake twice is foolish,' but also to gain the broader and more essential perspective needed to do the harder thing: to avoid making different mistakes springing from the same sort of myopia, the same sort of evasions and obsessions?"

Well, that is a question yet to be answered. Meantime, here is a classic collection of "achievements and idiocies."

THE HARMONY OF THE BRONTËS

I have already referred to Messrs. Home and Van Thall's series of short books on English novelists, and would here commend Phyllis Bentley's *The Brontës* (6s.). The author knows her subject inside out, for not only has she spent her life not far, geographically, from Haworth, but she is saturated in knowledge of the Brontës' works and ways. She insists, rightly, on the strange combination of influences that moulded the girls' lives. Their father and their mother were Celtic; they were born and spent all their lives (save for brief interludes) in the hard and practical county of Yorkshire. "It is tempting to sum up the Brontë sisters as speaking Irish poetry in a Yorkshire accent. But this is not quite true. Rather is their matter Yorkshire, their manner Celtic. Let us say then that their work is a Yorkshire tune played on an Irish harp by varying strong and skilful fingers. To this tune *Charlotte adds passion*, Anne pious and Emily cosmic harmonies."

Miss Bentley has brought to her job a nice discrimination, giving due weight to the work itself and to the conditions that produced it, the conditions both material and spiritual. There is a lot of illumination here in a little space.

BUNYAN'S 62 BOOKS

Arthur Stanley has edited *The Bedside Bunyan* which is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode (10s. 6d.). The editor gives us a biographical note on Bunyan and prefaces each sermon with an explanation of its place in Bunyan's work. It was an immense work, for Bunyan wrote no fewer than 62 books, though few people know him now save as the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

It was time then that some such book as this was published. The books here drawn upon are *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, *Grace Abounding*, a "Relation of the Imprisonment of Mr. John Bunyan," *A Few Sighs from Hell*, *Christian's Journey*, *The Holy War*, *Seasonable Counsel*, *The Jerusalem*

Sanctified, *The Water of Life*, and *The Holy City*.

So here, you see, is a fair field covered, an opportunity to know a writer who always, as Mr. Stanley says, "followed the way of the common man," but wrote like an angel. Consider the last sentence of all in this book: "As for this street, all that walk in it they must be golden men."

FOR TREE-LOVERS AND FRUIT-GROWERS

TREES in Britain and Their Timber, by the late Alexander L. Howard (COUNTRY LIFE, 25s.) makes no pretence to cater for the botanically minded reader, but it is a mine of information on trees in Great Britain, indigenous species and exotics. The species are listed in alphabetical order using the common names where such are of accepted usage. The index gives immediate reference under both botanical and common names. Natural orders are entirely ignored. The result is a volume which does not impose on what is, after all, the majority the endless use of the admirably full index, but yet satisfies the botanist's demand for immediate reference.

The historical notes and factual details on notable specimens in this country, will delight all tree-lovers. It is, after all, so much more satisfying when one is seeking such information to be given the detailed measurements of a living tree together with the name of the estate on which it can be seen instead of an estimate, which in many instances in the past has merely been based on the measurement of mature specimens in their natural habitats.

Howard has quoted freely from many authorities, but he has also included a great deal of original information based on recent measurements, and his efforts have produced a volume that is an invaluable compendium of arboreal statistics. Notes on timber and their uses are similarly factual and admirably full.

The book is admirably illustrated with drawings of leaves, flowers and fruit by Margaret Felicie Burns, and a really first-class selection of original photographs. The latter have obviously been selected with the greatest care, for all have some point of interest in addition to being notable examples of the photographer's art.

Mr. Raymond Bush, who is surely the doyen of grower-writers on fruits, is once again at his best in *Harvesting and Storing Garden Fruit* (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.). As always, he is interesting and readable; what is more important is that he writes from a vast experience and is fully abreast of the latest scientific practice. This is a book that will interest all fruit-growers, commercial or amateur.

D. T. MACF.

NORFOLK DRAWINGS

IN Beautiful Norfolk Buildings, published three years ago, Mr. S. J. Wearing brought together a selection of his pencil drawings of Norwich and Norfolk architecture made as a record during the war. Happily, he has gone on since, and now gives us a second volume, *More Beautiful Norfolk Buildings* (Norwich: the Soman Wherry Press, 15s.) which is as good as, if not better than the first. Many of his subjects are Norfolk churches, but they are varied with inn groups, cottages, barns, old houses and farm buildings. Mr. Wearing is particularly sensitive to the texture and materials of his subjects; flint and stone finish work, Tudor brick, thatch, Norfolk pantiles are each rendered with delightful subtlety, and a fine simulating and achieving an extraordinary degree of accuracy, he has an artist's eye for composition. The drawings, looking all the better this time by being reproduced on a larger scale, are accompanied by notes that are always interesting. The book is certain to be as eagerly sought after as its predecessor.

A. S. O.



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WALES has developed co-operative systems of buying and selling in agriculture much more widely than has England. When Mr. Tom Williams addressed the conference of the Welsh Agricultural Organisation Society at Aberystwyth he stated that two out of every three Welsh farmers are members of agriculture co-operative societies, which now have a turnover of £4,000,000 a year. This progress in Wales, a country of isolated farms where men must join forces if they are to get good service, is understandable and wholly commendable. In the English counties agricultural co-operation has made halting growth. Personally I find that the local farmers' co-operative society gives me as good service in the supply of fertilisers and some other requirements as the private firms, and I welcome the annual dividend on my purchases as a windfall that never comes amiss. The packing station that collects my eggs is also run by the co-op, so the bonus on sales is equally welcome. The trading profit on handling my eggs would otherwise go to the shareholders of the big dairy company who also collect my eggs in my district. I fancy that it is a form of snobbery that keeps some of my neighbours from trying the co-operative way of trading.

Forestry in Wales

THE hill farmers of Wales will lose more of their steepening ground to trees. This country is desperately short of soft wood, and an extra 3,000,000 acres of land for afforestation is not too much. A substantial part of this is to be in Wales, which has a high proportion of rough grazings. In many cases sheep will have to make way for trees, but it is true enough, as Mr. Williams hinted, that the improvement of the remaining grass land in Wales could more than compensate for the loss of grazing. The first essential in these times when we cannot obtain feeding-stuff from abroad is to improve grass land and conserve young grass by drying and silage for use in winter. This means putting the plough into the poorer leys and turning over derelict pasture to rebuild the tillage acreage in order to keep more livestock. The farmer should no longer ask himself "How long can I keep that field unploughed?" but rather, "How many more animals can I feed if I plough it?" So said Mr. Williams, and I agree. The answer that the individual farmer gives himself will, however, vary.

Milking Machines

TODAY there are 45,000 milking machines in use in this country, against 18,000 at the beginning of the war. Repeated rises in farm wages and the desire to reduce manual labour—especially at the week-end—have led more farmers to invest in this kind of mechanisation as well as the mechanisation of cultivations and harvesting in the field. However good a man may be as a cowman, he needs special training in the operation and maintenance of a machine. Most cowmen get this by learning from others and by making mistakes, but these mistakes can be very costly and are largely unnecessary. It is one of the tasks of the National Agricultural Advisory Service in collaboration with the makers of milking machines to ensure that the new entrants into farming as well as the old stagers know the essential points about machine milking technique at the time when the Alfa-Laval Company, Limited, have now made should be helpful. Not all of us have a milking parlour which applies the industrial principle of bringing the work to the operator

rather than requiring the milker to go round the cows standing in their stalls. Even if we have to make do with existing cow-sheds, this sight of mechanised perfection is stimulating, and the film is worth seeing.

Acorns and Beechmast

AGAIN this autumn the Ministry of Agriculture is sending out school children to collect acorns and beechmast. Both are rather scarce this year, but whatever can be collected makes useful food in moderation for pigs and poultry. A fair price to pay for sound raw acorns is 5s. to 7s. 6d. per cwt., and for beechmast, free from burrs, 7s. 6d. to 9s. per cwt. Acorns should be dried by spreading them evenly in a thin layer on a dry floor and turning frequently until the shells easily crack and come away from the kernels. It is risky to give pigs suddenly a big allowance of acorns, but, if given them gradually, fattening pigs will make good use of up to 1 lb. per pig daily. Pigs should not be given 3 lb. Too many acorns will discolour the yolks of eggs, so it is not wise to give more than 1 oz. a day to hens. Never give acorns to turkeys. The kernels of beechmast have plenty of oil and protein but little carbohydrates so they should be fed sparingly. Poultry will not eat them unless they are roughly crushed. Beechmast should never be fed to horses.

100,000 More Workers

I SEE that the Government are now calling for 40,000 more workers this year and another 60,000 after that because until we get the new shops to fill the shortage both on our breakfast tables and in the shops. It is remarkable how a national crisis in peace no less than in war brings us back to fundamentals. Whoever would imagine that a Government in this country, of whatever political complexion, would spend a taxpayer's money on teaching the elementary lesson that "we are losers twice over because of the shortage of farm-workers. First we have to go short of many farm and dairy products. Our own land could provide. Secondly, when we buy this food abroad we have to pay for it by exporting manufactured goods we badly need for our own use." Will this sound reasoning now be extended to the provision of the other resources, notably feeding-stuffs and manure? Shall we be asked to spend the home production of food? Personally I am not so worried about scarcity of labour as I am about the material resources for lack of which we are hamstrung in our efforts to increase output.

Rations for Calves

A CORNISH farmer tells me that most of the local farms of 20 to 180 acres cannot rear more calves because of the lack of more feeding-stuffs. Recently he had a first-class calf which he wanted to save from the butcher, and he tried to get someone to take it. But he always got the same answer: "We are not rearing any calves; you cannot do it on the present rations." Is calf rearing on the small farm a practical proposition at the moment? He says it is not. I should have thought that it was if the farmer could grow for himself some dredge corn to eat out the weeds and rations that the Ministry allows. Half a hundredweight of calf meal for the first six months of the calf's life is not, of course, enough to carry it through, unless the farmer has some oats of his own growing as well as some first-class hay. If he has also made some high-quality silage this will be very useful after the calf is two or three months old. CHICHESTER.

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ESTATE MARKET

MODEL RAILWAY
IN A BARN

THE Marchioness of Milford Haven had Lynden Manor, Holyport, two miles from Maidenhead, Berkshire, submitted to auction by Harrods Estate Offices. It is a half-timbered, old-fashioned residence, modernised at considerable cost and standing in gardens and lawns with an orchard, in all 7 or 8 acres. Close by the house is a barn of 14th-century origin, now used as a theatre and for dancing; it is 55 ft. long and 21 ft. 6 ins. wide, with oak-framed walls and a beamed and raftered ceiling. By an ingenious arrangement portions of the seating round the barn can be moved to give access to a model railway which the late Marquess of Milford Haven constructed. Mr. Frank D. James, the professional head of Harrods Estate Offices, says: "It is considered one of the finest models in the country." A buyer may take it at a valuation additional to the £730-odd named for the ordinary fixtures and fittings. The rateable value of Lynden Manor is £230 a year, and the rates are just over 8s. in the £. The large auction hall at Harrods Estate Offices was well filled when Mr. Reginald Ford invited bidders. The first one was £12,500, and the last £14,800, at which, with a formal bid of £16,000, the Manor remained for private treaty.

STARBOROUGH CASTLE SOLD

THE Kent and Surrey border freehold of Starborough Castle, 125 acres, at Edenbridge, was offered by Harrods Estate Offices, the joint agents being Messrs. Fox and Messrs. Manwaring. A number of practical points having been dealt with by question and answer, bids began at £10,500 and went to £15,750, at which a sale was declared. The house is Georgian, and the castle, of Norman origin, was partly rebuilt 200 years ago. Trout abounded in the moat until recently and restocking may once again afford good sport. Vacant possession of the house and 12 acres will be given at once, and the rest of the land is held on tenancies which have not very long to run.

SALE OF WARMHAM COURT, SUSSEX

CAPTAIN C. E. LUCAS has sold the mansion of Warmham Court, near Horsham, Sussex, and well over 50 acres, to the London County Council, for use as a convalescent home for children. Messrs. King and Chasemore were his agents in the matter. The extensive gardens will provide most of the food needed by the future patients. The park now carries a good many dairy animals, and the herd of British red deer, which Captain Lucas intends to retain with the rest of the estate, has been reduced to enable more milk to be obtained.

CITY PROPERTIES

THE Duchy of Lancaster, which has recently been prominent among buyers of large areas of agricultural land, has sold a City freehold site in St. Mary Axe, on which, until London was bombed, stood the building known as St. Mary's Chambers. The site has been entirely cleared. It adjoins the Baltic Mercantile Exchange. Messrs. Daniel Smith, Chasley and Gerard acted for the Duchy, and Messrs. Kenneth J. Lindy and Partners for "the Baltic."

The gains and, in the past it has sometimes transpired, the losses, property development concerns are apt to be of imposing magnitude. A capital profit of £225,000 is anticipated as the result of the sale of City

premises in Fenchurch Street, known as Plantation House. Ten years ago the property was acquired by the present vendors for £1,245,631 and its present book value is £1,274,952. In 1941 the premises were seriously damaged by enemy action, but the cost of repairs will rank as a war damage claim. If the damaged parts were available for tenancy they would yield a net income of over £27,000 a year. But, before they can become rent producing, rebuilding must be done and at least two years would elapse between beginning that work and completing it. The present proposed sale involves mortgage arrangements and a cash payment of £400,000 to the vendors.

FREEHOLDS SOLD

GUYLLEIGH, 352 acres, near Hailsham, Sussex, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. A. Burtenshaw and Son before the auction. Remains of an ancient nunnery adjoin the house. The former firm has also sold, before the auction, Highlands, 158 acres, at Boleyn, near Higgsway's Heath, in the same county. For the executors of the late Alderman Pepper they have, with Messrs. George Milne and Co., sold Crossways, with over an acre, at Folkestone. With Messrs. Chancellor and Son Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold Collingwood Grange, 9 acres, at Camberley, Surrey.

Lieut.-Colonel Fortescue Walls has, through Messrs. Watts and Son, sold Markham House, Wokingham, Berkshire, before the auction.

Kinnerley Manor, Kington, Surrey, of 337 acres, has, with the exception of the manor house and one farm, been sold for £28,018, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Weller, Son and Grinstead.


Compton Acres, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth, sold by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and another agency to a client of Messrs. Fox and Sons, for the late Mr. T. W. Simpson's executors, is famous for its 11 acres of gardens in the English, Dutch, Italian and Japanese styles.

"WAYS AND MEANS"
LOWNDES


WINSLOW HALL, 6 miles from Buckingham and 10 from Aylesbury, is for sale with 6 or 7 acres, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. George Wigley and Sons. Mr. William Lowndes, Secretary to the Treasury in the reign of Queen Anne, built Winslow Hall in or about the year 1700, using designs which had been prepared by Sir Christopher Wren. The Hall is one of the many structures which some writers have wrongly attributed to Inigo Jones. Lowndes is best remembered because of the nickname "Ways and Means" which was fastened on to him, and perpetuated even in an epitaph: "No 'Ways and Means' against the tyrant Debt Could raise supplies to aid thy fund of bread." Each member of that House where thou didst stand. Intest on credit with thy bill in hand, Shall equally remember thee and when his turn be found deficient here. . . ."

The bulk of the land in Winslow was originally the property of the Abbey of St. Albans, but in the reign of Henry VIII the Crown took it that land, and in 1599, Queen Elizabeth granted it to Sir John Selden. In the year 1619 Sir George Villiers, Marquis (and afterwards Duke) of Buckingham, bought the property, and in 1697 Lowndes seems to have found "ways and means" to buy it.

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FURS-1947

THE fur styles have altered in tune with the rest of fashion and there is a good deal of lengthening of hems going on. But the furriers are not worrying overmuch as the straight, full-back coat can easily be turned into a seven-eighths length, or three-quarter length coat, and worn over a tight mid-calf skirt with success. Shoulders can be adapted to achieve the sloping curves of the 1947 silhouette with comparative ease. Sleeves show the greatest change, and the wide sleeve with the turn-back cuff or gathered to a tight wrist-band like a bishop's have superseded the plain straight sleeve. Stoles have been revived for the tight-waisted suits with their cut-away jackets and add a finishing touch of elegance. Their long lines also complement the longer skirts.

Two interesting novelties in the way of jackets were shown by Victor Stübel, at Jacquar, in his collection of models for this country. One was a silver-grey Indian lamp jacket, hip length, with deep armholes, narrow shoulders, and cut straight with a dipping hem-line at the back. The edges were bound all round with the grey cloth from which



Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

Ocelot and otter with wide sleeves, deep armholes and a closely fitting double-breasted front. National Fur Co.

(Left) Cocoa-dyed squirrel jacket with full back and full bishop's sleeves set in to a point on the shoulders with rounded padding. Black velvet draped toque. Debenhams and Freebody



the suit underneath was made. The other jacket was shaped like the authentic dolman and worn over an afternoon frock. It was black broadtail, hip length, with cape sleeves into which the arms could be tucked. It was pouched slightly, yet retained slim lines and made an elegant wedding outfit over a slim, dark, draped frock. Several distinguished afternoon frocks were included in this collection—a tight-skirted matt crêpe with drapery round the hips drawn up to give a bustle line, and a deep round yoke set in with a ripple of drapery outlining the yoke; a plaid ring velvet flared in the skirt, a mushroom pink marocain with a deep kilted frill at the hem and the same deep round shoulder yoke as the crêpe.

A new sleeve is being featured on coats and jackets by the National Fur Company. This has an 8-in. wrist-band with a turn-back, a flat cuff 2 in. wide, and at the elbow the sleeve becomes very wide indeed. It looks most elegant in a white ermine evening jacket and on a black ermine three-quarter coat. The full-length coats are 44-45 ins. long, but the company are also making a great many seven-eighths coats. Ocelot is a firm favourite this winter, and the house is also showing a lot of cheetah, leopard and beaver, Persian lamb, dyed molskin and opossum.

In the Buvisne collection there is a leopard coat, beautifully marked, three-quarter length, hanging straight from the collarless neckline and full in the back with wide cuffed sleeves. This is the sort of coat that looks extremely well with its cape-line folds over the long, tightest skirt of a suit or of a slim winter frock, for it has the requisite swing and flare. A box jacket in natural musquash is effective—a very good coat for less formal wear and well proportioned for the new skirts.

(Continued on page 748)

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HARDY AMIES talks to Ann Seymour

Ann Seymour, the well-known editor, interviewed Hardy Amies who, in a few short years, has sprung to the top rank of British couturiers.

What type of woollen fabrics do you find inspiring to create models in, Mr Amies?

A classic material such as a fine worsted, with enough originality in the design to make it interesting, and by interesting, I don't mean fancy!

Do you think that any of the newly invented synthetic fibres will eventually take the place of woollen fabrics?

I would say that they are absolutely unnecessary in a country where wool is so abundant.

What type of material would you advise for a warm winter coat?

I would suggest velour, which is a rich-looking but hard-wearing material, or a soft, one-colour tweed. A word of warning here—remember that in this case, the material must be firm—not hard—but firm enough to keep its shape.

An interview sponsored by

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(Right) Berry jacket in Australian opossum. Debenham and Freebody. The felt hat has a double brim and is one of Scott's Classics for this winter

Debenham and Freebody are setting in their bishop sleeves with a ragain point on the shoulders. They have dropped most of the padding on the shoulders and the sleeves look comparatively narrow, especially as the jackets are cut full at the bottom so that the lines flare out from the shoulders. This is a complete contradiction to the movement of recent years when shoulders have tended to be the widest portion of the silhouette, generally forming the base of a triangle with the apex at the feet. Now the positions are reversed and the apex of the triangle is on top with the hemline wide and the shoulders considerably narrower. Debenham and Freebody show some glorious mink jackets worked in narrow strands and dove-tailed over the shoulders to flare out below. Sleeves are big, sometimes stranded downwards, more often worked with a circular movement.

MOLHO shows platina-mink stoles and the bleached tones of these skins are very effective with the dark greens and berry tones for this winter.

Opulent fox stoles hang to the ankles with a 1910 look, or they can be twisted round the arms and made into muffs. They are attached to a little cape on the shoulders and are wonderfully luxurious looking. A black musquash jacket, stranded into lozenges, made a good coat for everyday wear, and Mr. Molho makes a dear little cape out of a single glossy silver fox.

An interesting collection shown by Mattli contained suave town coats in rich-coloured smooth-surfaced cloths. They were all much waisted, with the hips accentuated by pockets, fluted basques or drapery

or velvet flaps. A fine wool jersey frock, oatmeal coloured, had the immensely wide circular skirt of a skirt dancer's, the plain bodice fastening down the back and deep double epaulettes tucks running over the shoulder to the waistline, back and front. A slim evening frock in tobacco-brown crepe with a looped skirt in front had a high, round neck and a tight bodice decorated with bands of pearl and sapphire bangles. A billowing bronze-coloured pout had a boned, strapless bodice, a wide ankle-length and gored skirt and a fichu framing the bare shoulders. These skirts made the waists appear minute.

No shoulder padding whatever was used on the dresses in the Mattli collection. The padding used was placed below the hip-line of the mid-calf skirts. This question of padding and skirt lengths has revolutionised the fashions of this winter. Many women are padding their busts and padding their hips for the billowing evening dresses with their strapless décolletages that require opulent curves to look well. And all kinds of small buckram panniers and padded pockets give much the same effect to the day clothes. It is this that goes to make the greater change in line that we have seen for twenty years, during which time the streamlined silhouette has been the basic fashion.

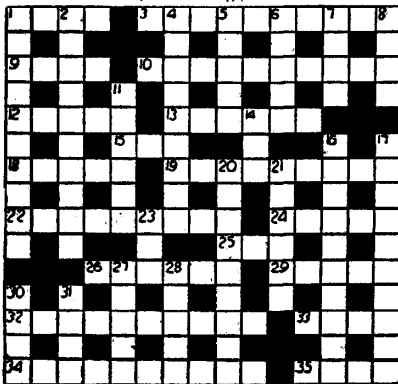
The silhouette is now soft in outline and the slim unpadded shoulders alter the contour of the great change in fashion even more than the longer skirt. Anyway, the excessively long skirt for day is no more likely to be generally adopted than was the excessively short skirt. Designers have shown skirts in London that are about fourteen to fifteen inches from the ground, and this is the accepted length. With coupon shortages most women will order their new afternoon frock with a longer skirt and will be forced to keep their other clothes much the same.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

CROSSWORD No. 922

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in "closed envelope") must reach "Crossword No. 922, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2" not later than the first post on Thursday, October 16, 1947.

Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 921 The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of October 3, will be announced next week.
ACROSS.—1, Soapbox; 5, Wheel; 9, Overture; 10, Sprite; 11, German; 12, Albert; 14, Impression; 16, Wilderness; 22, Letter; 23, Aberrant; 24, Opale; 26, Snowball; 28, Sugar; 27, Absester.
DOWN.—1, Slough; 2, Aweary; 3, Cathay; 4, Parliament; 6, Hopless; 7, Epidemic; 8, Sweetens; 13, Crossbones; 15, Swallows; 16, Clothing; 17, Deserter; 19, Browne; 20, Vacant; 21, Stalls.

ACROSS

1. Wood harvest (4)
3. Mixed strain from which to begin producing a gentleman (10)
6. Plot (4)
10. What ? down is for a Welshman 6, 4)
12. Of course, it must be feathered before it can fly far (5)
- 13 and 15. State, not period of subordination (9)
16. "That thought's return
"Was the ——— pang that sorrow ever bore"
—Vordsworth (5)
19. In no pearl without a peer (9)
22. It doesn't mean there are crazy buildings in the Park (6, 3)
24. Belgian town (5)
25. Bird of the antipodes (3)
26. Send away an opera singer from Coventry (6)
29. Irish poet, Latin poet (5)
32. The Chinaman's favourite tune? (10)
33. French cathedral city (4)
34. People just get carried away in them (10)
35. Ceremony (4)

DOWN

1. Not necessarily an inefficient part of the hospital (8, 4)
2. Traill (10)
4. The typist's predecessor (9)
5. An old hand grows familiar with them (9)
6. Raven into emperor (8)
7. He goes down part of the church (4)
8. Anagram of 35 across (4)
11. Wrap (6)
14. If not subterranean it is subcortical (9)
16. Miller gets entangled in vice (10)
17. Botticelli, for instance (10)
20. The merchandise it offers will probably be bloodstock (9)
21. A work of Tacitus (6)
23. Land of silent assent (8)
27. "Well, well!" said the traveller on seeing it (5)
28. Jones takes the plunge (5)
30. With mother he would be a little pet (4)
31. Former Italian port (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 920 is
Mrs. Hilda Hale.

24, Tensimon Avenue,
Boreham Wood,
Hertfordshire.

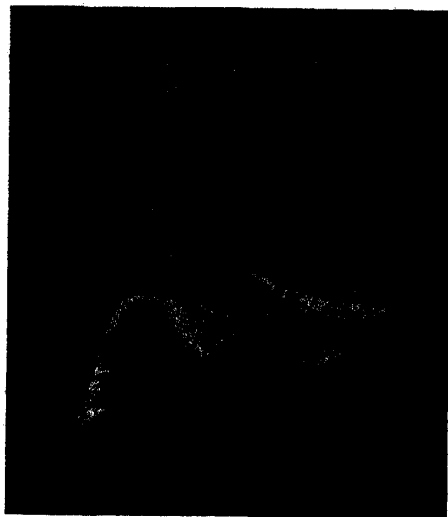
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is inspired by the
unusual beauty of
a 'Celanese' fabric..
.. and creates this
striking evening coat

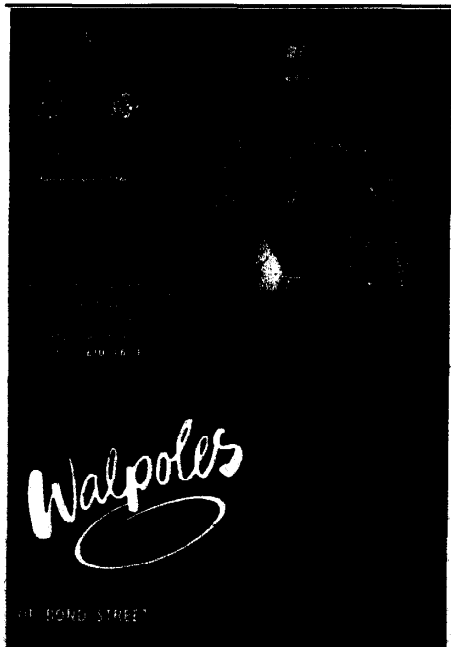
'Celanese'
MOIRÉ POULT



Against the background of Birdingbury Hall,
home of Mrs. Pollock, the subject of
this picture is Joan, daughter of
Mr. & Mrs. Philip of Dunchurch.
She wears a tulle net by Lytle & Scott.

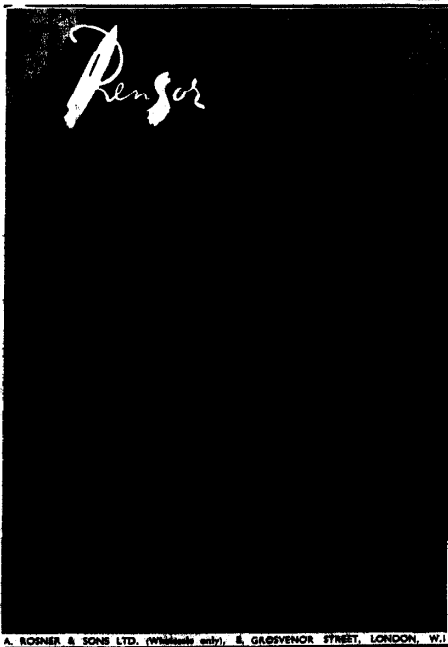
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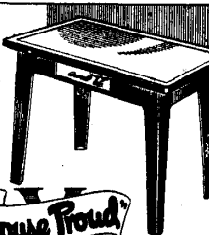
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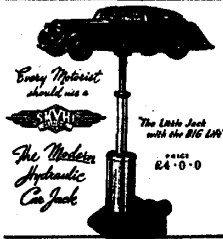
ROLEX

WRIST CHRONOMETERS

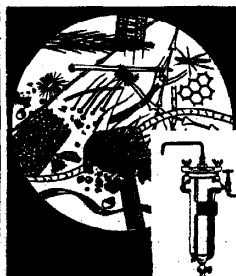
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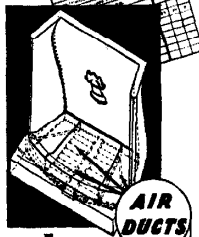
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NOVEMBER 8th

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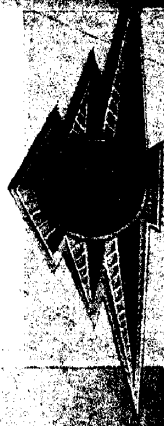
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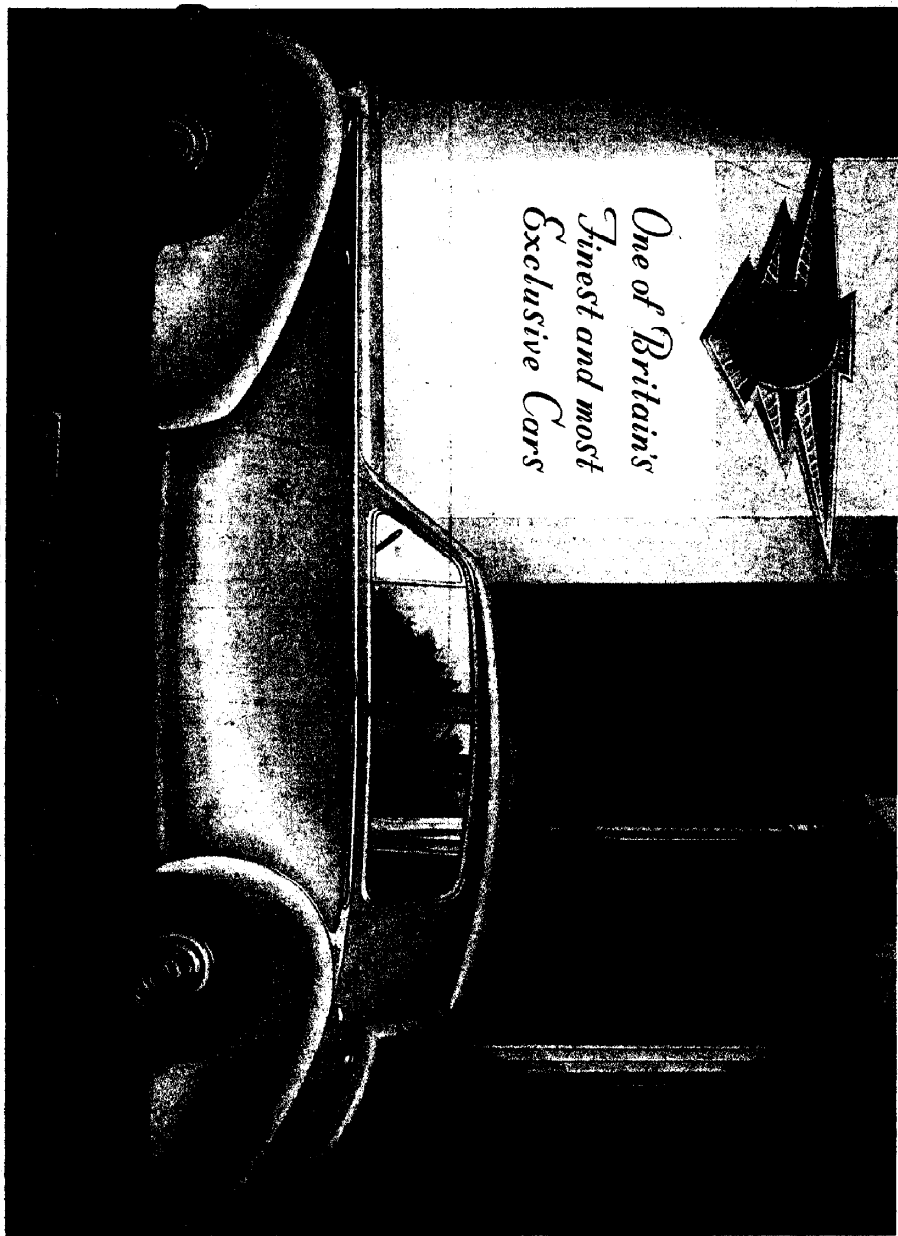
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COUNTRYMAN

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2648

OCTOBER 17, 1947

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By direction of the Right Hon. Lord Rotherwick, D.L., J.P.

NEAR BASINGSTOKE (7 MILES ON LONDON SIDE)

THE HIGHLY IMPORTANT FREEHOLD, AGRICULTURAL AND WOODLAND PORTIONS OF THE

TYLNEY HALL ESTATE, ABOUT 3,260 ACRES

For Sale by Auction in 57 Lots at the Village Hall, Rotherwick, on Friday, October 31, at 2 p.m.

SUMMARY OF THE PRINCIPAL LOTS—

FARMS WITH POSSESSION		OTHER FARMS	
Lot 5. West End Farm (House, Buildings, 2 cottages)	163 acres	Lot 4. Poplars Farm	208 acres
Lot 6. Moneys Farm (House and Modern Buildings)	78 "	Lot 8. Sheldons and Klondyke Farm	141 "
Lot 22. Tylney Home Farm (Residence, T.T. buildings, 4 cottages and other accommodation)	419 "	Lot 10. Cowfold Farm	196 "
		Lot 11. Bunkers Hill Farm	231 "
		Lot 17. Whitehouse Farm	212 "
		Lot 24. Rooks and Church Farm	233 "
		Lot 29. Hartley Mill	189 "
Lot 20. Hadley Dene	4½ acres	Lot 30. Summerstead Farm	184 "
Lot 27. Runtens Farm House	2 "	Lot 45. Owens Farm	101 "
Lot 34. The Old Rectory (Vacant Possession)	1½ "		

Lots 56, 57, 58 and 59, Parcels of heavily stocked oak woodlands totalling 650 acres.

Parkland, market gardening and frontage land at Rotherwick and Hook.

Numerous cottages of character and two lodges in and about the villages of Rotherwick, Newnham and Hook, many being suitable for conversion.

Solicitors: Messrs. SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, E.C.2. Resident Agent: G. R. SHIELD, ESQ., F.R.I.C.S., The Estate Office, Tynney Hall, Rotherwick. Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. Particulars and plan 2/6 per copy.

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Golf course ½ mile, station 1 mile, London 29 miles.
Occupying a well-chosen position about 300 feet up, facing south.



A TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE

Built of brick with tiled roof and approached by a drive. Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices including kitchen with Aga cooker. Co.'s electric light and water. Central heating. Main drainage. Stabling, garage for 6-8 cars. Two cottages each with 6 rooms. Gardens and grounds surrounded on three sides by woods. Hard and grass tennis courts. Dutch, Tudor and flower gardens.

ABOUT 7½ ACRES

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Re Mrs. F. E. Hamilton Gordon, deceased.

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Overlooking the Mediterranean, with magnificent views



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Twenty-five rooms, 4 w.c.s with wash basins, 3 bath-rooms. Electric light.
Attractive grounds of about ONE ACRE
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NOTE.—The Villa is fully furnished and the purchaser will have the option of taking over the whole of the contents at valuation.

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Joint Sole Agents: Messrs. JACKMAN & MASTERS, 88, High Street, Lymington, Hants. and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

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Six miles Thrapston, 7 miles Oundle, 15 miles Kettering.



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Entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 principal bedrooms, 2 maids' bedrooms, 2 store rooms, 4 bathrooms, modern offices. Main water, electric light and power. Electric central heating and domestic hot water.

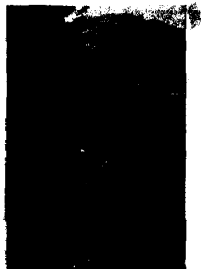
Garage for 5 cars. Three loose boxes. Grooms' room.
Well-timbered grounds.

Swimming pool. Tennis court. Modern cottage.

ABOUT 6½ ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION

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"RODWAYS," AVENING, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Nailsworth 2½ miles (L.M.S. and G.W.R.), Stroud ½ mile, Tetbury ½ mile, Cirencester 10½ miles. Good bus service.

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For Sale by Auction (unless privately sold) on Wednesday, October 29, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. at the Church Institute, Stroud.

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS, Old Council Chambers, Cirencester (Tel. 324/3). Solicitors: Messrs. THEAGARY AND BARNATT, 78/79, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

By direction of the personal representatives of Mrs. Dyer-Finckley, deceased.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION. Stroud 3½ miles, Gloucester 6 miles, Cheltenham 10 miles. Good bus services available.

"GREENACRES," Painswick, Glos.

THE FREIHOOD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

Situate on the high ground just outside the lovely and favourite old-world town of Painswick. Good hall, 5 sitting rooms, 3 principal bed and dressing rooms, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, 4 secondary bedrooms (or nurseries, etc.). Compact easily worked off with modern conveniences. Main electricity with ample power points throughout. Main water and gas connected. Bath drainage. Independent hot-water supply. Central heating. Telephone. Attractive, secluded and really maintained grounds.

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By direction of H. G. Harlow, Esq.

IN THE GLORIOUS COTSWOLD COUNTRY, ABOUT 1 MILE FROM PAINSWICK. Stroud 4 miles (L.M.S. and G.W.R. main line). Gloucester 6 miles. The delightful estate, beautifully timbered, Gloucestershire

PARADISE HOUSE, near Painswick, Gloucestershire

Comprising the dignified Georgian Residence, modernised, containing the superb double hall, 3 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath-rooms, 3 well-fitted halls, nursery suite of 4 rooms and four bath-rooms. Main electricity and power. First-class water supply. Septic tank drainage. Partial central heating. Telephone. Charming garden, grounds. Garages for 2-3 cars, small farmyard, cowshed for 2-3 good cottages. Park-like fields and orchards.

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Approached by drive, containing 8 reception, 4-6 bed bedrooms with modern fittings, 3 W.C.s, domestic offices, independent boiler, central heating boiler. Main electric light and power. Hot water. Septic tank drainage. Excellent water supply. Well-landed garden. Kitchen garden. Orchard. Lodge. Ample outbuildings, stables and standing.

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Separate entrance with 6 bedrooms, 2 cottages. Power house. Stabling and outbuildings.

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Halls, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath-rooms.

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1047 view

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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Hall, 8 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 3 attic rooms, bathroom. Complete domestic offices. Central heating. Electric light. Good water supply. Telephone. Garage. Stabling.

Four - roomed cottage.

Tennis court.

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Two Georgian Residences overlooking the quiet 18th-century Leg Square.

EDEN GROVE. Contains hall, 8 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, kitchen. Walled garden. About 1 acre. Freehold.

THE HOLLIES. Contains hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms (4 with bath), 2 bathrooms, modern domestic offices. Garage, outbuildings. Walled garden about 1 acre. Freehold.

Both residences with main services and total central heating.

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For Sale by Auction in two Lots at Eden Grove on Friday, October 24, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. WOOLLEY, TYLER & BURY, 5-6, Clements Inn, Strand, W.C.2.
Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Bedford, Yeovil, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

Mayfair 3771
(10 lines)

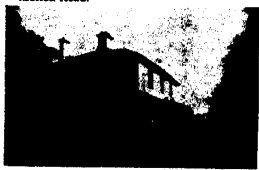
20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

By direction of John Moon, Esq.

DEVONSHIRE

"HIGHFIELD," NEAR TIVERTON

A medium-sized Country House facing south and approached by the South Molton Road.



Entrance hall and cloak-room, 8 reception rooms, 8 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, office and gun room. Central heating. Main gas and electricity. Power-pumped water supply. (Gas cooker and immersion heater by valuation if required.) Outbuildings and cottage. Gardens with conservatory. Orchard and paddock. Salmon and trout fishing near. Hunting and golf.

About 6 acres. Freehold.

For Sale by Auction with Vacant Possession at the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter, on Friday, October 24, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold). Auctioneers: Messrs. HICKARD, GREEN & MICHELMORE, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Part 1/-)

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A FINE PERIOD HOUSE DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

Halls, 8 reception rooms, study, billiards room, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 servants' bedrooms, complete offices with "Age." All main services. Central heating and independent hot water supply.

Brick-buff garage and stabling. Cottage.

Pleasure grounds with hard tennis court, summer house and wall-d garden. About 61 acres. Freehold.

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Solicitors: Messrs. VIZARD, OLDHAM, CROWDER & CARR, 51, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. GRO. WIGLEY & SONS, Winslow, Blitchley, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars 1/-)

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Quite Fresh in the Market.

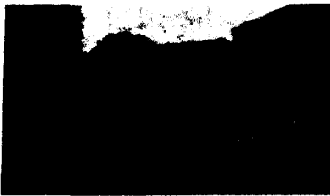
IN A FOLD OF THE WELL-WOODED CHILTERN

BETWEEN HENLEY-ON-THAMES AND MARLOW

In a secluded position on the outskirts of a beautiful Buckinghamshire village and handy for church, Post Office, village shops and bus route. High Wycombe 9 miles. London 35 miles.

A CHARMING REGENCY HOUSE known as The Cottage, Hambleden

with its characteristically well-proportioned and lofty rooms, woodpanelled, and with later additions.



Four reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms, 8 bathrooms, 3 secondary bedrooms. Main electric light and power. Water pumped by electricity. Main water available. Garage for two cars, etc.

EXCEPTIONALLY LOVELY OLD-WORLD

GROUND OF THREE ACRES

thickly timbered and intersected by a small stream.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £7,000

Orders to View and Illustrated Particulars may be obtained from the Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, Reading and London.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Rushes 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1

(Reg.-11 6882)

HERTS

Within 12 miles of the West End, overlooking a golf course.

A MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE

Situate in beautiful gardens and woodland extending to

NEARLY 6 ACRES.

Accommodation on two floors only includes: very fine lounge hall, drawing-room, dining-room, library, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bedrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. EFFICIENT CENTRAL HEATING.

Fine garage for 3 or 4 cars. Cottage with sitting-room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchenette.



A CHOICE PROPERTY RECOMMENDED BY MAPLE & CO. FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICE.

Page 6804

OSBORN & MERCER

25, ALDENHAM ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

KENT COAST

In a delightful position surrounded by woodland and open country, commanding lovely sea views.

A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE with 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with Aga cooker.

Modern Conveniences. Brick garage.

The garden extends to about $\frac{1}{2}$ ACRE but has not been maintained during the war years and is at present in very overgrown condition.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD ONLY £2,500

Vacant Possession.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (M.2476)

ON A RIDGE OF THE SURREY DOWNS

Standing on high ground, facing south and east, enjoying wonderful views, and near to the station whence London is reached in about 30 minutes.

A WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN CHARACTER HOUSE

Containing 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Company's Electricity, Gas and Water

Double garage with room over.

16 useful pleasure gardens arranged in a sequence of terraces and including lawn, orchard, etc., in all

ABOUT $\frac{1}{2}$ ACRE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,058)

12 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN

Occupying a plotted position on high ground, within convenient reach of station and a first-class shopping centre.

AN OUTSTANDING MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER the subject of illustrated articles in architects' and surveyors' journals.



Designed for complete comfort and labour saving, and to obtain the full benefit of the sun.

Fully paneled dining and drawing rooms, 4 bedrooms, splendidly fitted bathroom.

All main services. Large Garage.

The pleasure gardens have been the hobby of the present owner and have great charm. There are lawns, hard tennis court, brick terrace, rocky flower borders, and a number of young fruit trees.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Most of the furniture including some genuine antiques would be sold if required. Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,947)

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS

Delightfully situated, high up, commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country.

AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE in first-class decorative condition, well planned and built up to a high standard.

Ball, 3 reception rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. All main services. Central heating.

TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID

Extensive grounds with orchard, kitchen garden, 2 gas tennis courts, hard court (wood surfacing), the whole extending to

ABOUT 5 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £6,950

Quick sale desired as owner going abroad. Inspected and highly recommended by the Owners' Agents: Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,959)

NORTHANTS

Delightfully situated in the heart of the Fiskin country.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE DATED 1739 ADJOINING AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE

Three reception rooms, 11-12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main Electricity and Drainage. Stabling. Five cottages (two with possession).

CHARMING LAKE OF ABOUT 2 ACRES

Well timbered matured gardens, kitchen garden, grassland, etc., in all

ABOUT 34 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,987)

44 ST., JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1

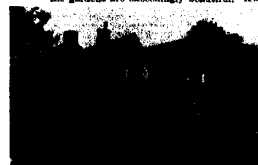
JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

Report 0911 (3 lines)
Report 6255

SUSSEX

AN IDEAL SMALL COUNTRY HOME FOR A CITY CENTURIAN

The residence dates from the 17th century. It was added to in 1903 and subsequently all modern conveniences were installed. The whole property lies in first-class order and the gardens are exceedingly beautiful. Away from all main roads.



Accommodation: 8 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, splendid offices with maid-servants room, kitchen with 'Aga' cooker, Main water. Main electricity and power. Telephone. Septic tank drainage. Fine old oak (40 ft. x 15 in.) part used as stage. Stabling of 5 stalls. Total area about 7 acres including a 3-acre meadow. Hard tennis court, kitchen garden, lawn. The grounds are magnificently timbered and full of interest. Many thousands of spring bulbs.

Vacant Possession March, 1948.

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK, as above. (L.B.22,048)

HERTFORDSHIRE

ONLY £2,500 ON OFFER

Five minutes' walk from Brookmans' Park Station, with through trains to City; close to well fitted and first-class order; very easy to manage. Lounge (15 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft.) and dining-room (15 ft. 6 in. x 11 ft.), gentlemen's lavatory, splendid offices, 4 best bedrooms, 2 other bedrooms, bathroom, modern conveniences, garage, garden in good order, about 1 ACRE. FREEHOLD. EARLY POSSESSION.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. Report 0911. (L.B.21,031)

LONDON 44 MILES

Suitable alike as a private home, hotel, country club or school. A lovely and faithful reproduction of a

THE CENTURY HOUSE created of old materials, including fine beams and panelling. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 9 bathrooms. Central heating, electric light. Garage, stabling. Two tennis courts, lawn, tennis, indoor swimming pool, etc. Laid out for

FOR SALE FREEHOLD OR might be Let unfurnished.

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£30,000 AVAILABLE

For the Purchase of a good House with 8 bedrooms, together with a Home Farm of 180-190 Acres, with VACANT POSSESSION, in the Southern Counties.

Please send full details to: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

WEST SUSSEX

OUTSTANDINGLY BEAUTIFUL OLD TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSE

with high ceilings. Large lounge, main room, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light. Main water.

Gardens of great charm. In all 3 ACRES. PRICE £15,000 FREEHOLD

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.B.21,071)

CHILTERN HILLS

Handing 8 miles.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE BLACK AND WHITE TUDOR HOUSE in a lovely position. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garage for 3 cars. Fine gardens and paddock.

IN ALL 4 ACRES. PRICE £9,900 FREEHOLD

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.B.21,078)

PRIVATE BEACH ON HANTS COAST

Magnificent marine views. Admirably suited for a school, hotel or nursing home.

EXCELLENT HOUSE IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER

Fourteen reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating, main services.

Garage, 3 cottages, hard tennis court, squash court, 80 acres with cricket field, etc., in all

FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

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HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS

Five miles & 1000 feet position.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

with 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, 'Aga' cooker, servants' hall. Main electricity and water, central heating. Garage, stabling (12 rooms over), cottages.

Paddock, orchard, etc., in all 8½ ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £8,000.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. Report 0911. (L.B.20,004)

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RED BRICK AND TILED HISTORICAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE (1687) in a favourite part of the country, within 16 miles of coast. The residence possesses great character. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity and power, central heating. Two fine modern cottages. Old garden, paddocks, etc., ½ ACRE. Stabling, garage, and other outbuildings. FREEHOLD £7,500.

Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. and Mr. A. R. HUNT Market Square, North Walsham, Norfolk. (L.B.21,060)

SOMERSET

£7,500

WITH VALUABLE MARKET GARDEN

Lovely position with panoramic southern views. EXCELLENT RESIDENCE in fine order with panelling (bought original Queen Anne staircase), 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main services. Attractive walled garden and orchard.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. PRICE ONLY £7,500, open to offer.

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HARROW, PINNE
and BACONSFIELD

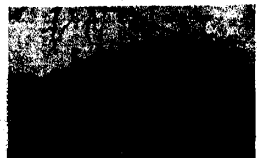
CORY & CORY

25, LOWNESE STREET, S.W.1. SLOane 0436 (3 lines)

CHALFONTS, ST. PETER
and BICKNAPSWORTH

WEST SUSSEX

In unique position on South Downs



FASCINATING COT-AGE RESIDENCE

Part 300 years old.

Excellent condition, wealth of oak, etc.; 3 rec.; unus offices; 4 beds, bath; central heating; main all water; garage; small stable.

Approximately 8½ acres lovely gardens and 2½ acres in occupation of tenant farmer IN ALL ABOUT 11 ACRES

Low Estimate Value. FREEHOLD £15,000

V. 225

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

SUPERB RESIDENCE

In Old English Style.

Erected 80 years ago and now in excellent state of repair throughout.

6 beds, 8 rec., bathroom.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.



1½ acres screened by woodland and parkland.

FREEHOLD £12,000 (OR NEAR OFFER)

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(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

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FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY

Surrounded by National Trust and other large landed Estates.

"REEVES REST," CHIPSTEAD. IMPORTANT SMALL AGRICULTURAL AND RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE

Completely renovated and modernised. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Modernised offices. Half-hf's self-contained flat. New electric central heating plant. Main electricity and water. Septic tank drainage.

LOIRIE and THREE COTTAGES (two rebuilt).

"PARK FARM" with farmhouse, bungalow and numerous buildings, including cowsheds suitable for an attached and T.T. dairy herd



IN ALL ABOUT 117 ACRES FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in two Lots, unless sold privately, at The London Auction Mart, on November 22, 1947

Solicitors: Messrs. NYE & DOWSE, 58, Ship Street, Brighton 1.

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Managing Agents: Messrs. HARRIS BEAUCH & SONS, 4 Bell Street, Reigate, Surrey. (T.1817)

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

Very convenient for City or West End, 23 miles south. Rural position 400 ft. up with magnificent views.



THE WHOLE PROPERTY IS IN EXCELLENT ORDER.

Panelled lounge hall, 4-5 reception rooms, 9-12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services.

Garages. Workshop.

Cottage.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 19 ACRES. REASONABLE PRICE. VACANT POSSESSION. URGENT SALE DESIRED. Photographs, etc., from the Owner's Agents, as above. (A.2707)

BETWEEN COLCHESTER AND IPSWICH

CHARMING PERIOD VILLAGE HOUSE

Recently redecorated and modernised throughout. Lounge 15 ft. x 18 ft. with beautiful moulded beams, panelled dining room, 4-5 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with large cooker, etc. Telephone. Main electricity. Rebuilt gardener's cottage. Stabling for 4. Excellent garden with some fine old trees, tennis court, and kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES



Inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above. (3791)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

PERFECT SMALL LUXURY HOUSE OF CHARACTER

IN A FAVORITE PART OF KENT

In a magnificent setting. On high ground with panoramic views.



FABRICATING TUDOR REPLICAS

With every conceivable modern comfort.

Lounge hall, cloakroom (b. and c.), 5 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 luxurious modern bathrooms. Main services.

Garage.

Beautifully laid out garden with tennis lawn, fruit trees, fly pond and paddock

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2481.

ESSEX. BETWEEN DUNNOWN AND THAXTED

ONLY £2,500 is asked for this fascinating copy of XVth CENTURY FARMHOUSE built of old materials with fine oak timbers. Two reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Central heating. Aga cooker. Electric light. Main water. Garage. Gardens and paddock. 1 1/2 ACRES. A home of unique old-world charm with extensive views over unspoilt country; 5 minutes' walk bus service.—Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

FAVOURITE WENTWORTH DISTRICT

EASY REACH VIRGINIA WATER, Sunningdale and Windsor Great Park. A MODERN HOUSE OF DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER, LUXURIOUSLY FIFTED. Three reception rooms, main sitting room, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, 4 bathrooms. Main central heating. Large heated garage. Well-timbered grounds. 3 ACRES. FREEHOLD.—F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

BETWEEN AYLESBURY AND OXFORD

IN A DELIGHTFUL VILLAGE overlooking Vale of Aylesbury. Charming 14th century COTTAGE-RESIDENCE, fully modernised. All mains. Lounge, 2 reception, 5 bed bath. Cottage (let). Pretty garden 1/2 ACRES. £7,500 ON OFFER.—F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

KENT. 3 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF MAIDSTONE

A most picturesque and interesting XVth century Farmhouse with a modernised interior. For sale with about 2 1/2 ACRES

Brick, tile hung and timber framed, with tiled roof and leaded glass windows. Rich in original features. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, dressing room and bathroom. Telephone. Dining in bedrooms. Main electricity and water.

Three garages. Swimming pool. Tennis court. Nice old gardens and small orchard.



£2,500 WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2481.

NEAR ST. ALBANS, HERTS. 30 MILES LONDON

A BEAUTIFUL SMALL ESTATE, equipped regardless of expense, well protected by ramparts. MODERN RESIDENCE of outstanding type with polished oak floors, central heating throughout, luxurious bathrooms, 3 reception, billiard room, 7 principal bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 staff bedrooms. Main electricity. Two cottages. Garage. 100 ft. of frontage, 100 ft. of side, 100 ft. of rear. 8 ACRES. REDUCED PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.—F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

WEST SURREY BEAUTY SPOT

SOUTH OF THE HODGE BACK. Triangle of Farnham, Rease and Tilford. Views to Hindhead. PERFECT MODERN HOUSE in Georgian style of architecture: oak strip floors; flush doors; central heating; basins in bedrooms. Three reception, 5 bed, dressing room, 5 luxury bathrooms. Mains. Double garage. Naturally beautiful grounds. 7 ACRES. £2,500.—F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

PRETTY REACH OF THE THAMES

BETWEEN CHERTSEY AND SHEPPERTON. 140-YEARS-OLD HOUSE OF PLEASING CHARACTER. MODERNISED. Compactly planned. Three rec. sun lounge, 6 bed, 2 bath. Part central heating. Garage stabling, cottage (let). Well-timbered grounds, paddock. 8 1/2 ACRES. £7,500.—F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

SEVENOAKS 2247-8
Tel. TUNBRIDGE WELLS 46
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SEVENOAKS

In a rural position yet only 1 mile from town and station.
12 bed and dressing rooms.
2 bathrooms, lounge hall.
3 reception. Main services.
Garage, stabling and other outbuildings. Good cottage, garden and grounds.

8 1/2 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD

£10,000

Sole Agents: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 195, High St., Sevenoaks (Tel.: 2247/48)

IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO.

SURREY AND KENT
Buckingham Palace of a Tudor Manor House
In a splendid position on Cranham Hill, 100 feet up, with beautiful panoramic views.
12 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, lounge hall, squash court, garage and stabling. Two cottages. Co's electricity, etc. Charming gardens, paddock and woodland.
15 or 20 ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE
IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Station Road West, UZZED, Surrey (Tel. 2440).



SEVENOAKS, KENT
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT
OXFORD, SURREY
REIGATE, SURREY

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Groveview 3151 (3 lines)
Established 1875

SURREY. UNIQUE POSITION ON HIGH GROUND

Easy reach of London. Entirely protected by woodlands and open spaces. Ideal home for busy City man. Adjoining well-known golf course.



Perfectly equipped. In first-class order.

CHARMING SMALL TUDOR REPLICA

Six bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, large lounge, hall, dining room, laboratory, saving domestic offices. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Attractive gardens and woodland.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH SIX ACRES.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

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OVERLOOKING THE FIRTH OF CLYDE

Magnificent Highland scenery. New road frontage. A DELIGHTFUL HOME

In perfect order. Completely modernised. Fourteen bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, halls, 4 reception rooms. Billiards room. Electric light. Central heating. Aga cooker. Home farm with pedigree levelled buildings. Right modernised cottages. Three sheep runs. Fishing. Golf. Shooting. Yachting.



ABOUT 2,400 ACRES

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NEWBURY 4 MILES. In a delightful rural position. A PICTURESCAPE OLD NATHATCHED COTTAGE with up-to-date conveniences. 2 sitting rooms, bathroom and W.C., 4 bedrooms, hall, & c. Main electric light, telephone, hot water. Large barn, 2 garages. Charming garden with lawns, fruit, etc. **£2,500 FREEHOLD** including petrols, electric fittings, refrigerator, electric cooker, auxiliary water heaters, fitted carpets bedrooms and stairs. Furniture and fuel stocks may be taken over. Strongly recommended.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

HERTS. 12 minutes walk station (daily access London). **EXCELLENT MODERN RESIDENCE** with "Adam" features. 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 6/8 bedrooms. Main electric light, gas and water. Central heating. Large garage. Grounds of 3 acres. Hard tennis court, lawns, orchard and paddock. **£2,000.**—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,354)

KENT. Westerham-Oxford, 400 feet up, near station. **PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE** in excellent order. Hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Telephone. Double garage. Cottage. Stabling. Nicely disposed gardens. Kitchen garden, orchard and paddock. **8½ ACRES. FREEHOLD.**—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,002)

WILLIAM AND MARY RESIDENCE **25 TO 100 ACRES**
BERKS. 7 miles Reading. 1½ miles station. Charming old Country House. Lounge hall, billiards and 4 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, attic, Central heating, main electricity. Aga. (Garage, stabling, cow house, 2 boilers, flat and merr's rooms. Grounds with lake. Hard tennis court, orchard, pasture and woodland **38 ACRES**, or with **100 ACRES** including FARMHOLD. 2 MILK COTTAGES and FARM BUILDINGS. For sale Freehold, or residence would be let unfurnished, with gardens, at £200 p.a.—TRESIDDER & CO., as above. (22,194)

BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON (between). 2½ miles main line junction (hour London). **CHARMING HOUSE, BUILT 1905.** Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms. All main services. Heating. Double garage. Well-stocked garden, paddocks, etc. **8 ACRES. FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION.**—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,026)

BUCKS. 1 mile 4/5 station. In charming village. **PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE DATED FROM 18th CENTURY.** Lounge hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 4½ bedrooms (3 b. and c.). Main electric light, water and electricity. Telephone. Two garages. Stabling. Delightful secluded and well-stocked garden, kitchen garden, etc. **£2,750 FREEHOLD.**—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, London, W.1. (17,865)

CITY NEARS RESIDENCE IN EXCELLENT ORDER. 3 ACRES
SURREY. 2½ miles station (40 minutes London electric trains). Picturesque Tudor style residence, 3 reception, bath, 4 bed. Main water and electricity. Telephone. (Garage, hardens and paddocks with fruit trees.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,144)

40 MINUTES LONDON. Mile station. Particularly attractive and well-built **MODERN RESIDENCE.** Oak panelled lounge hall, billiards room, 3 reception, 4 bathrooms, 4 bed and dressing rooms, Oak Room. Main services. Central heating. KITCHEN. Telephone. Garage, workshop, man's room. EXCELLENT COTTAGES. Beautiful grounds, hard court, walled kitchen garden, glasshouse, orchard and pretty woodland. **FREEHOLD.** Strongly recommended.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,581)

CORNWALL. 1 mile station, few minutes walk town. **ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT HOUSE.** Hall, 4 reception, 2 bath, 8 bed, 4 b. and c. Cottage annex of 6 rooms and bathroom. Central heating. Main electric light and water. Telephone. Garage. Grounds of 3 acres. **£6,500 FREEHOLD.**—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,554)

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Established 1799

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Within ¼ mile Knebworth Station

FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

4 BEDROOMS. 2 RECEPTION ROOMS.

BATH ROOM, LOUNGE HALL.

DOMESTIC OFFICES.

COMPANIES' ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.

GARAGE.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS
with HARD TENNIS COURT and
KITCHEN GARDEN.

In all about

3 ACRES.

VACANT POSSESSION.

PRICE £7,000

(Subject to contract.)

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Kensington
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ONE OF THE FINEST FULLY ATTESTED DAIRY FARMS, 300 ACRES TOGETHER WITH RETAIL MILK BUSINESS OF OVER 300 GALLONS DAILY no per cent. of which is sold at T.T. at 14d. per quart, remainder at full price with no discount whatever. A sound and absolutely genuine concern increasing and with great possibilities. One of the best in the country and equipped with all machinery.

CHARMING PERIOD RESIDENCE

With every modern convenience. Fully attended and exceptionally fine farm buildings. T.T. milk has been produced for nearly 30 years. Four modern cottages. Situated in the near West Central Midlands.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AS GOING CONCERN

Full particulars will be supplied to principals only, and applicants to view by application to Owner's Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.

VERY FINE ESTATE NEAR NORWICH

GENTLEMEN'S FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE 710 ACRES

CHARMING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Most attractively situated. Four recs., 3 bed., 2 baths. Well-equipped domestic offices. Triple garage. Ideal boiler, etc. Main electricity throughout.

Lovely gardens. Tennis court. Sunken garden, etc.

Secondary residence. Two sets of excellent modern farm buildings. Garage 4 cars. Nice cottages. Very good shooting.

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GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

UNSPOILED ESSEX

Between Bishop's Stortford and Dunmow. 300 ft. up, lovely views



Delightful 17th-century house with old-world features, yet completely modernized. 5 beds, bath, 2 reception, electric light, central heating, etc. Garage. Gardens of about an acre.

FREEHOLD £25,850

Agents: WILSON & CO., 25, Mount Street, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1441

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

Magnificent position, 600 feet up, with glorious views.



Charming modern house in finely timbered grounds of 4 acres. 4 beds, 5 baths, 2 reception, main services, central heating. Garage and flat. Cottage.

ASKING £25,000

and no reasonable offer refused

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DELIGHTFUL 17th-CENTURY HOUSE

Lovely part of Surrey. One hour London.



Completely modernised with every up-to-date convenience yet retaining all its period features. 5-6 beds (bath), 2 baths, hall, 2 reception. Main services. Central heating. Charming old-world garden, paddock, etc.

FOR SALE WITH 4½ ACRES

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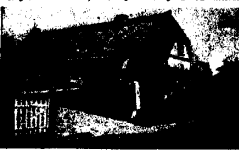
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RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1053-33

LITTLE-KNOWN HERTFORDSHIRE

Raynton 4 miles, Bishop's Stortford 12 miles



FASCINATING 18th-CENTURY COTTAGE
Seag and homely "neat" its thatch. 500 ft. up. Panoramic views. Authentic period interior. Lounge (a feature), 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity and water. Garage. Old barn, garden. Large pond (would make swimming pool), etc. in all

About 1½ ACRES. **FREEHOLD** (with possession) **£25,000**, to include all the contents (valuable antiques). Sole Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

HANTS—BERKS BORDERS

High position in most attractive setting. Close to village. One hour from Town.



ARCHITECT-DESIGNED HOUSE OF CHARACTER

In excellent repair. Ready to step into. Six bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall and 2 reception. Main electricity and water. Large garage. Inexpensive gardens and land. In all about 7 ACRES.

FREEHOLD £19,000 or near offer.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

SURREY—BERKS BORDERS

Overlooking golf course. 1½ miles Sunningdale Station. Close to bus route.



A SINGULARLY CHARMING OLD STYLE RESIDENCE

on two floors. Beautiful position. Lovely view. Eight bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall and 2 reception. Oak beams, strip oak flooring, open fireplaces, etc. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garage. Matured garden, sloping and levelled lawn, shady trees, in all about 2 ACRES. **FREEHOLD £27,000**

Apply: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

SALISBURY
(Tel. 2491)

WOOLLEY & WALLIS

and at RINGWOOD
& ROMSEY

EDGE OF NEW FOREST

TO LET UNFURNISHED (for Private Occupation)

ATTRACTIVE JACOBSEAN HOUSE ON PRIVATE ESTATE



Hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Stabling for 5 horses. Garage.

Garden, orchard

Main electricity, Aga cooker. Central heating. All conveniences.

Term and Rent by arrangement

Available now.

NORTH WILTS

2 miles Devizes. 10 miles Trowbridge. 20 miles Swindon. 21 miles Salisbury.

FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

on a picked site with magnificent views.

4 reception, 6 principal and 2 secondary beds, 4 baths, servants' quarters and domestic offices. Aga cooker.

2 cottages, farmyard and 2-acre lake, about

40 ACRES

in all.

Possession of all but 7 acres.

Grid electricity. Main water. Modern drainage.

PRICE (Subject to formal contract) £12,000



Further particulars of the above properties from WOOLLEY & WALLIS, The Castle Auction Mart, Salisbury (Tel. 2491)—8 lines and at ROMSEY (Tel. 189) and Ringwood (Tel. 191)

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

17, BLAGRAVE STREET, READING. Reading 2920 & 4112.

30 miles London. 800 feet up. Lovely views.



WELL-EQUIPPED CHARACTERISTIC HOUSE

In park-like setting: 2 r.c. (bought room); 3 to 9 bed and dressing (bath), 2 and 4½; 3 bath; main services; central heating; garage; good cottage; farmyard.

ABOUT 11 ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,000.

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO., (as above)

NEAR BEACONSFIELD. WELL FITTED HOUSE in woodland setting: 3 sitting, 4 beds, 2 bath.; main services; central heating; garage; excellent cottage; nearly 4 ACRES. **FREEHOLD, £9,750, OR WITHOUT COTTAGE, £7,250.**

ON THE HILLS ABOVE HENLEY. VERY FINE EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE in handsome order and commanding beautiful views: 3 sitting (all over 30 ft. long); 5 bed, study room, 2 bath.; main services; garage and stable. **ABOUT AN ACRE, £25,000 FREEHOLD.**

Established
1850

A. P. R. NICOLLE, F.A.I.

Telephone
4556

62, FLEET STREET TORQUAY

SOUTH DEVON

3000 Twenty 25 miles, Torquay 1 mile, Newton Abbot 8 miles.

PRODUCTIVE NURSERY AND MARKET GARDEN, FORDER NURSERIES, BOVEY TRACEY

Grassie principal residence, re-decorated and modernized, comprises 2 reception, 3 bed, kitchen with A.G. cooker, 2 bath, etc.

Secondary residence containing 1 reception, 2 bed, usual offices.

Main electricity. Garaging. Freehold. Three buildings about 1,040 sq. ft. Cool house.

Well stocked wall garden, woodland and pasture.

In all about 11 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION on November 26, 1947

(unless previously sold by private treaty)

HAMPSHIRE. 7 miles Winchester. GENTLEMAN'S FINE OLD 17th-CENTURY RESIDENCE. Three reception, 4 principal and 2 secondary bedrooms, bathroom. Good domestic offices, garden and parkland of 14 acres. Good range of farm buildings. IN ALL, ABOUT 17 ACRES. **PRICE £15,000 FREEHOLD.**

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wexod,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

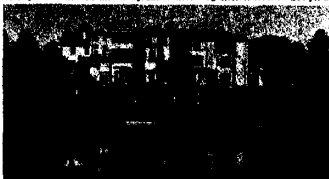
By order of the Trustees of the late Sir Blundell Maple, deceased.

ENGLEMERE, ASCOT

28 miles south-west of London. 50 minutes from Waterloo by electric train. 300 ft. above sea level.

IDEAL FOR A HIGH-CLASS SCHOOL OR
RESIDENTIAL INSTITUTION

Fully modernised and in exceptional order.
Four reception, 26 bed and dressing, 13 bath.
Central heating. All mains. Passenger lift.
Modern open-air swimming bath. Squash court.
Two modernised cottages. Bungalow. Bothy.
Garages for 4. Two flats.
Kitchen gardens and pleasure grounds of 25 acres.
VACANT POSSESSION EXCEPT ONE FLAT
ON COMPLETION.



Also

The White House, Red House, Studio Flat, modernised Lodge and large Bungalow, all with Vacant Possession.

Fully equipped indoor Riding School.

Pair of Cottages. Modern Bungalow.

Altogether about 27½ ACRES

For Sale privately as a whole or by Auction in November

Full particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: BARTON, WYATT & BOWEN, London Road, Sunningdale, and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

TWYFORD HOUSE

Valley of the Itchen near Winchester.



LOVELY RED BRICK
QUEEN ANNE HOUSE
With about 200 yards of
hunting in the Itchen.
Lounge hall, 4 reception,
10 bed and 2 dressing.
5 bath, suite of 6 rooms and
bathroom.
Central heating. Main ser-
vices. Two cottages.
Chapman's flat.
Walled gardens and kitchen
garden. Pasture land.
About 18 ACRES

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) at Winchester on Nov. 11, 1947.
Auctioneers: HARDING & HARDING, Midland Bank Chambers, Winchester; JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

CHARNWOOD FOREST

Leicester 9 miles, Loughborough 8 miles.

THE ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, BARDON HALL



Six reception (some panelled), 11 bedrooms, 2 bath-rooms, usual offices. Central heating. Main electric light. Own water supply. Well-timbered grounds, etc. Four cottages. Kitchen garden.
In all 108 ACRES
Also suitable for a School, Training Centre, Office, etc.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE AND 3 COTTAGES
Particulars from the Estate Office, Woodhouse, Loughborough, Leicestershire or
John D. Wood & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

In the Beautiful Cotswolds. BROCKHAMPTON PARK

Andoverford 2½ miles. Cheltenham 7 miles.

IDEAL FOR SCHOOL, INSTITUTION OR CONVALESCENT HOME.



Attractive stone-built
Cotswold mansion
part Jacobean and part
Victorian.
Two halls, 13 reception and
14 secondary bedrooms,
5 reception, 7 bath, tiled
offices. Central heating.
Main electricity.
Garages. Stables. Two
baths. Two lodges. Walled
garden.
Price £15,000 (open to
offer) with 45 ACRES

Further cottages available if required.
Joint Sole Agents: RYLANDS & CO., Thomas Street, Gloucester, and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (73,338)

CABRAMATTA, FAIRMILE COMMON, ESHER

Completely included yet only 17 miles from London.
COMPACT MODERN HOUSE



Two reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms (most with
bath), 5 bedrooms. Asa cooker. Central heating.
Chapman's cottage with garage. Hard tennis court.
Main electricity and water. Large ornamental lake and
timbered grounds of 27 ACRES

FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) on
October 28, 1947, at Esher, Surrey.
WILLIS, ROY & GREENWALD, Guildford, and
JOHN D. WOOD & CO., as above.

CRAWFORDTON ESTATE, DUMFRIESSHIRE

In the fertile valley of the River Cairn, close to Montrose,
15 miles from Dundee.

RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORT- ING PROPERTY

13 CAPITAL DAIRY, ARABLE AND GRAZING FARMS

IN 1,200 ACRES

Mansion House with beautiful parklands of 63 acres (let to
Prestonbury School). Four smaller residences. A number
of cottages. Market garden. Few duties in Montrose.

Valuable lots of standing timber, hard and soft wood.

ALTOGETHER ABOUT 6,771 ACRES

Grouse and low ground shooting. Wilder and loch fishing.

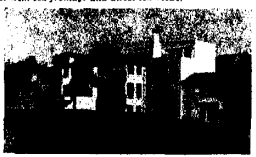
For Sale by Auction as a whole or in 50 LOTS (unless
sold previously at the King's Arms Hotel, Dumfries,
on October 28, 1947).

Illustrated particulars from the Selling Agent and Aus-
tioneers: H. HOLMES & CO., Castle Douglas, Kirkcubright,
and S. Whitehead, Dumfries; and JOHN D. WOOD & CO.,
as above.

BEACON LODGE, NEAR CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS

A miniature Estate with sea frontage and direct sea views.

Of particular interest to
radiation or those requiring
a private residence
extensively used or school.
Beautifully appointed
and luxuriously fitted
Georgian House
4-5 reception rooms, 13
bedrooms, 5 bathrooms,
sun room. All main ser-
vices. Central heating.
Squash and hard courts.
Lodge and 2 flats.
Gardens and lovely grounds
of about 20 ACRES



For Sale Freehold with Vacant Possession.

Full particulars from JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

NETHWAY HOUSE, KINGSWEAR, SOUTH DEVON

1½ miles from the sea, near two good harbours. Kingswear 1½ miles. Brixham 5 miles.
Torreys 8 miles.

A FINE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF 480 ACRES

An original unspoilt
William and Mary House
Five period panelled rooms,
3 reception rooms, 6 prin-
cipal and 4 staff bedrooms,
3 bathrooms, five staircases.
Small well-timbered park,
farmery, 40 acres woodland,
4 cottages.
Farm of 225 acres with
5 cottages let at £200
per annum.
A accommodation land. Low
outgoings.



The House would be sold with a smaller area.
Further particulars: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (70,127)

Unique opportunity.

HENLLYS, BEAUMARIS, ANGLESEY

Overlooking the Menai Straits in glorious position.

Imposing Stone-built
Period Mansion
Suitable also for School,
Hotel, Training College,
etc. Five-six reception,
18 bedrooms, 6-9 other
rooms, 2 bath, compact
offices. Own electric light
and water. Central heating.
Orange and stable block.
Kitchen garden. Five
cottages, 2 lodges, Pastures,
woodlands.
IN ALL 110 ACRES
Lettings produce £185 p.a.
gross



Freehold for Sale privately with Vacant Possession of Residence, Grounds,
Lodge and Woods.

JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Re the Hon. Peter Allen, deceased.

SHEPHERDS CLOSE, LEATHERHEAD, SURREY

Adjoining National Trust Property. Exposed 4 miles, Dorking 10



A COMPACT SMALL COUNTRY PROPERTY
CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE
7 bed, 9 reception, 2 bath, servant's hall, modern kitchen
with Aga, central heating; all main services. Garage.
Gardens and grounds; hard tennis court.

ABOUT 8 ACRES

For Sale by Auction, unless sold privately, at
London, on November 2, 1947.
T. BARNETT & CO., Market Place, Haywards Heath;
JOHN D. WOOD & CO., as above.

BOURNEMOUTH
 WILLIAM FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
 W. SPODDELL FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
 H. DREYER FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
 BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON BRIGHTON—WORTHING

SOUTHAMPTON
 ANTHONY J. FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
 T. BRIAN FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
BRIGHTON
 J. W. STEWART, A. SILVERMAN.

By direction of the Trustees.

SEAVIEW, ISLE OF WIGHT

Situated about 3½ miles from Ryde with excellent boat service to Portsmouth, whence London is easily reached by express trains

SEAGROVE ESTATE

Comprising a section of the picturesque seaside resort of Seaview including the moderate sized mansion known as "Seagrove" possessing remarkably fine views over Spithead and standing in a miniature park of about 17 acres. House built of about 50 acres. The fully licensed Pier 1000 of 50 bedrooms with vacant possession.

Freehold ground rents secured on excellent Residential and Commercial Properties.

Back rents. Two houses capable of conversion to weekend cottages. Excellent cottage with vacant possession. Block of well wooded land. Building site. Beach, bathing, sea park and boating rights, and

THE UNIQUE CHAIN PIER

Total actual income £278 per annum.

VACANT POSSESSION of Main Residence, Pier Hotel, one Cottage, one Sea-house, Chain Pier, and Car Parking Rights.

To be offered for Sale by Auction, in one or several Lots, at Kimbelle Cafe, Osborne Road, Southsea, on Thursday, November 20, 1947, at 1.30 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. PARDELL, Market Street, Ryde. Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

WIMBORNE, DORSET

Seven miles from Sandbanks and Poole Harbour, 8 miles from Bournemouth.

THE DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY "WIMBORNE"

having full south aspect and commanding extensive views across the Valley of the River Stour

Eight bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, excellent up-to-date offices. Main water and electricity.

Garage for 2 cars. Gardener's cottage.

Beautiful matured grounds including well-kept tennis and croquet lawns, productive kitchen garden with full bearing fruit trees, rose garden, shrubs and trees, and 2-acre paddock. The whole extending to an area of about 4 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF PURCHASE.

To be sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, October 23, 1947, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. KINGS, KNOW & WARDLE, 15, Queen Square, Bath. Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

Suitable as a Private Residence, Roadhouse, or for Business Purposes

SURREY—SUSSEX BORDERS

On the main London-Brighton Road. Crawley 11 miles, Redhill 8 miles, Horley and Three Bridges Stations each about 3½ miles.

EXCEPTIONALLY PICTURESQUE MODERN COTTAGE-STYLE RESIDENCE



Two bedrooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms (2 with brick fireplace), and well-fitted kitchen, separate w.c. Garage. Detached outbuilding with washing-up room and 2 w.c.s. Ample car parking space.

Main electricity, gas and water. Modern drainage. The pleasure grounds are in course of reconstruction and comprise lawn, flower beds, rockery and kitchen garden.

PRICE £5,500 FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

Apply: Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: HOVE 9201 (10 lines).

Close to the Historic Town of WAREHAM, DORSET

EXCELLENT BOATING AND FISHING FACILITIES AT WAREHAM.

Corfe Castle 4 miles, Swanage 10 miles, Bournemouth 15 miles.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Five principal bedrooms, 3 secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, maid's sitting room, bathroom, entrance hall, cloakroom, kitchen and complete domestic offices. Four-roomed cottage and garage. Greenhouse and other useful outbuildings.

Delightful well-wooded grounds, including lawns, rose garden, herbaceous borders, small wood, also orchard, walled-in kitchen garden and paddock in all about 18 ACRES

The paddock of about 6 acres and one additional acre are let on a yearly tenancy. VACANT POSSESSION of the remainder on completion of the purchase. Company's electric light. Good water supply. Septic tank drainage. Partial central heating.

PRICE FOR QUICK SALE ONLY £2,750 FREEHOLD

For particulars and appointments to view apply FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

DORSET

Close to the well-known Ferndown Golf Course and about 8 miles from Bournemouth.

THIS DISTINCTIVE AND SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED RESIDENCE

in perfect order throughout and ready for immediate occupation.

Five bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 kitchens and excellent offices. Co.'s electricity, gas and water. Large garage. Gardener's shed. Charming grounds in fine heart and condition including lily pond, ornamental garden with shrubs and well-matured trees. The whole extending to an area of about 2 ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION. PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD

Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.



SWANAGE, DORSET

Occupying a magnificent unrivalled position with delightful views over the bay to the Purbeck Hills, Bournemouth Bay and the coastline in the distance.

THIS SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

having a secluded position and being easy to maintain. Five bedrooms and dressing room, combined sitting room and dining room which could form additional bedrooms if required, 2 bathrooms, good-sized drawing and dining rooms, cloakroom, maid's sitting room, excellent kitchen and domestic offices. All main services. Garage.

Delightful grounds laid out with sloping lawns, well matured, warbler-like trees and ornamental trees, stone-paved paths, rose garden, kitchen garden, fruit trees. Small spanney rented from local Council giving private access to the Downs.

PRICE £7,750 FREEHOLD

Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road Bournemouth.

44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.
 (12 BRANCH OFFICES)

Telegrams:

"FoxesBdr", Bournemouth

Bournemouth 4500
 (5 lines)

ESTATE

Kennington 1490
Telephone 1
"Estate, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

34-36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES

Surrey Offices:
West Byfleet
and Moleferry

FAVOURITE PART OF SUSSEX c.24

Horsham 3 miles.



MODERN HOUSE, HALF TIMBERED

In first-class order and condition throughout. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maid's sitting room. Main water and electricity. Partial central heating. Fitted basin in bedrooms. (Garage 4), 8 horse boxes, 0 kennels, 2 cottages.

Delightful gardens, hard tennis court, house paddocks, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 29 ACRES

FREEHOLD £19,500

Inspected and strongly recommended by Harrods Ltd., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806).

COOKHAM DEAN, BERKS c.4

Facing famous Ulcombe Woods, and commanding magnificent panoramic views.



A REALLY DIGNIFIED RESIDENCE

Only 4½ miles from Town, with hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. Electric light and power. Co.'s water. Aga cooker. Double garage, and useful outbuildings. Cottage.

Beautiful gardens of about 1½ ACRES, and paddock of 2½ ACRES

IN ALL ABOUT 4 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £12,500

Joint Sole Agents: HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806), and Messrs. CUTHB & JAMES, The Parade, Bourne End, Bucks (Tel.: Bourne End 66).

PRETTIEST PART OF HERTS c.4

Under an hour from Town, 1 mile station. High up, overlooking open fields.



ARCHITECT DESIGNED RESIDENCE

complete with every convenience and containing hall, 3 reception rooms, lounge, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices.

All Co.'s mains. Constant hot water. Built-in cupboards. Two garages and outbuildings.

Well-matured grounds inexpensive in upkeep, kitchen garden and paddock.

IN ALL 1½ ACRES

ONLY £7,250 FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806).

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE c.4

Delightful views. Close to village, easy reach of main line, one hour to City.



CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

with hall, 3 large reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, boxroom, complete offices. Aga cooker. Electric light. Co.'s water. Modern drainage, etc. Garage for 4. Stable. Small farmery. Cottage and hanger.

Delightful timbered grounds, well-stocked kitchen garden, tennis lawn, paddocks.

IN ALL ABOUT 15 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REASONABLE TERMS WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Sole Agents: HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806).

RURAL HANTS c.3

Just over 4 miles from Andover.



PICTURESQUE OLD-WORLD

COTTAGE RESIDENCE

Two sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, kitchen and offices. Large shed used as garage. Cottage. Pleasant gardens with lawns, kitchen garden, flower beds.

IN ALL ABOUT 1 ACRE

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 807).

RURAL ESSEX c.3

Choice position, convenient to bus service and about 12 miles Bishop's Cleeve.



17th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE WITH LATER ADDITION

Hall, lounge, dining room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, garage, matured garden. Lawns, flower beds, kitchen garden, paddock.

IN ALL ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 807).

BERKS AND WILTS BORDERS c.4

Handy for the Downs in one of the most beautiful parts of the Vale of the White Horse.



FASCINATING 18th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE

with a stone roof, 3 reception, 5-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. Excellent water. Electric light. Garage for 5 cars. Stable for 4. Greenhouse and cottage. Old-world garden partly walled, herbaceous borders, well-stocked kitchen garden, fruit trees, paddock, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 3¼ ACRES

ONLY £6,500 FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806).

WEST SUSSEX c.2

In lovely country, 5 miles main line station, 1½ hours London.



SMALL HOUSE OF CHARACTER

With fine oak timbering and other characteristic features. Two reception rooms, 4 bedrooms and 1 dressing room, bathroom. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage. Matured gardens and orchard about 2 ACRES

ALSO 22 ACRES OF LAND

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806).

15 MILES NORTH c.2



BEAUTIFULLY BUILT WELL-PLACED RESIDENCE

Containing 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, heated garage. Lovely garden.

ABOUT HALF AN ACRE

THE PROPERTY WAS BUILT FOR OWNER'S OCCUPATION.

FREEHOLD £6,250

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kennington 1490. Estn. 806).

BETTER LIVING THROUGH BETTER KITCHENS



AN EZEE KITCHEN FOR OLD OR NEW HOUSES

The all-steel sinks, stove-enamelled counter units and wall cabinets are supplied to standard height and depth but in various widths to fit almost any size or shape of room. Doors and drawers fit and slide perfectly. **EASY TO INSTALL. EASY TO RUN. EASY ON THE EYES.**

Write for our brochure or visit our Glasgow showrooms.

Also at the Building Centre, 9 Conduit Street, London, W.1.

EZEE KITCHENS LIMITED
341A, SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW

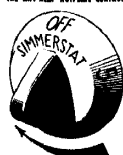
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 4955

how NEW is an electric cooker?

YOU CAN easily tell. Very latest models have a 'tap' control for the hot-plate. You can turn it up or down to just the heat needed for the particular pan and recipe—and simmer as you please. No boiling over—no burning! Can it be fitted to existing cookers? Yes—ask your Supply Showrooms about the **SIMMERSTAT**—there is no 'austerity' (supplies are good). Cost, 21/- plus a few shillings for fitting.

SIMMERSTAT

THE 'TAP-PLATE' DISPLAY CONTROL



Sumvic Controls Limited, Stanhope House, Keen Street, W.C.2.
TAS/SMT.187



The walls of this
lovely old country

house illustrate how beauty and protection can be simply applied in one operation by the use of Snowcem Waterproof Cement Paint. The result is an enhanced appearance coupled with resistance to damp and weather. Made with a base of Snowcrete White Portland Cement, Snowcem can be easily washed and does not peel or flake. It is obtainable, without permit, in white, cream, pink and silver-grey. Full details may be had from The Cement Marketing Co. Ltd., 192 Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1; from G. & T. Earle Ltd., Cement Manufacturers, Hull, or The South Wales Portland Cement & Lime Co. Ltd., Penarth.

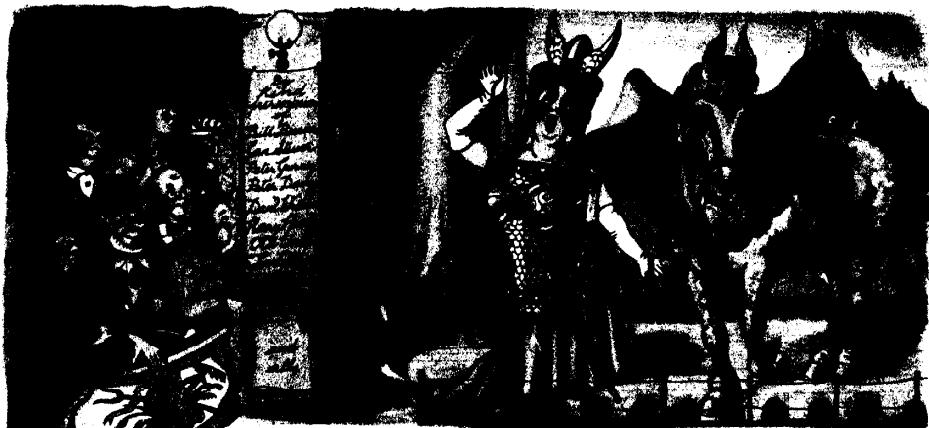
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OTHER WEL PRODUCTS

- WELROLL** Overhead (sliding) doors
- WELRUN** Track brackets and hangers
- WELWAY** Sideways sliding doors.
- WELBLIDE** Sideways Multilist doors
- FLEXIFOLD** Interior concertina fold doors
- WELWARD** Fireproof doors

This door stows in a horizontal position and is a one-piece construction of aluminium. There are no floor tracks to clog with dirt and it is wind and weatherproof. Back bumpers can be within 1" of the door and yet the door will clear any car body. Doors of "Welite" construction are balanced to a nicety and only require finger light effort to open and close. They are made in three standard sizes and prices, and quotations can be given for other sizes if required.

WESTLAND ENGINEERS LIMITED · YEovil · ENGLAND



Mare and Corporation



Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, will you tell us what course
 (All along, out along, down along lea)
 You took to develop the thews of a horse,
 Like Carnera, Goliath, Eugene Sandow, Gog and Magog,
 Paul Bunyan, Asar Thor,
 And Popeye the Sailor and all, and Popeye the Sailor and all.

My mare, you remember, so lately deceased,
 (By the terms of her will I'm the sole legatee)
 Was in several respects a remarkable beast,
 Like Bucephalus, Prince Regent, Hrimfaxi, Copenhagen,
 Black Beauty, Brown Bess,
 (Echippus was rather too small, Echippus was rather too small.)

Although, being horse, she could not herself sing,
 A prop of the opera nightly was she,
 For she carried the diva through most of The Ring,
 And Tannhäuser, Don Juan, Leonora, Traviata, Trovatore, Pagliacci,
 And old Uncle Siegfried and all, and old Uncle Siegfried and all.

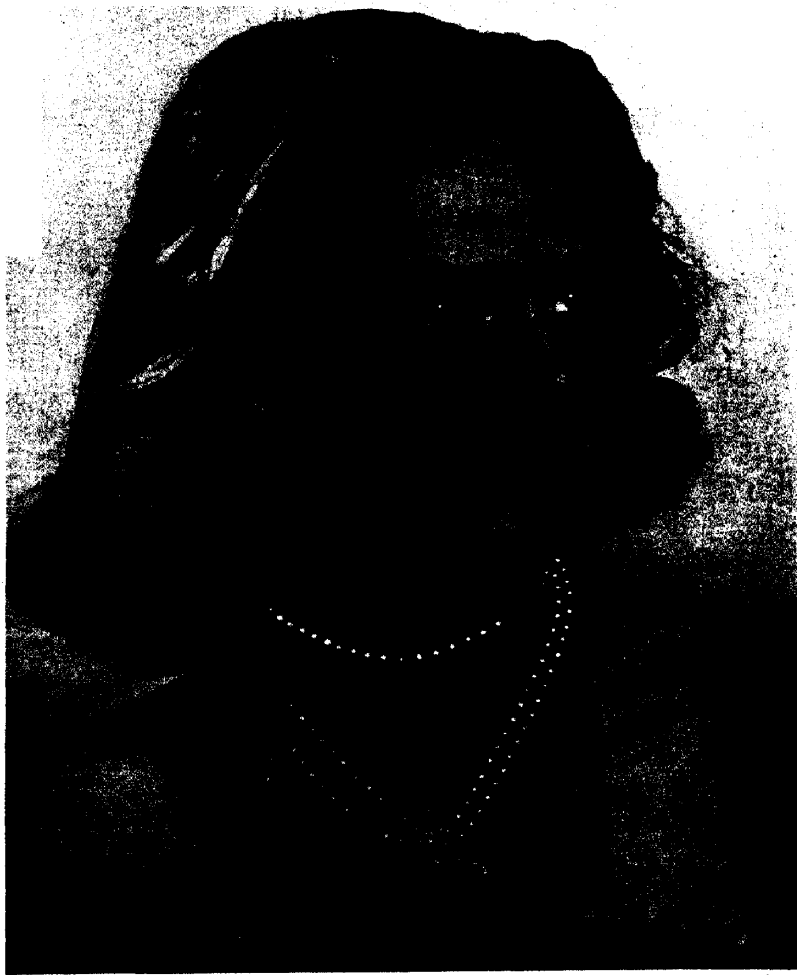
She died ; and to carry the vast prima-donna
 (Seventeen stone) now devolved upon me.
 "Bring Guinness !" I cried, "or Tom Pearce is a gonner !
 Not zibbib, nor arrak, nor toddy, nor metheglin, nor date-beer, nor tedj,
 Bring Guinness or nothing at all ! Bring Guinness or nothing at all."

The dame was amazed by her spirited mount,
 And ever since then I'm a strong devotee
 Of Guinness, whose virtues are quite without count,
 And for goodness, and richness, body-building,
 Frame-filling, muscle-making, good health,
 A Guinness is good for us all, a Guinness is good for us all.

COUNTRY LIFE

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Fayer

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

The Duchess of Rutland, whose marriage to the Duke of Rutland took place last year, is the eldest daughter of Major Cumming Bell and Mrs. Cumming Bell, of Binham Lodge, Edgerton, Huddersfield

COUNTRY LIFE

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HEALTHY LIVESTOCK

AT first sight it may appear overbold, at a time like this, for the veterinary profession, which has always been regarded as the poor relation of the medical faculty, to be putting before the public an educational programme which will involve a yearly expenditure of the order of £200,000. Consider the facts, however. The starving of veterinary education in the past has kept, for many years, the average of professional knowledge and technical skill among veterinary practitioners well below that of the corresponding branches of human surgery and medicine. Lack of facilities for advanced education with a university and hospital background has severely limited the number of men of first-class ability who might otherwise have exercised their talents to the full in animal therapy and surgery. At the same time the small, tardy organisation of practitioners on professional lines has exposed them to the full blast of unqualified competition. It is only recently that the public—including even the agricultural public—has come to see that, apart from its toll in sickness, pain and misery among animals, this lack of scientifically qualified practitioners and of facilities for diagnosis and treatment tolerates and prolongs, it also inflicts immense financial damage on the human community to whom the animals belong.

The facts speak for themselves. The present incidence of animal diseases, at our 1947 scale of livestock farming, costs the nation and the producers not less than £50 million annually. This is in a strict sense capital depreciation—sheer waste—and almost all of it is preventable. Apart from direct losses caused by sickness and slaughter designed to check epidemic disease, sterility and impotence also are caused by avoidable infections which can be successfully treated if they are properly diagnosed. The healthier the livestock, the better the human food they produce. Apart from any question of nutrition, it is now the policy of this country for financial reasons to produce here all possible meat, bacon, eggs and dairy products, which otherwise must be brought from abroad and paid for in dollars. This country possesses very great financial resources, as the stud farm of the world, in its unrivalled herds and flocks of pedigree livestock and of equine bloodstock. Skilled breeding, under veterinary control, can greatly increase this capital value, and can also "grade upward" the less specialised animal populations, so that they produce more and better food for man. Thanks to artificial insemination this is now much more practicable than ever before, and is also part of our agricultural programme. For these productive projects we need many research stations at present non-existent. We also need stations at which to study causes of disease and ways of their prevention, and we must realise

that these will be comparatively useless without a country-wide hospital and diagnosis service.

Here we come back to the fundamental need for able and well educated veterinarians to staff all these services, whether as general practitioners, specialist diagnosticians, or research workers. The Veterinary Educational Trust is therefore putting first things first in going all out for providing more and better facilities for training at veterinary colleges. If only the training were there, there would be no lack of ability and talent to take advantage of it—as much correspondence with would-be entrants during the war years has very clearly proved to COUNTRY LIFE. But at present there are only five training centres in the country, and all places in them are booked up for years to come. The V.E.T.'s programme includes the provision of scholarships and maintenance grants for students, and the awarding of research fellowships. Anything that could be done at the same time to increase the number of

PITY

*PITY'S a liar sometimes. If a man live—
If a bird live in a cage, the song will arrive—
Grief, dim barrier, even grief, or pain,
Shows not all of the stars' light out of the brain.
For a million years, against unsoftening odds,
In his nature's need has man made names for gods.
We lack the word—not Beauty, Majesty, Fear—
In a heaven-sent peak, in a confluence, every-
where,*

*In self's status, the voyage out and returning,
Is a flower in hand, strange, and our lamp still
burning.*

FRANK KENDON.

places in the colleges would be just as valuable, though there is at present, no doubt, a limit imposed here by scarcity of instructors. To make the work thoroughly effective there must be, in addition, the comprehensive hospital and diagnostic services into which research work, teaching, and clinical practice would fit as they do in the modern system of medical education. Such a system is the aim of the V.E.T., and it cannot be said that £200,000 a year is too much to pay for an effective organisation which will save us £50,000,000.

MIND VERSUS MATTER AT LYME

WHILE any decision on mining in Lyme Park is postponed pending a conference of interested parties on October 20, an illuminating contrast in values emerges in this particular issue is presented by Lord Newton's letter in the *Times*, and one from Mr. J. Hammond, President of the Lancashire Area, National Union of Mineworkers, in the *Manchester Guardian*. Lord Newton asked whether a temporary economic need was sufficient ground for sacrificing the beauty of a unique national park to the pursuit of a few extra millions of pounds per year by his successors. The answer, given by the public for generations, Mr. Hammond urged that coal measures underlie so relatively small an area of Britain, and the need is no desperate that "the few beautiful square miles of Lyme Park should be mined all over and so put the whole of rehabilitating England as a whole. Where," he asked, "is the concern about the blighted Warren of South Lancashire, mined since the Middle Ages? Let Lyme's coal be used to beautify the lives of the ordinary people of Wigan, St. Helens and the rest, most of whom have only read of the wonderful beauty of this hitherto one-man's preserve for the first time, and contrast it with the ugliness of their own town. There might be a case for letting the bullcreeper loose; but the 'blighted Warren' will not be transformed by being extended, or the millennium be achieved by mining 300 acres. But a great work of art that has taken six centuries to make can be ruined in a few months by getting coal that will be exhausted in a few weeks.

FARM LABOUR AND THE CRISIS

IN spite of rumours to the contrary Mr. Tom Williams remains at the Ministry of Agriculture, and his old job as Parliamentary Secretary goes to Mr. George Brown, who, until he entered the Government, was an organiser of the Transport and General Workers' Union and did good work during the war as a member of the Hertfordshire Agricultural Executive Committee. Mr. Brown's Union does not always see eye to eye with the Government's attitude towards cultural Workers, though the two Unions share the country's agricultural labour between them. The Agricultural Workers' Union does not seem to have been very greatly impressed by the Minister's exposition of his programme for expansion, and his plans for providing the necessary farm labour. Little was said about the promised improvement of accommodation and living conditions, and a great deal about the money which was "being ladled out to the other section of the industry." While, however, delegates protested that the Government were offering all the incentives to farmers and none to the workers, they did not endorse the idea that the Union should give aid to the whole trade union movement in reversing Sir Stafford Cripps's policy for the export drive. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Williams will be able to reach his target of 100,000 workers to replace those being lost this year, but in view of "the large and pressing agricultural labour problem" will not be heightened by further demands that agricultural conditions should be "comparable with those of the highest paid industries."

THE QUEST OF THE RYDER CUP

TOMORROW our team of professional golfers will set off to America for their crusade in quest of the Ryder Cup. Everyone will wish them well, for they are good golfers in the best sense of the words. Their captain, Henry Cotton—and they could not have a better one—has said that he hopes they may give their hosts a surprise. That is probably as far as they save the most optimistic prospects will go. In this country our players have been successful except in the last match before the war at Southport, but in the United States they have never won nor indeed come near to victory, and the American team on their own ground are likely to be as formidable as their predecessors. One thing ought to help our men, namely the climate, since the match is not to be played at Portland, Oregon, until November 1. Unquestionably the standard of British professional golf has now recovered from its natural decline during the war years. We have a good side, which, win or lose, will do itself credit.

SEAWEED

WHEN the Secretary for Scotland recently opened the Government-sponsored Institute of Seaweed Research at Musselburgh he said that seaweed might provide a feeding-stuff for sheep, pigs and poultry. In the North both cattle and sheep are reared by his countrymen and poultry, have long been known to eat seaweed; soup made from seaweed has been fed to dogs; man himself consumes laver and dulse, and carrageen "moss" is used to make pastilles and blancmanges. At various times it has been asserted that both cattle and herring derive their special nutritive qualities from the seaweed in their diet. Some of these statements the cautious layman may have received in the past with a sceptically raised eyebrow. But nobody, having read so much, will in the past of 1947 find the suggestion that farm feeding-stuffs might be obtained from seaweed incredible. Other reported utilisations of seaweed, in addition to fertiliser and the much-publicised substitute for agar agar, include roof and floor coverings, wall-boarding, "leather," clothing (including artificial silk stockings) and transparent wrapping papers. And next? Perhaps something like this—

The economic and violent storms of the past few days have thrown up many thousands of tons of seaweed on the beaches of South Coast resorts. Local authorities are at their wits' ends to know what to do with the weed, which is beginning to stink. . . .

It has happened more than once in the last twelve years.



HALF-TIMBERED HOUSES AT EAST HENDRED, BERKSHIRE

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

A CORRESPONDENT who lives on a river's bank recounts the amusing and interesting sight of three moorhens seeing off a roaming stoat from their domain. The fact that there were three moorhens suggests that a neighbour kindly came to the assistance of the pair on whose property the stoat was trespassing, since it is unlikely that a bird of this year's hatch would be sufficiently mature to take part in such a dangerous operation. The tactics adopted were of the hostile demonstration type, the three birds advancing in a semi-circle with drooped wings and raised hackles and looking as menacing as a moorhen can look, which, one must admit, is not particularly awe-inspiring. The stoat, which obviously was concerned only with water voles and had no desire for a wild-fowl dinner, was annoyed about the interruption of his hunt and made short rushes at the birds to drive them off, which the moorhens avoided by a fluttering retreat, immediately falling in again to continue their threatening advance. In the end the stoat gave it up as a bad job and went off to another hunting-ground, whereupon the three moorhens celebrated their victory with exaggerated tail-jerks and much derisive clucking.

I THINK this is the first time I have ever heard of a moorhen asserting itself in any way, since this small water-bird is so essentially one that "keeps itself to itself." Its one idea seems to be to avoid all the various riparian disagreements and upsets that occur in the wild-fowl world, and to live its peaceful, uneventful life in some quiet rush-grown corner of the stream. Although practically every hundred yards of a suitable river accommodates a pair of these small water-birds, I often think that what

the moorhen really appreciates, when it can find it, is some small pond that is its exclusive property, and where the hen can raise her family without any interference from swans, ducks, the fisherman with his swishing cast, and the roaming gunner with his water dog.

IN one of Mr. Hussey's articles on Powerscourt, Viscount Powerscourt's seat in Co. Wicklow, he mentioned how on the occasion of the visit of George IV to the mansion in 1821 the waterfall in the gardens, which is not always in good form during dry summers, was dammed up temporarily to enable it to provide a really good head of water to impress Royalty. Owing to Royalty sitting over its wine considerably longer than was expected, the dam performed its task too efficiently, and it was a matter of luck when His Majesty went down after dinner to view the feature that he was not carried away on the surging flood that followed the release of the water and swept away the bridge on which he was to stand.

This desire to impress V.I.P.s, whether they were royal, military or political, used to be known in the Army as "eye-wash," but I do not know if the expression is still in use, since present-day conditions do not lend themselves to artificial demonstrations intended to impress, and present-day eyes are usually too discerning to be taken in by "wash." It is my experience that Royalty, whether it be Occidental or Oriental, is extremely quick on the uptake, most observant and most unlikely to be deceived by "eye-wash."

A VERY good instance of this occurred in Egypt some twenty years ago. The late King Fuad, the father of the present King, was among many other things a keen and most knowledgeable arborist, and something in the nature of a specialist in the cultivation of the date palm. On the occasion of his first visit to the Oasis of Siwa in the heart of the Libyan desert the Royal party were to halt for the night at the half-way rest-house, which is situated in a particularly waterless and barren part of this desert. To improve the appearance of the dreary place, and to brighten up things generally for His Majesty, the senior Egyptian officer who was in charge of the expedition arranged for two 30 ft. date palms to be transported from the coast and put in the ground by the rest-house. Unfortunately the Royal visit was delayed for a day or so and the weather turned hot, so that when His Majesty arrived the condition of the unhappy rootless trees, so far from being appreciated, caused a violent explosion of Royal wrath. His Majesty quite failed to grasp that they represented a gesture of respectful loyalty and a desire to please, but preferred to regard them solely as a studied insult to his intelligence. That evening a spiral of dust travelling northwards marked the rapid progress of a motor-car which was carrying the senior Egyptian officer to some isolated spot where, like the ostrich, he could bury his head in the sand.

A CORRESPONDENT who is an expert on old glass and matters pertaining to it has written to tell me that I am probably wrong in thinking that Robert Burns's anti-English verse on the Stirling hotel window-pane, which I mentioned in some recent Notes, was scratched on the glass by means of the poet's diamond scarf-pin. In those days, he tells me,

"doodling" on glass windows and on tableware was a playful little habit with men of fashion, and many of them carried small diamond pencils with which they were wont to inscribe, not only their names and addresses, but also their fleeting fancies in verse or otherwise, on the windows of the houses in which they stayed. One can be reasonably sure, my correspondent writes, that Burns possessed one of these pencils, but not so certain that he wore a diamond scarf-pin.

ONE sometimes finds oneself looking back across the years and thinking what a wonderful thing it must have been to have lived in the latter part of the 18th century, but possibly it was not so wonderful as one thinks. The housewife of to-day, after a visit from a subaltern nephew, may have to concern herself as to whether there are any cigarette burns in the sheets and if they will come back from the very dilatory laundry in time for the next visitor. She does not, however, have to rush up to the bedroom at once to see if there is anything scratched on the window-pane that is calculated to upset the next occupant of the room, who may possibly be an archdeacon. If a more or less respectable middle-aged poet could write such a libellous verse on a public window, one shudders to think of some of the merry little jingles one might find indelibly inscribed after a visit by one of the younger set.

I HAVE to record with sorrow mingled with gladness the loss of another old and trusted friend. After eleven years of striving I have at last been put on the electric-light main, and so this morning an engineer driving a lorry called with a cheque in his hand and removed from its shed the small engine complete with batteries that has been my constant companion for nine long years of peace and war, and two years of something for which I have not yet discovered a suitable name.

Like all old friends it has given me some anxious moments: there have been times when its health has not been too good, with marked internal weakness manifesting itself, and there have been other times when it has been so boisterously energetic that it has loosened the bolts which held it to its concrete foundation. Perhaps it would be fair to say that I never really understood my old friend, since I am not an engineer by either birth, training or instinct, and my inefficient brain has never quite grasped the exact difference between a volt, a kilowatt and an ampère. I do know that it is a 50-volt set, that each cell holds, or ought to hold, 2 volts, and that there are 27 cells, which means that one has 2 over for luck, and, as every amateur electrical engineer knows, one does require some luck with a small lighting set.

I do know also that it ought to charge at 10 ampères, but usually prefers to do it at 7 or

8, thereby expending more time and petrol, which I have had to explain away to the Regional Petroleum Officer every four months; and I do know in addition that there is an hydrometer which registers specific gravity, and which dribbles acid over one's clothes every time it is lifted out of the cell in which it lives.

NOW the dear old plant, dripping tears of acid and oil, has gone away for ever in the electrician's lorry and is dead in this world one looks back always on the bright side. I shall remember with a lump in my throat those rare and happy days when the engine ran with soundless strokes of its piston and without one screech from the axle, while the hydrometer rose steadily in its watery bed of 2.500 acid solution. I shall forget entirely those nights when the lights were too dim to enable one to read, and when the engine stubbornly refused to start owing to some major or minor trouble. Also, I shall fail to recall those other periods when, with some serious internal disorder in the dynamo, we were reduced to lamps and candles for a week or more.

Shakespeare told us that parting is such sweet sorrow, and in this particular instance I feel inclined to agree, since, without adopting the tactics of a "spiv" or the recognised facial features of a black marketeer, I obtained for the plant exactly three times the price I paid for it eleven long years ago.

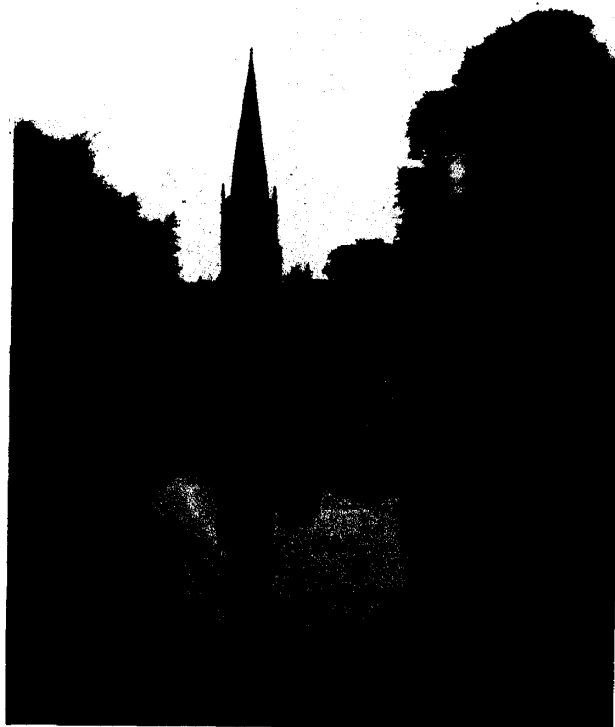
FROM OXFORD TO THE CHANNEL

By R. T. LANG

CAN you imagine John Ruskin as a rival of Telford and Adam Sedgwick? The High Priest of Art made great experiments in road-making on the road south from Oxford through New Hincsey, which might have had beneficial results if he had continued along this walk of life. At any rate, it is a good road that begins the run to Southampton, unrelentingly southward all the way. Bagley Wood, a glorious blend of oak and birch, bluebells and bracken in the spring, so alluring nowadays, was once a robbers' haunt, here St. Edward of Abingdon was attacked, but allowed to go free when he had proved his poverty. To the right lies Sunningwell, where Roger Bacon made a talking machine, a brazen head which spoke, invented the camera obscura and spectacles and prophesied, in 1273, that flying would one day become universal.

Then into Abingdon, which has been a historic town since Cissa founded an abbey there in 675. Offa of Mercia built a palace at Abingdon; the Conqueror spent Easter there in 1084, when he liked the place so much that he left his son Henry Beaulieu (afterwards Henry I) to be educated at it. In 1645 the Earl of Essex and Sir William Waller held the town against Charles I; with their Irish prisoners they instituted "Abingdon law," which was to hang a man first then try him after. Later Abingdon settled down into a prosperous cloth-making town; it is now a market centre. A 15th-century gateway is the main relic of the abbey (Fig. 2); St. Nicholas' church (Fig. 1) 12th century. The latter is one of the four churches in England that possess five aisles. The picturesque Christ's Hospital of 1653 is rich in old carving and other relics of a bygone day; Twitty's Hospital was built in 1707. There is a genuine Jacobean schoolroom in the grammar school, founded in 1563. In the market-place stands the town hall of 1677, the council chamber of which contains in a Chancel II room pictures by Gainsborough, Lely and others. Queen Victoria's Jubilee statue has been moved to Abbey House grounds. The Court records show us what life was like under the Commonwealth, for we find a man being fined 3s. 4d. for swearing, another 10s. for drinking beer on Sunday, another 10s. for travelling on that day.

The road runs easily through Drayton, where there is a very beautiful 15th-century alabaster reredos in the 13th-century church; then into Steventon, picturesquely surrounding its broad village green. Along the main street is a pretty, tree-bordered foot-path, with some



Humphrey and Vera Joel

1.—TOWER AND SPIRE OF ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, ABINGDON, FROM THE THAMES

tumbered houses (Fig 3) one of which bears the date 1587. The church goes back to 1180 but is mostly 13th century, with some good old oak in its pews and Jacobean pulpit. Five miles more bring one to a spot famous to sportsmen. At the corner where the Illey road joins in there once stood a house in the stable of which Eclipse, one of the most famous of racehorses was foaled. Trained over these downs he was never beaten in his eighteen races in 1769-70; his wins became so monotonous that they gave rise to the saying "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." East Illey is famous especially for its August sheep fair, when the roads demand patience from every other user. Its 12th-15th-century church in addition to a Norman font, a Jacobean pulpit and some old glass had once a clock without a dial, which gave rise to a local quatum.

*Sleepy Illey, drunken people
Got a church without a steeple
And what is more to their disgrace
They've got a clock without a face*

The road now becomes hilly, past Beeton Hill where Wulfhere, King of Mercia, defeated the West Saxons in the 7th century. The 12th-century church in the village to the right has a mass clock, a font that is probably of the same age as the church and a bell cot supported by a wooden framework. In Chieveley church two miles farther on there is a mural tablet to Mistress Lucy Fincher, who died in 1677, in the 3rd year of her age. So on to Donnington where the castle of which only the gatehouse (Fig 5) is standing now was bought by Thomas Chaucer, son of the great Geoffrey, in 1415. It was attacked in the Civil War but held out for the King till his capitulation. After crossing the bridge the road passes the site on the right of the second battle of Newbury (1644), then on and through Newbury (see COUNTRY LIFE, July 5, 1941) and away southward on an open pretty road for 13 miles to Whitchurch. Seven miles out of Newbury the road climbs over the side of Beacon Hill, 859 feet high (Fig 4), passing over a mile



2—THE MAIN RELIC OF THE ABBEY AT ABINGDON IS THE 15th CENTURY GATEWAY

farther on to the right the Seven Barrows, relics of the Bronze Age in which charcoal, flints and a bronze pin have been found. Litchfield was the scene of a great battle in Saxon days and there are some Norman features in its restored church.

Whitchurch, which sent two members to Parliament till 1832, shows in common with so many other little towns how the south of England was vastly over-represented in Parliament till the Reform Act. Until that date great cities like Birmingham and Manchester had been unrepresented, but places like Whitchurch had their full quota of members. There were even instances where only one or two voters were returning their men to the House of Commons.

The White Hart Inn is an old coaching house. Just round the corner stands the old church, much restored in 1808; it still contains, however, much Norman 12th and 13th-century work, 17th-century figures and brasses (of the Brook family) and a Saxon gravestone of the 10th century commemorating one Erithburga.

Beyond Whitchurch comes more open sweeping downland past the ancient earthwork of Tidbury Ring on the right of the road, reminding us that here we are passing through an area that was thickly populated in prehistoric times. Only earthworks, stones and barrows remain to tell us the little we know of that strange race. Sutton Scotney, now but a village,

was a famous stopping place in the coaching days. Then straight as an arrow the road runs over Worthy Down into Winchester (see COUNTRY LIFE, September 21, 1945), once the capital of England. A mile beyond it on the left is the far-famed Hospital of St. Cross, one of the oldest charitable institutions in the kingdom (Fig 6). It was founded about 1136, to be partly rebuilt by Cardinal Beaufort in 1461. It was he who made provision for poor brethren who were to be of gentle birth or to have been employed in his own service. There are now 27 brethren, each of whom has his own house and a weekly income. The Wavellers Dole, a horn of beer and a portion of bread, is still given to the extent of the available quantity of each. In the church, finished about 1385, there is some of the finest Norman architecture in England. The lectern looks like an eagle, but closer inspection will show that it is more like a parrot with a heart alive. It was intended to convey that the Bible should be read with heart and understanding, not gabbled.

There is an interesting feature in the old church of Compton—a board setting out its history from 1015. Just beyond it on the bankside on the left stands a simple war memorial to the memory of the men who marched along this road between 1914 and 1918. So down to Otterbourne where the screen, erected in 1903, is a memorial to Charlotte M. Yonge, popular novelist of the 19th century. There is also a granite cross to John Keble, the author of *The Christian Year*, who held this living along with that of Hursley, just beyond the village.



B. W. Tattersall

3—TUDOR COTTAGES AT STEVENTON, BERKSHIRE, NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST



4.—LOOKING OVER THE KENNET VALLEY TOWARDS THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS FROM BEACON HILL, HAMPSHIRE

on the right, is the lane down which the charcoal-burner's cart brought the body of William Rufus, after the tragedy in the New Forest. There is a delightful run through the pine woods, then past the side of the common of 360 acres, which is a survival of the great Hampshire forest, direct down into Southampton, a far more interesting town than many who just pass through it on the way to or from America imagine.

It is probable that there were early British settlers there before the rise of the Roman fortress of Clausentum in the 1st century A.D. The Saxons named it Hamtun; the "South" was added in the 10th century. Canute established himself there; then, because of its proximity to Normandy, the Normans developed a particular liking for the place. Through the succeeding centuries it was a great trading port; in the reign of George III. it became a popular spa; now it is the main port of embarkation for America. The Guildhall, over the Norman-arched Bar Gate, is 14th century; the Tudor House, in St. Michael's Square, now a museum, was, it is said, visited by Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. The 14th-century Woolhouse was used, over 200 years ago, as a prison for Spanish soldiers; the grammar school, founded in 1553, was reorganised in 1875. A bowling-green, the Old Green, is one of the oldest bowling-greens in England, having been in use since 1298. On the West Quay is a stone that was dedicated on August 15, 1913, by the American ambassador, to the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* who sailed from this spot for America in their ship of only 175 tons.

Few of the churches are very old, although the parish has existed since Saxon days. St. Michael's is a relic of the 11th century. The Germans destroyed three of the churches in their air raids, including the beautiful work of G. E. Street at St. Mary's. It was at the 18th-century Dolphin Hotel (which was badly damaged

ampton is a worthy town, not the least for its good faring, for did not Samuel Pepys, when he dined with the mayor in April, 1683, make special comment on "the sturgeon of their own catching and well ordered"?

My most amusing recollection of Southampton was when, one evening, while I was dining at the principal hotel, a large party of women came in, having just landed from an American ship. The courteous waiter came round to see what they wished to drink. One ferocious-looking matron looked him over from head to toe, then replied, "Young man, we have come to rescue you from the Devil," while she handed him a card bearing a motto, which I could see from the adjoining table, saying "We're all teetotallers here." They were a band of American "crusaders" who had come over at the time of "Pussyfoot" Johnson's campaign. The English waiter, to the credit of his profession, bowed and thanked her as courteously as if she had been a film star handing him a generous tip.



5.—ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE 14th-CENTURY CASTLE AT DONNINGTON, BERKSHIRE, IS THE GATEHOUSE WITH ITS MASSIVE TWIN TOWERS



6.—BEAUFORT'S TOWER AT THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER, ONE OF THE OLDEST CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN THE COUNTRY

Rene Winston

AN EXHIBITION OF BELGIAN LACE

By
MARGARET
JOURDAIN

(Left)

1.—CORNELIUS DE
VOS: *THE PAINTER
AND HIS FAMILY*
Royal Museum of Fine
Arts, Brussels

(Right)

2.—NICOLAS MAES:
THE DREAMER
Royal Museum of Fine
Arts, Brussels

BRUSSELS lace, "the most light and costly of all manufactures," in the words of a Scottish visitor in 1787, was an ideal article for exportation during the 18th and 19th centuries, and the delicacy of its fabric and the fineness of its thread were then legendary. The earliest piece of Flemish lace to which a definite date can be assigned is the bedspread of the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella (Fig. 6). The fabric, which is of unbleached linen thread, is divided into square compartments, many of which are filled with figures and figure-subjects from the Bible and legend which have been identified by Monsieur Van Overloop. Among them are Adam and Eve, the repudiation of Hagar by Abraham, the Judgment of Solomon, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Kings, the Resurrection, St. George (or St. Michael) and the Dragon, and St. Gudule, the patron saint of Brussels.

In one compartment are the interlaced initials of the Archduke Albert of Austria and

of his wife; in others are worked the arms of Brabant, Spain and England, the lily of France, and the eagle of Austria. The border is worked with a series of emperors, and at the corners are figures of the archduke and his wife, in robes of state. The bedspread commemorates their marriage, and their "joyous entry" on their accession to the sovereignty of the Southern Netherlands in 1599, long gratefully remembered by their subjects.

Lace-making was one of the arts for which the people of the Belgian provinces (and more especially of the Flemish provinces) had a special gift, and lace has a conspicuous place in the portrait groups of the 17th and 18th centuries, where every detail of embroidery, *galon* and lace is recorded with lively realism. At the Belgian Government's exhibition at the Wildenstein galleries in New Bond Street lace from the great Belgian museums and private collections can be seen side by side with paintings which are evidence of the lavish use of lace on the

cuffs, ruffs and collars of personages painted by Cornelius de Vos (Fig. 1), Rubens and the younger David Teniers. In addition there are paintings such as that of *The Dreamer* (Fig. 2) by Nicolas Maes of Dordrecht (1632-93) where the old lace-maker is painted with lace in progress on her pillow.

In the last years of the 16th and in the early 17th century the lace-making industry spread widely in Belgium, extending from Valenciennes to Antwerp, and from Lille to Bruges. The early pillow lace of geometrical design gave place about 1630 to a type with a scalloped border in which flat, tape-like lines formed a symmetrical formal ornament. This lace had a vogue for about thirty years; then a design with a straight edge and an almost opaque ground was in fashion about 1660, to be followed by effective foliate scrolling patterns. During the last quarter of the 17th century the influence of the State-aided French lace industry becomes manifest and French design gave a new life and direction to the Belgian lace industry.

All lace made in these districts was marketed under the general term Flanders lace during the greater part of the 17th century, and it was not until the reign of Anne that "Macklin" (Mechlin) and "Brussels" was entered in the great wardrobe accounts.

Lace changed with changing fashions. It appears first in a delicate geometric design edging ruffs and cuffs, as shown in the portrait group of the painter and his family by Cornelius de Vos (Fig. 1). To the ruff succeeded the *collet montani*, an upright collar framing the head and face, brilliantly rendered in Rubens's portrait of Jacqueline van Caeste (1617) from the Brussels Museum of Fine Arts, where this light lace forms "vandykes" round the collar. Finally, the collar became the "falling band," spreading flat upon the shoulders, bordered with a lace finishing in rounded scallops. This form of collar is frequently shown in portraits and groups dating from between 1630 and 1660. In an engraving by Abraham de Bosse, visitors all wearing broad lace-edged collars, are shown strolling through a shop in the gallery of the Palais Royal, in which similar collars are ranged on the wall behind the counter.

John Evelyn, describing a medal struck in 1633, writes that King Charles I wears a falling band, "which new mode succeeded the cumbersome ruff, but neither did the bishops and judges give it up soon." It was not only bishops and judges who remained constant to the ruff; in some family groups about this time in which two generations are recorded, the young people wear the collar, while their elders

4.—BOTTOM OF SLEEVE IN BRUSSELS NEEDLE LACE. 18th century

in touch with novel fashions, notes in 1662 in his *Diary* the day when he put on his new lace band, "and so neat it is that (he writes) I am resolved my great expense shall be lace bands." By this date the introduction of the peruke covering the shoulders made an end of the falling collar, and the cravat, often edged with lace, took its place.

In the course of the 18th century lace was used on a multitude of accessories, such as the steinkirk, ruffles, head-dresses and lappets. Letters and journals make much of the fashion for, and the high cost of, Brussels lace. Lord Chesterfield in 1741 speaks of Brussels as "the place where most of the fine laces are made you see worn in England."

In this exhibition there is an interesting series of dated pieces (or pieces which can be dated by their subject). Earliest of these is a border of an alb made for the marriage of the Emperor Charles VI and Elizabeth of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel in 1708. The portrait medallions of the pair, and the initials C and E are significant motifs. A little later in date is the border of an alb commemorating the signing of the Pragmatic Sanction in 1713, by which the Emperor Charles VI settled the law of succession for the dominions of the House of Hapsburg. A third dated piece is the benediction veil (1720) representing in the centre the invention of the Holy Cross, ascribed by legend to Saint Helena, mother of Constantine the Great.

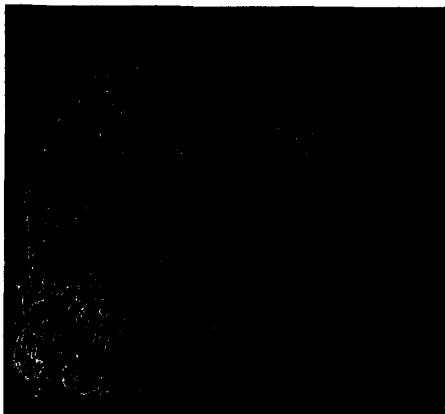
An equally finished example of Brussels technique is the veil centring in a group of a Pope handing a kneeling lady a sealed document (Fig. 3). Above them is a draped canopy surmounted by a figure of the Virgin. It will be noticed that in these and in many of these

18th-century examples, figures and groups are introduced.

The first half of the 18th century was the great age of the Brussels lace industry. Brussels was affected by the court of France, and a French taste for balanced groups of fragmentary floral sprays appears in Brussels lace to meet this demand. In England also, much Brussels lace was imported, and this lace held sway among "the gentility" in spite of endeavours to protect English manufacturers.

The late 18th century, the silver age of lace, did not offer the same scope to the lace-maker and designer. The background occupies a larger area, and the ornament, slighter and smaller in scale, does not call for the use of varied stitches.

The invention in England in 1768 of a machine for making a net ground led to a decline in the use of real lace, and the disappearance of ruffles and cravats restricted it as an adjunct to dress. Some examples of this late period show ornament

5.—CROWN OF BONNET IN MECHLIN LACE
First half of the 18th century

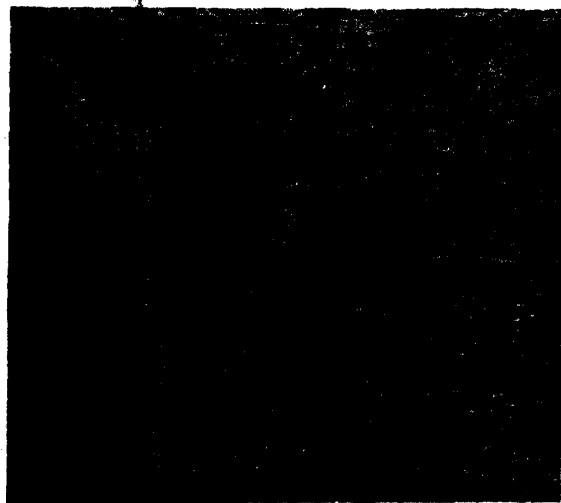
applied to a hand-made net (*droochel*) ground. A veil of this work, sprinkled with the Napoleonic emblem, the bee, and bearing at its corners a crowned eagle, was made for the cradle of the King of Rome (1811). There was a new era of prosperity, and a renewed fashion for lace during the second Empire, when a number of varied forms and uses were developed. The Belgian lace made during the great wars forms a group completing the sequence of this industry during the past three centuries.

The quality of flax thread and the technique of Brussels lace attracted the attention of visitors in the 18th century. Lord Garden, who visited Brussels in 1787, writes that "the thread is of so exquisite a fineness that they cannot make it in this country." The flax of Courtrai is "a staple of unsurpassed excellence," and valuable on account of its fineness, strength and bright colour.

The pillow laces of Belgium can be divided into those made with a continuous thread (*fil continue*) on a stationary pillow (such as laces of Antwerp, Mechlin, Binche and Valenciennes), and those worked in separate sections on a pillow that may be moved to allow the lace-maker to follow the curves of the ornament. These separate pieces were afterwards united by a ground of bars (*brides*) or of mesh (*resseau*). A division of labour was noted as a feature of Brussels lace in 1758, when Mrs. Calderwood, who visited the Béguinage at Brussels, describes the manufacture as "very curious." "One (she writes) works the flowers, they are all sold separately. The masters then gave the sections out to be grounded, and, after this, the work is 'given to a third hand, who 'hearts' all the flowers with the open work. This is what makes this lace so much dearer than the Mechlin, which is wrought all at once."

The tie-bar or *bride* was the first ground used in Brussels lace, but had been discontinued by 1761 and was then only made to order. The mesh-ground was either needle-made, or worked on the pillow in small strips, joined by a stitch known as *point de raccors* (a fine joining).

The exhibition, which includes some examples of Binche and Mechlin lace (Fig. 5), will be open till October 31.



6.—DETAIL OF A BEDSPREAD OF THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT AND THE ARCHDUCHESS ISABELLA. 1599

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE, DORSET—I

THE HOME OF LADY GROGAN

This lovely Dorset house, lying in a remote valley in the heart of the county, was for over six centuries in the possession of the Bingham.

By ARTHUR OSWALD

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE was one of the Dorset houses chosen by Joseph Nash a century ago to figure in his *Mansions of England in the Olden Time*. Like Athelhampton, Cranborne Manor House and Waterston, it had all the romantic qualities to appeal to a generation brought up on the Waverley novels, to which Nash's lithographs of halls and manor houses peopled with costumed figures of bygone days supplied an attractive and highly popular antiquarian commentary. At Bingham's Melcombe, Nash's original water-colour hangs in the hall along with the lithograph, but in the latter a group of Bingham's, apparently of James I's reign, has been substituted for the lady in the Vandyck dress and her lap dog. The picture has not altered after a hundred years, as will be seen by comparing the water-colour (Fig. 6) with our photograph (Fig. 5), taken at the same time in the afternoon when the shadow strikes across the Tudor oriel. Even the clumps of hydrangeas on the raised terrace in front of the hall are still there but blooming in greater profusion to-day.

More persuasively than any house that I know, Bingham's Melcombe is able to convey the comforting suggestion that time can stand still. Since the war has left its mark on so many country houses, one hardly dared to hope that after fourteen years all would be the same. But it was. Nothing seemed to have changed. The gardens were as lovely as ever, the creased face of the old yew hedge

was still close-shaven and trim, the lawn below (it was before the August drought) had the colour and texture of green velvet. Here, at least, time had not marched on. Last winter Dorset, like every other part of England, lay deep under snow, but in the mind's eye it is always summer at Bingham's Melcombe and always afternoon. Both Nash's water-colour and Mr. Henson's photographs are in the conspiracy to maintain this happy illusion.

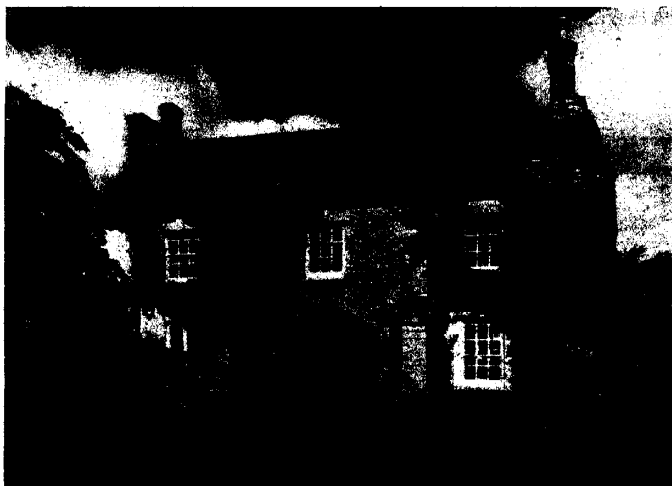
Because it is so refreshing to-day to be able to point to something and say, "At least,

this has not altered," there is no need to apologise for this third appearance of the house in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. On the last occasion, in 1914, the photographs were, unaccountably, taken in winter and failed to bring out the full beauty of the place, which must be seen when the trees that embower it are in full foliage and the sun is drenching the stonework. This time, we think we have done better; and so, if excuse be needed, excuse there is.

There are several ways of approaching Bingham's Melcombe, depending on what town you are coming from. The two nearest stations—Blandford and Dorchester—are each eight miles away as the crow flies and more like ten as the roads wind. The deepcombe in which the house lies is one of a series of valleys carved out of the central Dorset Heights by southward-flowing streams, which have turned these chalk uplands into a succession of ridges and furrows as though they were an immense verdure tapestry draped in folds across the county. In the next valley to the east lies Milton Abbey; Cerne Abbas nestles in the next but three to the west. Melcombe—perhaps the millcombe, though no mill is mentioned in Domesday Book—has been formed by the Dewlish, Dewlish or Devil's Brook, which courses down past the village of Dewlish to join the Piddle, Puddle or Trent, near Athelhampton. At the head of the valley, round the flank of Henning Hill to the west, lies Melcombe Horsey, taking its suffix from the family that possessed it in the 16th century, and previously known as Up Melcombe and also Melcombe Cerne, Bruning or Turges, after earlier owners. Melcombe Horsey was the paramount manor, but the church (Fig. 9)



1.—FROM A HARVEST FIELD ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE VALLEY: THE HOUSE IN ITS SHELTERED COMBE



2.—THE GATEHOUSE. GEORGIAN WINDOWS IN MEDIEVAL WALLS



3.—INSIDE THE COURTYARD: THE HALL RANGE AND THE TUDOR ORIEL

stands at the lower end of the parish in the park of Bingham's Melcombe, south-east of the house. Built out on each side of the nave are two chapels, of which the southern was the burial-place of the Horseys, the northern of the Bingham. The village has completely disappeared, but its memory survives in a meadow called Town-hays, where the foundations of dwellings are marked by irregularities in the ground.

The Bingham came to Melcombe towards the end of the 13th century and did not leave until 1895. They acquired the manor from the Turbervilles, a once powerful Dorset family whose glory has long departed. In 1205 Henry de Turberville was claiming five hides in Melcum, which his father, Robert, had held. About the end of Henry III's reign Lucy, daughter and heiress of Robert Turberville, brought the manor to the Bingham by marrying



4.—LOOKING WEST IN THE COURTYARD



5 and 6.—THE ORIEL TO-DAY, AND (right) AS DRAWN BY JOSEPH NASH A CENTURY AGO, WHEN THE HYDRANGEAS WERE ALREADY THERE

Robert, younger son of Sir Ralph de Bingham, of Sutton Bingham in Somerset. Robert Bingham's uncle had been Bishop of Salisbury (1228-46), where he continued the building of the cathedral begun by his predecessor. The family seem to have acquired their surname from a village in Nottinghamshire, in which county other branches were established. The pedigree of the Dorset Bingham shows a long chain of Roberts and Richards, but it is not until the 16th century that any of the family emerges as a definite personality. An inquisition of 1317, however, gives us the first mention of the house. In that year Richard de Bingham died seised of lands in Nether Melcombe, where he had a capital messuage and garden, 100 acres of land and 10 of meadow.

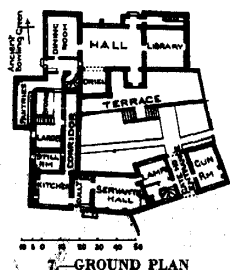
The plan of the house is of courtyard form, with the east side left open, but it is very irregular, the gatehouse being set askew to the hall range behind, perhaps on account of the lie of the ground and difference in levels. Approaching by the lane from the south, you enter the park between a pair of stone gate-piers, each crowned with the Bingham crest, an eagle taking flight. A short drive shaded by venerable elms brings you to the front of the gatehouse (Fig. 2), in which five sashed windows surmounted by keystones have been inserted by a Georgian Bingham. But the arched entrance, the pair of buttresses and the gable ends all proclaim its mediæval structure. It is probably of 14th-century date, and the thickness of its walls shows that it was built for security. To the left of the entrance there is a newel stair of oak giving access to the three rooms on the upper floor. In the east room, which is lined with Jacobean panelling and has a carved overmantel, there are visible the ends of the arched braces of the mediæval roof, otherwise concealed.

The massive form of the gatehouse and its plain features serve as an admirable foil to the beauty of the courtyard, so cunningly hidden behind it and only disclosed as you pass through the archway (Fig. 3). The entire lack of symmetry, the varying pitches and heights of the stone-slatted roofs, the two levels of the courtyard, the differing designs of window, all contribute to the highly picturesque effect which, far from being a jumble, composes delightfully from almost any angle. No two ranges meet at right angles, half the principles in the architects' text-books are disregarded, and the result is charming. It would still be charming, even without the hydrangeas, the lavender and the climbers that add the finishing touches. This is not to withhold credit from the mason who designed the Tudor oriel. He certainly knew the value of fine masonry of contrasting shades, and of plain surfaces to show off delicate detail. And later builders, Elizabethan

and Georgian, by playing down their parts left the oriel to hold the stage.

As the hall range has been much altered during the passage of centuries, it cannot be dated even approximately, but was probably of considerable age at the time when the Tudor oriel was added and the hall itself was re-constructed. The plan shows the characteristic arrangements of a mediæval manor house: a great hall entered by a porch at one end and at the opposite end a cross-wing containing a parlour and a chamber over it. The hall would probably have had a screen by the entrance and, if precedent were followed, the buttery, pantry and kitchen would have been adjacent at the east end, where are now the library and the drawing-room above it. As this end of the range was built, or rebuilt, about 1720, it is impossible to say whether the normal mediæval arrangement originally prevailed or whether the kitchen has always been where it now is, in the south-west corner of the court. In the west range of the court, below the right-hand gable of the three seen in Fig. 4, there is a 15th-century doorway, with pointed arch and label, but it is hidden from view by the passage with the lean-to roof. This range is of mediæval date, but bedrooms were constructed in the upper part of it, perhaps early in the 17th-century, when the three mullioned windows with the gables were inserted. The walls of this range are of small rough stones laid in courses but the gables are of ashlar.

The oriel, which is in reality a south wing to the hall, having an upper room in it, was probably built in the reign of Mary Tudor, if the heraldic glass in its windows was inserted at the time when it was completed, as it is reasonable to suppose. Two of the shields bear the arms of England and Spain, presumably in allusion to Mary's marriage with Philip. The Robert Bingham who was owner



7.—GROUND PLAN

at that time succeeded his father in 1524 and died in 1581. The Italian detail of the oriel and the elaborate sculptured panel with the Bingham shield, crest and mantling supported by *putti* compare very closely with the carved Tudor screen attached to the west front of Montacute, which came from Clifton Maybank, the old home of the Horsey family near Yeovil. The same carver, no doubt, worked at both houses. It is significant that at this time the Horseys also owned the other Melcombe to which their surname is still attached and so were neighbours of Robert Bingham. The flanking shafts with their finials—the outer pair carrying the Bingham eagle—also reveal close analogies with almost contemporary work at Athelhampton Hall and Sandford Orcas, where the angle shafts show the same curious attempt to reproduce the volutes of an Ionic capital. The golden Ham Hill stone is used for all the decorative work, in contrast to grey limestone, probably from Purbeck, used for the ashlar. An unknown



9.—BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE CHURCH



8.—A GEORGIAN ALCOVE

mason, or family of masons, with interests in the Ham Hill quarries and with a workshop perhaps at Yeovil or Sherborne, may have been responsible for all this Tudor work in the neighbourhood which is very individual. An Italian was probably commissioned to do the actual carving of the heraldic panel both here and at Clifton Maybank.

The gardens at Bingham's Melcombe lie to the west and north of the house. Fig. 1, taken in a harvest field on the hillside to the south-west, shows their setting and the gigantic wall of the yew hedge running out westward below the fine belt of trees sheltering the house to the north. The bowling-green (Fig. 11) lies under the southern flank of the yew hedge, at the far end of which is a pleasant little alcove in a frame of Georgian brick (Fig. 8). Behind the hedge is one of those delightful old kitchen gardens where there is room for flowers among the fruit and vegetables. At its east end is a circular dovecote (Fig. 10) similar to one at Athelhampton. Immediately behind the great hall are two tiny enclosed plots, one known as the Ladies' Garden; east of them, beyond a yard, stands a fine old thatched barn. Bounding all to the north is an avenue of giant planes, sycamores and silver firs, leading down to a wild garden with walks beside the little stream and three ancient fishponds; and on the far side rises the bare smooth slope of the down, the protective flank of this hidden valley.

(To be continued)



10.—THE STONE DOVECOTE



11.—THE GREAT WALL OF YEW FLANKING THE BOWLING-GREEN

THE BLACKCOCK'S REEL

Written and Illustrated by FRANCES PITT

A RED glow lightened the night sky from which the stars were already fading, and the whistling of oyster-catchers was to be heard on all sides. It was but 4.30 a.m. by the clock and 2.30 a.m. by Greenwich Mean Time, yet we were late. If we did not hurry the birds we were going to meet would be there before us.

We got out the car, bundled ourselves and our belongings into it and sped off down the dim road with tall pines like dark sentinels in sombre ranks on either side. On and on we went, turning up a road which gave us a new open view, including a vision of the mountain masses that raised snow-capped heights on the southern horizon. But we had no thought for the Cairngorm range, however superb its white tops in the rosy dawn. The crimson blaze of the Highland sunrise was beginning to fade and a grey light was creeping over the landscape. If the sun had not yet risen, day nevertheless was near at hand. Had our friends arrived?

We reached a more or less open, grassy space in the forest, that ancient pine forest that has changed little since those dim long-gone days when primitive man first came to Scotland, and brought the car to a halt on the roadside, thrusting anxious heads out of the windows. Yes, they had arrived. A curious bubbling sound was to be heard, something like the bubbling of a hen cuckoo but stronger and more persistent; moreover it came not from one throat but from many and it went on and on.

We hastily gathered the cameras, etc., climbed over a wire fence and made our way across some tussocky ground dotted with young pines to the dimly seen birds. As we approached seven or eight dark birds rose and flew off and silence fell on the scene. We had disturbed the morning gathering of the blackcock, but from what I knew of the birds it would not be long before they were back again.

The black grouse has the remarkable habit of congregating at dawn for a social dance and display. The affair is chiefly a matter for the males, which gather from some distance around, coming to a time-ordained spot such as that on which my friend and I now stood.

According to local information this lek had been used for many years, during the memory of the oldest inhabitants and their parents and grandparents before them—for one hundred years at least, said the people of the district. It was some twenty years since I had made acquaintance with the spot and the performance at dawn, and, except for a few new young fir trees on one side of the dancing-



1.—THE BLACKCOCK'S DAYBREAK REEL IN A SCOTTISH PINE FOREST

floor, everything was unchanged. Possibly the growth of the little pines had pushed the floor a few yards from its old centre, but even that was open to question.

By now the light was coming and there was no time to be lost. Two small hiding-tents had been put up side by side, making one erection sufficient to shelter two people. The fabric was weather-worn, bleached and stained, and harmonised well with the dry tussocky grass, but I doubt if the birds would have minded whatever it had looked like. From first to last they were completely indifferent to the shelter and treated it as part of their natural surroundings. It seemed as if they were too engrossed with themselves and their doings to think of anything else.

Hardly were we under canvas, hardly had we dragged the last bit of photographic apparatus within, when there was a whirr of wings, followed by more and more rushing sounds, and the blackcock were back. One alighted close in front of the tent, others here and there about the green, and all immediately began to display and posture, drooping their wings and fanning their tails like miniature turkey cocks. Their white under-tail coverts were like large white powder-puffs against the blackness of the rest of their plumage (Fig. 3) which seemed the more intensely inky-black by contrast with the vivid scarlet wattles above their eyes. These wattles seemed to glow and gleam, so intense was their crimson colour. But the great white tail rosettes were even more striking.

The moment the party dropped down on to the lek the bubbling, cooing, crowing, singing was resumed. It was a strange yet fascinating sound which carried far through the still air of morning. Watching the birds one could see their puffed out, distended throats and chests vibrating, and now and again their bills opened and closed. I tried to count them, but it was difficult to see all round. There were certainly eight cocks and I think there were two more out of sight, but when I first visited this lek nearly 20 years ago a score or more of birds were regular attendants. And this is in a district where black game are said to be holding their own, whereas in most parts of the British Isles it is admitted that they are steadily diminishing.

Seemingly the black grouse, so far as the British Isles are concerned, is a declining, I almost wrote a doomed, bird. Its ranks have been steadily growing less for a number of years and it has vanished from many districts where it formerly flourished. The cause of its decline is difficult to discover (disease, animosity of foresters, increase of foxes are among the factors mentioned), but, as with the landrail, it is difficult to put one's finger on any definite reason. Possibly there is some deep-seated factor, not immediately apparent, such as that which causes the waxing and waning of rodent populations, at work to reduce black game. If so, let us hope we shall soon see the pendulum swing back and this handsome grouse once more on the increase.



2.—A SITTER-OUT SURVEYS THE DANCE. (Right) 3.—THE WHITE UNDER-TAIL COVERTS OF A DISPLAYING BLACKCOCK STAND OUT LIKE A LARGE WHITE POWDER-PUFF AGAINST THE BLACKNESS OF THE REST OF ITS PLUMAGE

4.—THE "FILM STAR" WATCHES HIS NEIGHBOURS SETTING TO PARTNERS AND (right) 5.—TURNS HIS BACK ON ONE OF THEM, REVEALING THE CONSPICUOUS SMALL WHITE SPOT ON HIS SHOULDER

The blackcock attending the lek at which my friend and I were keeping watch were, at all events, still a goodly company and their voices seemed to fill the still morning air to the exclusion of other sounds. The crowing of a cock pheasant was hardly noticed in the medley of bubbling and cooing and even the bark of first one roe deer and then another somewhere in the adjoining forest passed almost unheeded.

By now the light was fairly strong, not good enough for colour photography but of sufficient strength to enable one to obtain a black-and-white record of the scene, and I brought my cine camera to bear on that part of the green where trampled grass and a few scattered feathers told of many goings on. A particularly handsome blackcock ran hurriedly to this spot, turned with spread tail and drooping wings and bowed directly at the hide, the same as when he either shoulder became not only apparent but very noticeable, the two spots having the appearance of glittering, glaring eyes. This cock was dubbed the film star. He seemed to want to have his photograph taken and pranced and postured right in front of the camera.

The rosy tint of the dawn had already faded from the sky, which was now a tender grey-blue against which the pine trees raised their spires like the sharp teeth of a long dark saw, and the shadows were no longer impenetrable mysteries. Not only was the film star strutting before the tent fully visible in all his beauty, but so were the rest of the participants in the dance. Ten was certainly the number. They were scattered over the sward and it was obvious that each bird had his station. Here he stood, sang and displayed, until he turned towards a neighbour, when the two of them ran towards each other and set to partners (Fig. 4).

For a minute or two the couple faced each other, necks extended, wings dragging the ground and quivering with excitement. Suddenly they flew up into the air, like gamecocks clashing, dropped to the ground and ran back to their respective stands. It was a harmless business and not even a feather flew. Sometimes they ran and met each other, faced each other for a brief while and then returned to their respective positions without any actual encounter.

All this time the bubbling and cooing continued unabated, but now it changed to a sharp hissing cry, not unlike that made by soda water issuing from a siphon, and the members of the lek all simultaneously leapt aloft, some jumping quite high into the air, only to drop to the ground and hastily resume their positions and their bubbling.

Although every blackcock was obviously in a highly emotional state, it was nothing to the frenzy that suddenly swept the gathering and set

every cock quivering with ecstasy—a grey hen had arrived.

Ornithologists differ as to the biological significance of the blackcocks' dance. The most generally accepted idea is that the communal play acts as a safety valve for the pent-up energy and overflowing spirits of the males in the early part of the breeding season, and at the same time gives the females a chance of not only finding the cocks but choosing the most virile and energetic ones.

From what I could see the grey hen got no time to look at would-be suitors. Cocks rushed about as if gone crazy and prostrated themselves before her. They jostled her in trying to drive one another off. Two fairly lost their heads and tempers and went for each other in a way that did make the feathers fly, and a very wide-awake gentleman just ran after her and grabbed her. Whether coition actually took place was uncertain but I think so. At any rate there was a fine rough-and-tumble with the male holding on to the female's neck feathers.

At no time did I see more than three grey hens on the green together, but by this time, the second week in May, the hens should have been laying, if not sitting. Once the hens are all incubating the fervour dies out of the morning gatherings of their lords, and, finally the affair peters out, the cocks dispersing to moult and recuperate. But when the latter are once more their old spruce selves, in the fine days of early autumn, their joy in dancing reasserts itself and the morning gatherings are resumed. That the blackcocks' dance is purely a breeding ceremonial is belied by these autumn gatherings, even if they lack the full vim and emotional frenzy of the spring-time affairs. It seems obvious that the rites and displaying give the performers great pleasure and they enjoy the dance at any time of year.

The chill days of winter dashed the ardour of the participants, but the earliest hint of coming spring finds them performing with full vigour, flying straight from their roosting-places in the

fir trees to sing and posture, dance and display, while there is yet hardly light enough on the green for the birds to see their neighbours.

A road ran near the lek at which my friend and I kept watch, but it was little frequented in the early part of the morning, and the party went forward undisturbed for nearly two hours. The birds seemed inexhaustible. They pranced, they ran at one another, they set to partners, they skirmished, they ran back to their respective stations and they ignored not only the barking of the roe deer in the near-by forest but stately, long-billed curlew strolling across the arena. They were wholly engrossed with themselves and their domes. As for the hide and its occupants, they were perfectly oblivious of it. They paid no heed to the purring of a cine camera or the clicking of the focal-plane shutter of a still camera. They did not even cast a glance at the camera lenses protruding from a hole in the side of the shelter and being turned and twisted this way and that. All they did was to run about, strut, bubble and fly up suddenly like so many jacks-in-the-box.

Yet for all their preoccupation the blackcock were on the alert. When it was nearly seven o'clock, a man went down the road on a bicycle and with a whirr of wings all the birds were gone. They flew off to some tall pine near at hand, however, and in a few minutes back they came, but the spell seemed broken and they stood listlessly with closed wings as if wondering what to do next. A lorry came down the road and this settled it; again they took wing, this time departing for good, or at any rate until late afternoon, when perhaps some of them would return for an evening session.

Although the morning gathering at the lek is the important one, when every male attends, when long inherited custom ordains that he shall put in quite two hours posturing, playing and displaying, there is also the afternoon performance for such as feel like a second dance in the 24 hours. However, the latter event is but a lukewarm affair by comparison with the joyous dance in the dawn, when the coming sun dyes the sky with crimson glory and a chilly breeze comes down from Cairngorm's snowy summit to rustle through the grass, heather, bilberry and pine trees.

We left the hide, boarded the car and prepared to return for breakfast, but the morning's adventures were by no means over. As we proceeded along the twisting road between the pine trees a lady brought us to a halt (Fig. 6). She was stout, she was self-important and she looked exactly like Queen Victoria. She walked up the middle of the track and we admired her beautifully mottled plumage before she at last spread her wide wings and allowed us to proceed, but she left me with a snapshot of that usually shy, wary and elusive fowl, the blackcock's large cousin, the capercaillie.

6.—A HEN CAPERCAILLIE WALKS SEDATELY UP THE ROAD IN FRONT OF THE CAR

A NORTH-WEST FRONTIER SHOOT—II

DUCK IN A SWAT VALLEY

By SIR RALPH GRIFFITH

A DUCK shoot had been arranged for the second morning of our visit to the Wali of Swat, on the North-West Frontier Province of India. We set off after an early breakfast for the Wali's famous *jheel* (Fig 3), which consisted of some hundreds of acres of flooded rice fields in the alluvial plain through which the rapid Swat River thrust its inconstant course.

Great are the preparations made by the Wali for these famous shoots at Udigram, for the comfort of his guests and to ensure good sport. The area is commanded by a network of large, comfortable huts built up with rice straw upon raised platforms of earth. For some miles up- and down-stream tribesmen are turned out to keep the duck on the move and prevent them from settling for the day on distant reaches after the shooting has started. The very idea of any sort of *shikar* is a potent lure to any Pathan, and the keen and sustained interest of beaters and all other on-lookers may be engaged, adds greatly to the enjoyment of a shoot with them.

The guns were soon in their butts, each with a well-furnished luncheon basket and accompanied by an attendant to collect the bag, a duty involving not only much paddling in the flooded rice fields but pursuit of winged birds across deep irrigation channels too wide to be crossed by jumping. The gun occupying the farthest butt—and therefore the last to get into position—fired the opening shot and its echoes were instantly smothered by the roar of wings as many thousands of birds rose at the sound of the discharge. The drumming racket of duck rising in myriads has a joy in it that never palls, swelling into a harmony of many parts that rises rapidly to a climax and then fades gradually as the birds mount and scatter. The first brief, furious *feu de joie* was soon spent, but for the next couple of hours the duck continued to come over, singly or in small groups, in sufficient numbers to sustain interest and keep the guns alert and barrels warm.

By mid-day most of the duck had gone; only an occasional shot was heard and soon an interval was announced by bugle call. An hour's silence, during which lunch was eaten, brought the birds back to the *jheel* in slowly increasing numbers. The two soldierly-looking young attendants who had watched my shooting during the morning with frankly outspoken praise and criticism, as circumstance had required, accepted a handful of apples and sat down for such fitful talk as might arise.

This pleasant period of relaxation after the morning's fusillade offered much to engage one's interest. Sitting with my companions under the butt on trusses of straw under a cloudless

sky, the warmth of the sun inducing a tendency to nod, I found myself watching the returning duck and trying for the hundredth time to pronounce upon the relative flight-speeds of mallard and teal, and coming down pretty decisively, as usual, on the side of the teal. The flight of the mallard is admittedly deceptive, by reason of its appearance of effortless ease: that of the teal, perhaps, misleadingly bustling and flashy. It may well be that in sustained, routine flights—as on migration, or changing of feeding-grounds—the larger bird has the smaller beaten. But, as it seems to me, you have only to watch the large flocks of mallard and teal circling a *jheel* together for hours at a time, with the guns popping below to keep them lively, in order to remove the last vestige of doubt. For sheer speed when really put to it the teal can leave the mallard standing.



2.—PICKETS ON THE ROAD TO SAI DU

The afternoon's shoot did not last very long. After a highly satisfactory rise to the first few shots the birds, stirred up for the second time in the day, refused to linger and made off to seek new sanctuaries, some flocks moving up, some down-stream, but most making off south-eastwards over the hills for the Indus, twenty miles away. Soon only an occasional shot broke the silence; the "cease fire" was sounded and the guns made their way back to the camp for tea.



1.—THE BEATERS

The day's bag was something over six hundred duck, of which about 10 per cent. were teal, the remainder being mallard and gadwall with a sprinkling of pochard and pintail. The thousand mark has, I believe, on one or two occasions been reached at Udigram; but recent bags have been smaller and there is a local theory that the Russians are using the eggs of wild-fowl in very large numbers in the manufacture of photographic film!

An incident that occurred in the course of the morning has remained vividly in my memory. A friend in a neighbouring butt sent his Labrador retriever across the flooded fields to retrieve a duck which, badly winged, had flown on and, passing almost within gunshot of me, come down heavily in the water a couple of hundred yards farther on. As the dog approached my butt I "dropped" a mallard. It fell a considerable distance off his line of advance, but the dog immediately switched to the new objective, picked up the mallard and brought it to me and then, having completed this charming bit of juggling, resumed his original line, gathered the wounded bird and carried it back—nearly a quarter of a mile—to his master.

A little later, my attention was drawn by frenzied shouting on the distant edge of the *jheel* and I saw a mass of tribesmen rushing from all directions to converge on a common objective around which they then seemed to be milling wildly as though in the throes of a battle. Knowing that many must be carrying arms and not forgetting that the nature of the beast is above all things to be "trigger-happy," I awaited in some suspense the shot that would start the battle that now seemed inevitable. Happily it turned out that the watching opportunists were merely indulging in a little sport on their own account. Later, when we

assembled for tea a large crowd of Swatis proudly dragged forth the fruits of their chase—a half-grown corial which had suddenly appeared out of the *jheel* and had given them an exciting hunt before capture. How this wild and "very mountainous goat" (I quote the local schoolmaster) came to find itself in so strange an environment it is impossible to say. He bounded off joyously for his natural element, so to speak, when set free with his nose pointed to the hills. The tribesmen produced also the bedraggled body of a jackal which had been driven off the rice fields and clubbed to death.

Another retriever—the Wali's—working half a mile away across the *jheel*, gave me much entertainment during the day, at times so distracting attention from the work in hand that I failed of my duty towards the fighting ducks. A highly efficient finder and gatherer and obviously enjoying his work just as much as would any other right-minded retriever, he galumphed and shamled heavily about the *jheel* in manner reminiscent rather of the dinosaur than of the common, necessary retriever. Like Behemoth, I thought, "he moveth his tail like a cedar and his bones are as strong pieces of brass"—a veritable mammoth floundering about the swamp, he seemed to "make the deep to boil as a pot." True, he was only a retriever gathering ducks at his master's behest; but he happened also to be a great dandy, and an exceptionally large specimen of the breed.

The previous article on this subject appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of October 10.



3.—THE WALI'S FAMOUS JHEEL CONSISTED OF SOME HUNDREDS OF ACRES OF FLOODED RICE FIELDS

PLAN FOR A NEW TOWN

MR. G. A. JELlicoe'S PROPOSALS FOR HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Hertfordshire, is the first of the proposed satellite towns for which the preliminary plan has been published. It has been prepared by Mr. G. A. Jellicoe in the capacity of Town-planning Consultant to the Hemel Hempstead Development Corporation. A scale model with plans, photographs and drawings has been exhibited in the Town Hall at Hemel Hempstead, where residents have had the opportunity of studying and criticising their new town. The plan will doubtless undergo modifications as circumstances may arise, and, in our strained economic situation, the execution of the building programme is likely to be very seriously delayed. But at least a framework for a new town exists, and, as this is the first of the bunch, the proposals embodied in Mr. Jellicoe's report deserve careful scrutiny.

The existing town has a population of 21,120. It is proposed to increase this figure to 60,000, aiming at a "balanced population" as between different occupations and income groups. Taking England and Wales as a whole, Mr. Jellicoe finds that in 1931 the percentage of those employed in manufacturing industries was 18.5 per cent. At Hemel Hempstead the percentage is as high as 25.6. He proposes to allow for only a limited expansion of manufacture and to redress the balance by increasing the numbers engaged in service industries from the present low figure of 14 per cent. to the average for England and Wales, viz., 23.3 per cent. The emphasis is, therefore, on commercial and residential development rather than on industry. The total area covered by the plan is about 6,350 acres. Approximately 1,800 acres will be kept as open space; the rest will be developed, roughly half the area being allocated to residential use.

Hemel Hempstead up to 1800 was a small market town, strung along the eastern slope of the Valley of the Gade, a chalk stream which joins the River Bulbourne about a mile south of the old part of the town. The Bulbourne Valley is better known as that through which the Grand Junction Canal makes its way, accompanied by the L.M.S. main line to Rugby and A.41 (the London-Tring-Birmingham road). It is seen forming an arc on the left-hand side of Fig. 1. The opening of the Canal in 1804 brought



1.—MODEL OF THE PROPOSED NEW TOWN OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

The top of the photograph is approximately N.N.W. The central lay-out of gardens and public buildings follows the valley of the Gade to its junction with the Bulbourne Valley, forming the arc at the bottom left. Only one of the seven residential areas is laid out on the model, the others appearing as blank spaces



2.—THE CENTRAL AREA LOOKING SOUTH-EAST

The garden belt is seen running across the picture from the lake in the left foreground with Marlowes, the principal shopping street on the far side. Left of the lake are the church and existing High Street. The civic centre, with tower, extends across the valley at the end of the lake

industry in the form of paper mills and iron-works to the south and south-east of the town. Boxmoor, where the main line station is, and Apsley both developed in consequence, and in course of time became linked to Hemel Hempstead, which now not only fills the Valley of the Gade, but sprawls over the hillsides to east and west. The making of paper remains the principal industry, but watercress-growing in the river valleys is another important enterprise of long standing.

Thanks to valuable common rights in the Bulbourne Valley, there exists a large open space known as the Moor, extending along the river past its junction with the Gade and parallel to the railway. It is proposed to retain this. In the Gade Valley itself, to the west of the old High Street and the fine Norman church, there is a beautiful area of parkland with meadows and trees. Part of this, under the new plan, would become an artificial lake with the civic centre at its southern end. The lake is seen as the dark area in the left foreground of Fig. 2, where we are looking south-eastward. The church and High Street here are visible to the left of the lake.

The High Street, with its inns and pleasant fronts of Georgian brick, retains considerable charm and it is proposed to preserve most of it as "an academic or professional quarter." The commercial centre of the town will be shifted southward and Marlowes, which is the southern extension of the High Street and now a street of no distinction, will be developed as the principal shopping thoroughfare, although with buildings confined to the east side. The west side will be open to the central belt of gardens, interspersed

with public buildings, which is visualised as occupying the valley floor running south from a position a little south-west of the church to the point where the Gade joins the Bulbourne.

The civic centre at the north end of the central garden belt would lie across the valley east-and-west. Mr. Jellicoe has in mind the château of Chenonceau in the Loire Valley, a building stretching across a dam at the end of a lake. Below it extend the gardens divided into seven compartments, the river crossing and re-crossing in an artificial channel turning a succession of right-angled bends. At intervals along the east side of the garden belt and facing Marlowes a series of public buildings are disposed—a library, art gallery, restaurant and repertory theatre; and at the south end a pavilion, containing a theatre and concert hall, is set in a corresponding position to the civic centre with a round pond on its south side. At either end of the gardens provision is made for car parks "waiting to become helicopter parks."

The garden treatment is formal; some will think it too formal and would prefer to see the river running in a natural course through the gardens.

The residential areas are divided into seven "neighbourhoods" disposed on the hills around the central valley. One reason for this arrangement is that the valley-floors at certain times

of the year are liable to act as fog-pockets. Each neighbourhood has its own church, community centre, shops, playing-fields and allotments, and will thus be to a large extent self-contained. In the model (Fig. 1) only one of the residential areas is shown laid out; the others are left blank. A variety of architectural treatment is suggested, representative of all schools of thought. Definite proposals are made for a loose lay-out of terrace buildings along the slopes of the hills east and west of the central area, and at one or two points high blocks of flats are visualised. In fact, the best is to be made of all architectural worlds.

As it is not proposed to expand the industrial population by more than 5,000 to 6,000, the area allotted to new industries is only a small proportion of the whole. The main industrial area is in the Bulbourne Valley to the south-east, where the paper mills are. It is suggested that new industries should be sited near the north-east boundary (right of Fig. 1), where there are already the estate of Messrs. Brucks, the firework manufacturers, and some clay workings.

Communications do not present any major problems. Unlike Crawley, Hemel Hempstead is not intersected by a trunk road, but lies off A.41 to the north. The whole new town area

will be encircled by a perimeter road serving as a by-pass and industrial route. Certain alterations to existing roads are suggested, the most important being the by-passing of the old High Street by a new road running parallel to it down the valley at a lower level and to the west of the church. It is proposed that the branch railway line to Harpenden, now little used, should be closed. The provision of water is not expected to be difficult. It will entail the construction of a new pumping plant, reservoir and two water towers, one east and one west of the central area.

Taken as a whole, the plan appears both practical and logical. It is governed by the existing topography, preserves all the principal parks and open spaces and is designed in such a way that it can be carried out in stages with a minimum of dislocation to the life of the community. Development will take place, as a general rule, from the centre outwards, leaving the surrounding farms as long as possible as workable units. A period of ten or fifteen years is suggested for the realisation of the greater part of the plan, but the time taken, and the outlay, will have to remain, elastic. The ambitious nature of the scheme for the central area will obviously depend, for its fulfilment, on a much brighter economic and financial outlook than the present one.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCARCITY OF WASPS.

SIR,—With reference to Major Jarvis's recent remarks about the scarcity of wasps in the south of Hampshire, in the north-eastern corner of the county they have certainly been exceedingly rare this year.

In most counties, in fact, wasps have apparently been scarce this season. On the other hand they are said to have been very numerous in parts of Norfolk and Suffolk. Failing differing local conditions, how can one account for this odd state of affairs?

PETER MICHAEL, 56, Cranmore Lane, Alverstoke, Hampshire.

BEE SWARM IN A FERRET'S HUTCH

From the Hon. Mrs. Erskine, SIR.—This summer a cast from one of my hives settled in the sleeping compartment of a ferret's hutch on the farm. They hung on the roof inside



A TEAM OF HORSES WEARING HARNESS BELLS. (Left) A CASE OF BELLS FIXED TO THE HAMES. (Right) A PACK-HORSE COLLAR WITH BELLS ATTACHED

such an unattractive spot for swarming? CHRISTINA ERSKINE, *Burningfold Manor, Dunsfold, Surrey.*

BLACKBIRD EATING DRAGON-FLY

SIR.—One day recently the gardener called me into a green house to look at a blackbird that was trying to catch a large dragon-fly. By the time I arrived the bird had caught and subdued it and was busy eating it. Surely it is most unusual for a blackbird to attack a dragon-fly. A. FORRESTER (Mrs.), *Foscote, Banbury, Oxfordshire.*

[We had never before heard of a blackbird attacking a dragon-fly, but it has been known to kill slow-worms and to capture a half-to-three-parts-grown mouse.—ED.]

HOW HARNESS BELLS WERE FIXED

SIR.—May I comment on Mr. James Burford's letter in your issue of September 19 about the fixing of cases of harness bells?

In COUNTRY LIFE of April 17, 1928, appeared a photograph, reproduced herewith, of a wagon rope with a bell-case fixed to the hames of collar

of the harness. A similar photograph in number 278 (1913) of *The Nettle Magazine* shows part of the Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee procession at Reading, Berkshire, with a wagon drawn by two horses having cases attached to their collars. The article, which the latter picture illustrates, was written by William Lawrence, learned authority on the subject, and he definitely stated that "the cranked iron supports of the cases were fixed in eyelets in the hames or collars of the harness."

It would be enlightening to know Mr. Burford's authority for his sketch of a case of these bells attached to a pack-horse saddle. The pack-horse saddles in the Bankfield Museum, Halifax, and the Tolson Museum, Huddersfield, bear no signs of having had bell-cases attached to them. Nor are they shown on the pack-horses figured in Walker's *Yorkshire Costumes*.

In the Bankfield Museum there is an authentic pack-horse collar bearing four bells (there were formerly five). Three of the bells were made by Robert Wells, of Aldbourne, Wiltshire; the fourth is marked "G. T. Wigan." The bells are fixed to a leather strap

about 3 ft. 6 ins. long and 5 ins. broad, as shown in my other illustration, and this was placed round the neck of the leader of the gang of pack-horses.

Mr. W. B. Crump mentioned this example in a letter published in COUNTRY LIFE of April 3, 1926. A contemporary delineation of a pack-horse wearing such a collar appears in Logan's *Oxonia Illustrata* of 1674.—L. R. A. GUNGE, Curator, Bankfield Museum, Halifax, Yorkshire.

[As an addendum to our correspondent's illustrations we reproduce a photograph of a team of horses wearing harness bells at an agricultural show at Eastbourne in 1939.—ED.]

A ROGUE BADGER

From the Earl of Hardwick.

SIR.—While I was reading, with great interest, Mr. Wentworth Day's recent article on the sociability of the badger,



my bailiff appeared with the news that one of these "lovable pets" had broken into one of the chicken areas and made a clean sweep of eleven blood-tested pedigree Rhode Island laying pullets.

During the last two months some 48 hens have been removed, plus five of my children's pet bantams. A counter-offensive has been in progress



and when one of the men went to feed the ferret, he found it asleep and quite unmoved at having its quarters packed with bees.

The hutch is very small and contains only the one ferret, which was removed before the cast was taken. Perhaps bees forget the reputation they have for being fastidious about smells when swarming is in progress.

Has anyone known bees select

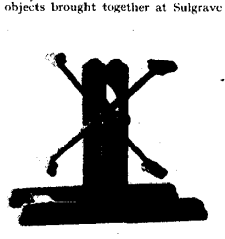
for some time, which has included trapping and blocking the holes with sand and broken glass and the dynamiting of the sett by a detachment of Royal Engineers, without any apparent effect.

Although I am in full agreement with Mr. Wentworth Day's appreciation of the intelligence and ingenuity of these savage rodents, I am of the opinion, from a farming point of view, that they are better kept under severe control, and that where necessary should be treated as pests by the W.A.C.s and exterminated by the most humane means possible.—*HARDWICK, Rockley Manor, Marlborough, Wiltshire.*

[Rogues occur in all species, including man, and should be dealt with as they deserve. Occasional badgers come under this heading, but it is unfortunate when the sins of guilty individuals bring trouble on their innocent fellows. The majority of badgers are harmless.—E.D.]

FOR WINDING WOOL

SIR,—A wool-winder of early form has lately been added to the collection of objects brought together at Sulgrave

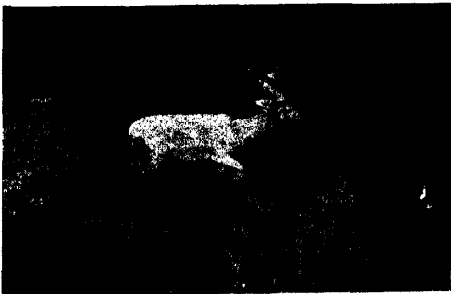


AN OLD ENGLISH WOOL-WINDER OR WRAP WHEEL AT SULGRAVE MANOR
See letter: For Winding Wool

Manor, Northamptonshire, to illustrate sheep farming, wool working and the wool trade, from which the fortunes of the Washingtons of Sulgrave were derived.

The winding of woollen yarn into hanks by means of the wool-winder or wrap wheel was the last of the processes of preparing wool for domestic use. This winder, of which I send you a photograph, is of oak and ash, is 18 inches high and was designed to stand upon a table.

Being country-made and of traditional shape, it cannot be accurately dated, but may be taken as representative of the type of instrument that would have been used at Sulgrave during the hundred and twenty years' ownership of the Manor by the Washington family in the 16th and



A WHITE FALLOW BUCK IN A LEICESTERSHIRE PARK

See letter: White Fallow Deer



A GIANT COW PARSNIP (*Heracleum Mantegazzianum*) GROWING NEAR GOSPORT, HAMPSHIRE

See letter: An Outsize Plant

17th centuries.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, 25, Campden Grove, W.8.

AN OUTSIZE PLANT

SIR,—With reference to your correspondence about the giant cow parsnip (*Heracleum Mantegazzianum*), you may care to see the enclosed photograph of a specimen of this plant that appeared last year near Fort Blockhouse, Gosport, Hampshire. The size of the plant can be estimated from the 5 ft. 3 ins. tall spectator; the stem was about 4 ins. diameter at the base. The plant was destroyed by vandals before the seeds ripened and has not reappeared.—H. DUPRE, Cdr. (R) R.N., *Titchfield Common, Hampshire.*

VARNISH ON OLD FURNITURE

SIR,—As it is obvious that much care is taken with your interesting feature *Collectors' Questions*, I read with some misgiving the advice tendered on September 26 to a correspondent requesting a recipe for removing varnish from some chairs.

The method indicated, by virtue of the highly caustic properties of the materials suggested, will certainly remove the varnish, but the resultant damage done to old furniture by these drastic means will irreparably destroy any true patina or antique effect which may exist below the varnish. The wire brush, however gently used, can only assist in increasing the damage by scoring the surface of the wood, and its use for this purpose should be discouraged.

The admixture of one part turpentine to eight parts linseed oil will make no appreciable difference in actual practice, and the application of oil to the surface after the suggested treatment will only produce an unpleasant sticky finish and an equally unpleasant greenish or ginger colour.

In any case the various woods used in making old furniture will react differently to this volatile ill-treatment, with hot alkalis and attempts to neutralise the after effects with counters in acid form will be only a temporary palliative. What is very important to remember is that the true antique effect is not a dull sheen but a bright translucent hard polish, likened to a metallic lustre, the product of time and inimitable.

Very old varnish should not be removed by the inexperienced, for this may be the original application. Contrary opinion is responsible for the destruction during the last fifty years of much interesting yeoman furniture, which is now recognisable only by the very diligent student.—S. W. WOOLSEY, 71, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

[The question and answer printed in our issue of September 26 concerned the removal of a high-gloss varnish from some spindle-back chairs. The recipe given was one recommended and used by renovators to the antique trade. It was not suggested that the amateur should lightly embark on experiments with valuable old furniture, and for fear of misunderstanding we take this opportunity of emphasising that the removal of varnish from antique pieces should be entrusted only to experienced hands.—E.D.]

A BARREL ORGAN IN CHURCH

SIR,—One would hardly expect the musical accompaniment of a church service to be provided by an organ-grinder, complete with monkey, but while looking round Uriswick Church, near Ulverston, Lancashire, the oldest in Furness, I found carved on the choir stalls the representation of an organ-grinder and his monkey shown in the enclosed photograph. It is one of a series of 16 carvings of musical instruments that have provided music in the church and is the work of a Mr. Miller, of Chipping Campden.—*JOHN CAWSE, c/o Marley Moss Farm, Kendal, Westmorland.*

WHITE FALLOW DEER

SIR,—Having read with great interest Mr. Kenneth Whitehead's recent article *The Hard Game of Great Britain*, in which he mentions that white fallow buck are not uncommon, I thought you might like to publish the enclosed photograph of a white fallow buck taken in Bradgate Park, Leicestershire, a few years ago.

I believe Bradgate Park has been a deer park for seven hundred years or so and that in addition to the herd of fallow deer it harbours a herd of red deer, among which are some very fine heads. During the last ten or twelve years fresh blood has been introduced by importations from the famous Warnham herd.—D. ALDRIDGE, *Victoria Cottage, Woodlands Eaves, Loughborough, Leicestershire.*

BUTTERFLY INVASION OF SCOTLAND

SIR,—In a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE* a correspondent referred to the scarcity of Red Admiral butterflies in the Quantocks, and I thought you might be interested to know that they were very plentiful here in Kirkcubrightshire in mid-September.

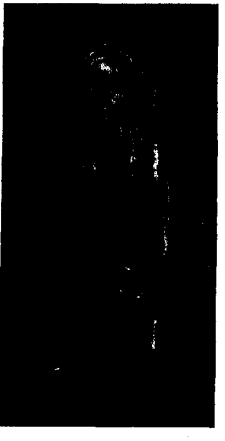
We have had a real plague of the caterpillar of the Large White butterfly, which caused havoc among my brussels sprouts and winter greens. I never remember seeing so many of them. The more familiar green caterpillar of the Small White is also numerous.

Birds do not appear to take any interest in either of these caterpillars. Certainly, I have never seen any taken though I spend most of my time in the garden. It would be interesting to know what has caused such an abundance of them this year. Presumably the hard winter killed off a large number of their natural enemies, whatever these might be.—J. F. MOORE (Mrs.), *Kirkcubrightshire, Castle Douglas, Kirkcubrightshire.*

AND DORSET

From Lord Methuen

SIR,—In your comment on Mr. Ian C. Smith's letter in your issue of September 26 about Clouded Yellows, you mention that these butterflies were numerous in Dorset early last month. In a meadow near the swannery at Abbotsbury, in mid-September, they outnumbered the Small White by 10 to 1, and I had no difficulty in collect-



CARVING OF AN ORGAN-GRINDER AND HIS MONKEY IN A LANCASHIRE CHURCH

See letter: A Barrel Organ in Church

ing a few of the rare white female form. At this spot there were hardly fewer than 10 of the *Cottas* in sight, besides Coppers, and here and there a Painted Lady.

On the way home we visited Brompton, Somerset, where, in a flower garden under a fairly large apple tree, much of the fruit of which was on the ground, we saw about 100 Red Admirals. Their brilliant colour, mixed with that of the russet apples, with here and there a Comma, gave the most brilliant display we had ever seen of its kind in the afternoon sun.

The Red Admirals, having drunk deep of the apple juice, hopped and rolled about, apparently as drunk as ticks—behaviour that contrasted sharply with the nervous but precise flight of the numerous Humming-bird Hawk moths that showed a marked

predilection for the fragrant flowers of a well-grown *Clendendron trichotomum* growing near by.—MARZUK, *Corsham Court, Corsham, Wiltshire*.

MIGRATION AGAINST WIND?

SIR,—With reference to the large immigration of butterflies from the Continent during August, in view of the persistent north-east and northerly winds that blew over South-eastern and Southern England during most of that month, one wonders by what means these insects contrived to penetrate so far inland. The diurnal sea breeze might carry them 10 miles or so inland, but no farther.

To quote from the Monthly Supplement of the *Daily Weather Report* for August: "From the 10th



A PROBLEM HORSE AT BARNET FAIR

See letter: Not in the Stud Book

onwards the general wind in the south-east (of the British Isles) was continually from the north-east quadrant. Such a long spell of north-east wind is believed to be unprecedented in the summer." It is possible that the butterflies might have been transported in the wind circulation of the persistent anticyclone that covered the country during August, in which case they would have been eventually carried north or north-east on the northern perimeter.

Vertical wind currents may provide another clue to the problem. I have found butterflies on glaciers at 19,000 ft., transported there by convective clouds; indeed, the cumulus type cloud is a very effective distributive agent of insects, seeds, etc., of all types.

In theory the strength and persistence of southerly air currents should determine the most northerly limits to which butterflies spread during a season. I am assuming that butterflies are incapable of flying against moderate wind.—P. C. SPINK, *Thornton Hall, Fleetley, Lincashire*.

The abundance of this year of caterpillars of the Cabbage White butterfly may in some measure have been due to the scarcity of wasps, upon which a correspondent comments on page 786.

Further records of Clouded Yellows come from Herefordshire (first week in June and then from July 16 onwards) and from Co. Wicklow. Examples of the pale variety *Helix*, were reported from Gloucestershire, and Hereford.—ED.]

VILLAGE SIGNS

SIR,—Apologies of the recent correspondence in *Country Life* about village signs. I thought you might be interested to see the enclosed photographs of two such signs in East Anglia, which has some of the best designs in the country.

That at Wolferton is on the Royal estate at Sandringham, Norfolk, directly outside the railway station, and was erected in 1912 at the

instigation of the late King George V. It illustrates the old Norse legend in which Tyr saved the village from the great grey wolf (Fenrir).

The other photograph depicts the sign at Herongate, near Baintree, Essex, and is simply a pun on the name of the village. This sign is unique in that it is composed of painted and glazed tiles, while that at Wolferton conforms to convention in being a wood carving.—P. H. LOVELL, 28, *Albury Drive, Pinner, Middlesex*.

NOT IN THE STUD BOOK

SIR, Perhaps some of your readers can tell me what the horse shown in the accompanying photograph is. It is a well-made animal, with good breeding behind it, white, with splashes and spots of a bright reddish liver-chestnut—more spots than appear in the photograph, the hindquarters being thickly covered with them.

I have seen accounts of the Canadian Pinto and the spotted horse, but this one combines the two—spots and splashes.

The horse was attracting most of the attention at Barnet Fair.—M. C. S. BRET, 10a *Cresswell Place, London, S.W.10*.

[It would be interesting to know how this horse was bred. So far as one can judge from the photograph it appears to be an even admixture of the Pinto and the Appaloosa.—ED.]

BUMBLEDOM AND A TREE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of a cedar in the grounds of the Manor House, Thames Ditton, Surrey, which was recently in the news for an amusing reason.

The owner was considering whether or no to fell the tree. The local Bumbles, hearing of the possible felling, immediately alleged that the tree was 700 years old, had been there in King John's reign, was therefore an object of historic interest, and must not be felled. But the relevant Ministry, when the matter was brought before them, refused to confirm this piece of officiousness; so the owner was left free to do whatever she might eventually decide.

The most entertaining part of the tale is, however, that there exists no known record of any cedar in England until 1640 or later. It is most unlikely that Queen Elizabeth, much like King John, ever saw a cedar.

In the course of correspondence some two years ago about which is England's oldest cedar, I believe 1646 (or possibly 1640) was the earliest date advanced for the introduction of the Cedar of Lebanon (the first species to come) into this country. During



A CEDAR IN THE GROUNDS OF THE MANOR HOUSE AT THAMES DITTON, SURREY

See letter: Bumbledom and a Tree

the war certain cedars damaged by bombs were "said to be mentioned in the Domesday Book." This curious distinction is usually attributed to oaks, but in fact no individual tree of any kind is mentioned in the Domesday survey.—J. D. U. W., *Berkshire*.

HUMMING-BIRD MOTH IN YORKSHIRE

SIR,—Apologies of your remarks in *Country Life* of September 26 about the abundance of Humming-bird moths this year, for a week towards the end of September one daily spent hours among our geraniums; it showed no interest in any other flower.

We cannot recall having seen this day-time moth here before, and it would be interesting to know if other specimens have been seen in the industrial West Riding or in large towns elsewhere.—LINNIE RICHARDSON, *Spring Head, Northorham, near Halifax, Yorkshire*.

ANOTHER CASTLEFORD TEA-POT

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Bickerton's enquiry about Castleford tea-pots in *Country Life* of September 26, I have a tea-pot very similar in shape to the one you illustrated and marked "D. W. & Co." but the square sides at the corners are neither concave nor convex but flat. This tea-pot is

exactly as those described in Chaffer's *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and China*, having "subjects in relief and blue line borders and a fringe of earthenware attached to the lid, through which a metal pin is passed and fastened to the rim."—E. H. LINDSAY, *Sidnook House, near Taunton, Somerset*.

CHELSEA DERBY CHINA

SIR,—May I shed a sidelight on the letter in *Collectors' Questions* of September 26 about Chelsea Derby figures?

The late Dr. Bellamy Gardner, the eminent collector of Chelsea porcelain, whose collection was sold at Sotheby's in 1941, possessed a piece called *The Pocket Lender* of William Duesbury, and in it were the following entries, which

an error in the first addition) referring to the employment of Mr. Jno Bacon, R.A., as a modeller of Chelsea Derby figures:—

1769. p. Contra	£19 17.
Oct. 5. To draft value	213 5.
27. To "	£11 17 8
1770 Balance	44 17 8

1769. p. Contra	5 17 6
July 25. By Model.	10 16.
Aug. 27. By do	18 15 2
30. By do	9 9.
Nov. 13. By do	44 17 8

By Dr. Box 2/-	2
	44 19 8

1770. pd. Mr. Jno Bacon, in full	£11 17 6
Jan. 3	
1770. pd. Mr. Bacons Bill	£19 10.

Further evidence of the Chelsea factory having passed into Duesbury's hands in 1769, and not in 1770, as implied in your note of September 26, is as follows:—William Duesbury, architect, great-grandson of William Duesbury, writing in 1862, said:—

"I see by an old book now before me—one of my great-grandfather's—that he paid Bacon, the first sculptor of the day, £75 7 2 in 1769 for models; this is a point worth noting, as showing his determination to have the best that could be got."—JOHN M. BACON, *London, S.W.5*.

FOR MAKING OPIUM

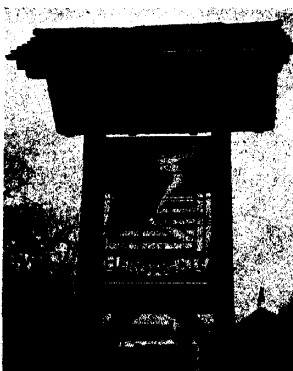
SIR,—May I contribute an addendum to Arbiter's remarks about Winslow Hall, Buckinghamshire, in last week's *Estate Market*? It was at Winslow that Dr. John Cowley, who practised there from 1802 until 1856, sponsored the cultivation of the white poppy for the production of opium.

An old history of Buckinghamshire records the experiment thus: "The white poppy was so successfully cultivated at Winslow in 1621 as to produce 60 lb. of opium, worth at least £75, from four acres, and in the next year 434 lb. from 11 acres." For this, on both occasions, a prize of 50 guineas was awarded by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce.—W. G. L., *Hampstead, N.W.3*.



A NORFOLK AND (right) AN ESSEX VILLAGE SIGN

See letter: Village Signs



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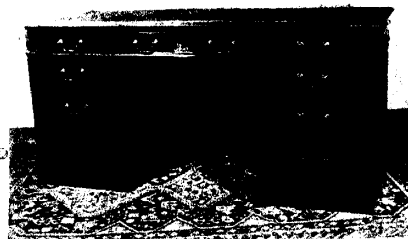
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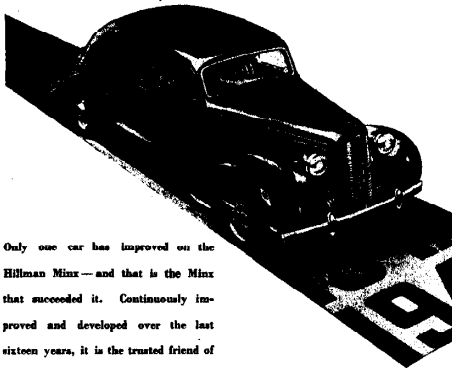
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THE PROFESSIONAL GAME

A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN

I COULD not go to Birkdale to see the *Daily Telegraph* amateur and professional four-day series. If I had I should no doubt now be trying to draw some conclusions between the amateur and the professional game, but it is dull work writing about something one has only seen through the eyes of others and makes dull reading. So apart from the obvious fact that the experiment was a success, I feel inclined to make only one comment. Fourteen could clearly make for desperately close matches. It became almost common form to read that A and B had beaten C and D at the 19th hole, and often the match had to go further still. There were certainly far more of these agonising and terrific endings than in the *News of the World* competition, which I had been watching the week before at St. Anne's. I can only suppose the reason to be that whereas in a single one player may be brilliantly on his game and the other rather off it, so that there is a comparatively run-away victory, in a foursome each has a partner, in the one case to tone down the brilliance and in the other to make up for mistakes. In short there is a compensating quality in foursomes which redresses the balance one way or the other and so tends to good fun and good finishes.

Now to return to St. Anne's, although I have already written something about it. I had seen a very little professional golf this summer, having eschewed the entertainment of the travelling circus and watched only the Open Championship at Hoylake. So it came to me with an interesting freshness; I did not take it all as read, and tried to come to some conclusions about it. What were the points that most impressed me? Well, first of all there was the astonishing steadiness and accuracy of the driving from the tee. There is nothing very penetrating or original in that remark, it may be said, nor indeed is there, and yet it seems to be worth saying. Wandering hither and thither for four days among the couples I cannot remember to have seen more than one tee shot that can be said to have been missed, and in that case I think the club had slipped, or the ball was blowing to the pouring rain. One half-top I do recall, but even so the ball went a long way; and of course there were occasional shots a little hooked or cut which ended in, but not far in, the rough.

Generally speaking shot after shot rang out perfectly clean and true, and the ball ended monotonously in the middle of the course and a very long way from the tee. I feel pretty sure that professional driving, aided no doubt by better balls and better clubs, is better and more consistent than it was in my youth. Then one day I felt occasionally see an eminent person make a definitely bad drive, another perhaps or topped or ballooned into the air; unless I have been unlucky, one never sees it now.

As to the methods by which this wonderful accuracy of hitting is attained, everybody now has what once would have been called a three-quarter swing. Only the flexible James Adams has the old-fashioned long swing, which it gives me sentimental and nostalgic pleasure to see. Unless the quickness of the hand deceives the eye nobody else at the top of the swing reaches even the horizontal position of the club. Clearly there must be great virtue in this method, if only because there seems less chance of anything going wrong at the top of the back swing. I travelled back from St. Anne's to a professional of the older school and he, talking of this curtailed swing, said, "I teach it to my pupils though I can't do it myself." Neither is it only the professionals who have this controlled method of driving, for it was noticeable among our Walker Cup players earlier this summer, and their driving was first class. H. B. Lucas, and he was perhaps the most powerful of them all, stood fast in the older ways. If Bobby Jones were now to revisit us swinging as he used to swing in the days of his pride, he would seem to us, I fancy, to have rather a long swing, and, to go further back, Andrew Kirkaldy, who was once unique in the

shortness of his swing, would to-day seem perfectly normal. When, and it is very seldom, I try to swing a club nowadays, and my arthritic back will not allow me to get it far back, I have at least the meagre satisfaction that in method, if not in result, I am in the fashion.

The iron play struck me as magnificent, and it is there, of course—for that matter it always has been—that the professional as a rule leaves the poor amateur far behind. That punching stroke with the iron is appallingly accurate. St. Anne's is essentially a "tight" course; the bunkers lurk in wait round the greens, unpleasantly close to the hole; and yet ball after ball came plumping down not many yards from the pin, and that from a long way off. I did some of my watching, as I think it would be to say, from the first-floor window that looks down on to the home green. That home hole used to be a comparatively mild one, but now the tee has gone a long way back, and with any wind against the player the second is a considerable shot. Yet I do not remember seeing anyone get into any of the sun-traps. The ball felt perfectly true; the ball would end on the grass, and the only question seemed to be whether its owner would have a putt for three or whether he would have to scratch his head to lay the first putt dead.

And when it was dead, or what the care-free spectator called dead, what happened? What of the putting? On the afternoon of my arrival at St. Anne's I was sitting in that window, and looking down on the lovely velvety green below, and could not help contrasting it with the greens as they had been for the *Daily Mail* tournament in 1946. The deadly leather-jackets had then made a cruel attack on the

links, and those normally beautiful greens had been reduced to bare slippery black mud. It had been possible to miss almost anything, and almost anything had been constantly missed. When I made some congratulatory remark on the blessed transformation one of my companions said, "Yes, the greens are better, but they are no better putters." This, I think, was unjust. It seemed to me that the putting was, on the whole, quite good. On such perfect greens there were bound to be long putts holed, and a good many were holed. What is more important, I did not see so many short ones missed.

Everybody must miss short ones now and again, as long as human nature is what it is. Moreover, professionals are so accurate in all the rest of the game that people are apt to expect an impossibly high standard of accuracy from them on the greens. Making all due allowance for the perfection of the greens on the one hand, and for human fallibility on the other, I say again that I thought the putting at any rate respectably good.

This is not to say that it was as good as that of the best Americans, the players that our Ryder Cup side will presently be encountering. I do not think our men have yet quite attained to that standard, but they have learnt a lot from our invaders on the greens; we possess some really good putters, and, generally speaking, the ball is "stroked" to use an Americanism, smoothly and truly. After my four days' watching at St. Anne's, I am, for what the view may be worth, decidedly more hopeful than I was about the Ryder Cup. I cannot honestly say I think we shall win, but I hope we may give the other side at least a jolt of surprise, for we are sending them a good team.

THE FORSAKEN COTTAGE

By JOCELYN GIBB

NESTLING on the north shore of one of those many sea-lochs that penetrate the rugged coast line of the north-west Highlands lies an uninhabited cottage. It has not long been deserted, because until a few months ago shepherds had used it there continuously since it was built some time at the beginning of last century, or maybe earlier. Yet its emptiness is the symbol of a tragedy that is gnawing into the vitals of a great people. It is the tragedy of depopulation.

For there is no road to that cottage—only a track over half a mile of rough moorland to a narrow road. Water has to be carried in a bucket from a burn near the cottage; there is no sanitation. The nearest neighbour is over a mile away. It is indeed only half a mile by sea to the main tarred road, but the loch is treacherous and the steep mountains that gird its shores cause storms to arise quickly and unexpectedly. The nearest railway station is 38 miles away and the nearest bus stop is 54.

In this age of unreason and unrest one might say that it would be an ideal place to live. But shepherds do not view it like that; nor do their wives. They want to be nearer civilisation, as would most other people if they had to stay there winter and summer alike. To build a road, and which lack of labour would anyhow make impossible for some time, would cost more than the poor, acid land, with five of its acres required to keep one sheep, could begin to show in return. Moreover, even if there were a road and a sink and a bath and even electricity, there would still remain the unsurmountable problem of isolation. Yet without shepherds these hill pastures, meagre as they are, will cease to



THE FORSAKEN COTTAGE, SHOWING THE NEAREST VILLAGE BEYOND

provide lamb and mutton and beef which is more than ever needed to-day to save dollars. No amount of exhortation or subsidies can alter those hard, unpleasant facts.

There is also the disturbing thought that good hill-shepherds, born or made, are becoming scarcer. Even with the attraction of modern methods and an independent life, the calling, which is far more skilled and worse paid than many a job in a factory, is losing its recruits.

So the cottage will remain deserted. Until last June there were bright and laughing children playing round the doorstep, and the other week, when I was over at the shearing, their pet lamb was lying pressed tight against the closed door, somehow adding poignancy to the scene. And the school they attended near by is now closed as well, for they were the only pupils left there.

What are we going to do about this depopulation? Quite a few people have ideas about it; some of them good, many of them bad and unsupported by real knowledge of the problem. But one thing is certain. Unless something concrete is done very soon we shall see the end of this fine and proud race of Highlanders.

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NEW BOOKS

MR. BUNTING'S SUCCESSOR

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. ROBERT GREENWOOD was the creator during the war of Mr. Bunting, one of those "war heroes" who are all too dangerously common in fact, but succeed in being endearing in fiction. Now Mr. Greenwood turns from the little man to the common man—common in all senses of the word. It is refreshing to find that he does not wholly admire him, though he appears to admire him more than I do myself.

Horace E. Wagstaff, the hero of *Wagstaff's England* (Dent, 10s. 6d.) might almost be taken as a model of "how not to win friends and influence people." He was a Yorkshireman of the "self-made" variety, the inventor of tin-openers and what not, and out of these things he made a good deal of money. He decided to retire with

Mr. Greenwood leaves this aside and takes his story to a conventional conclusion. Young Jack Verney, one of the greatest of local landowners, falls in love with Sally, who, so far as we learn, has no attributes at all beyond a bit of polish that her father's money put on her. Of course, there is family friction, and, of course, this is overcome, and Mr. Wagstaff and Sir Humphrey Verney sentimentally wag their heads together over a coming of a grandson. All that has happened, apparently, is that Wagstaff has decided that country people aren't so bad, and they have decided that Wagstaff isn't so bad. In fact, the whole plot pointed by the book is avoided.

Did the defect lie in Wagstaff: that is the point. There was a moment

WAGSTAFF'S ENGLAND. By Robert Greenwood

(Dent, 10s. 6d.)

THE COUNTRYMAN AT WORK. By Thomas Hennell

(Architectural Press, 12s. 6d.)

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE ENGLISH PUBLIC HOUSE.

By Basil Oliver. (Faber, 25s.)

his daughter Sally, who, needless to say, was "a breath-taking vision," to the south-country cathedral town of Hillchester.

The novel is concerned with Wagstaff's impact upon Hillchester. It is to his credit that he realised, "I've lived like a pit pony—seen nothing." Unhappily, when he did see things, he saw them as if they were tin-openers to be improved. He said to his daughter: "I'm fair in love with the old town. I can't understand the way the locals take it all for granted. . . . They don't advertise. They don't even try to get a better train service. By gum, I'd like to get on the town council and help to run it."

He began to show the better way by painting the wrought-iron gates of his Georgian house a bright red, and sowing the garden with cosmos and fauns. He would have liked to go on by pulling down one side of the High Street and battering a way through a Roman arch, in order to solve the traffic problem. When he bought a beautiful house as a holiday home for East End children, he advertised the fact on a board across the front.

"THE LOCALS"

He didn't get on with what he called "the locals"—the old-established residents of the town. Dimly he realised that they had something he lacked. He tried to get in line by reading. In vain. He "pored over *Essays of Elia* and such-like volumes, clutching vainly for their inapprehensible secret." He saw in a moment of clarity that "there was always a possibility that the defect lay in himself."

Did it? That seems to me to be the only worth-while question to arise from the book. Do we want to go on breeding Wagstaffs? Are they worth having for the sake of better tin-openers?

when Sally "remembered his lack of education, the squalid surroundings of his early years, his industry, his worth of character, and his well-meant intentions that seemed to go astray." But all this is Wagstaff's own concern. If he could find time for inventing gadgets he could find time for other things. I have lived long enough in the North of England to know that scores of men with Wagstaff's background and upbringing are the support of most of the cultural life in which the North is rich. Consider, too, the passionate dedication to the arts of some of Arnold Bennett's *Five Towns* men.

I am not objecting to Wagstaff as he stands in this book. There are plenty like him in North and South alike who spend their lives pursuing the "chance" and are baffled later to find their souls unatished. An author need not concern himself with the morality of such a situation. He can present his Wagstaff and leave it at that. But I for one refuse to find him admirable, and I cannot see that the situation could have cleared itself up so neatly as it does here. I admit that Mr. Wagstaff at last smashed up his concrete fauns, but this is a piece of external symbolism unrelated to anything that happened inside him. In a word, there is a danger that the little man and the common man will be given swelled heads, and that the swelling will not be due to any cerebral exercise undertaken on their own behalf.

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The late Thomas Hennell's *The Countryman at Work* (Architectural Press, 12s. 6d.) is a reprint of articles which he had written and illustrated on country crafts. Here, written by his pen and illustrated by his pencil, are pictures of the smith and the cooper, the woodman and the potter,

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and many others with whom Hennell will concern himself no more, for in 1945, while he was serving as a war artist in the Far East, he was killed by terrorists in Java.

This "desperate end," says Mr. H. J. Massingham in a memoir which here prefaces Hennell's work "was in sharp contrast from the inconspicuous events of his life." It is fortunate that the writing of this memoir was entrusted to Mr. Massingham, for he is in sympathy at all points with his subject. One of Hennell's keenest delights was to hunt out old crafts and craftsmen and to celebrate them in word and line, and Mr. Massingham, too, is a great celebrator of these things. Then the two men were close in friendship, and I imagine there was not much about which they did not see eye to eye.

SMALL USE FOR A STUDIO

Hennell was a parson's son who seems never to have had any interest that could outweigh his dedication to his art. His way of serving his art was not as other men's. He had small use for a studio or for "indoors" of any sort. His studio was the open air, and in quest of his subjects he would tramp the countryside in all winds and weathers, often paying for a meal with a drawing. Financially, he was not successful, but that did not concern him overmuch. "I have sold scarcely anything in the last five years," he wrote in 1940.

His ways were unpredictable. Mr. Massingham pictures him going about the country: "a man who was a kind of familiar of the elements... like Giles Winterbourne with his itinerant cider-press, 'autumn's very brother,' so attuned to the seasonal round of English earth that he became almost a mythological figure of it."

His output was "always copious" and towards the end it became "prodigious." It seems to be generally agreed, too, that it suddenly leaped to an excellence it had not known before. "He did achieve both mastery and acknowledgment of it in a single year and at a single bound of his powers into fruition."

There was a time when both madness and a loss of religious faith smote Thomas Hennell; but he recovered from these shocks, and Mr. Massingham testifies to the wildness of his feet upon the earth thereafter. He gives us altogether a sense of something "as deep of the earth as Adam," and if, from the point of view of doing, Hennell's untimely death has left us the poorer, from the point of view of being he leaves an ineffaceable impression of integrity and completeness.

A LUTYENS INN

The spirit of the English pub has had many celebrants, notably the late Thomas Burke, and I took up Mr. Basil Oliver's *The Renaissance of the English Public House* (Faber, 25s.) thinking to read another chapter in this worthy litany. And behold, I was reading nothing about the spirit of the English pub at all. I was reading about something which I should have thought would never interest me, and I read on fascinated.

The book is not about the spirit but about the body of the English pub. Mr. Oliver, an architect who has given the matter much thought, and who appears to be acquainted with what has happened architecturally to every pub in England from the time of the "Carlisle experiment"—or "enterprise" as he prefers it—during the 1914-18 war, up to 1939.

There is an enormous assortment of pictures, from the charming and utterly appropriate pub that Lutyns built at Cocking, to places that look like baronial halls, Moorish mosques or Hollywood dream houses. The point that emerges is the extraordinary growth of interest in the architecture of the pub, both among the brewers and among architects. What is (Cocking), putting up a new pub or reconstructing an old one is not a matter that smites deeply upon the consciousness of the man who stands pint in hand before the dartboard. You'd be surprised how much has to be thought of in the good course of keeping this gentleman happy.

THE SHARDELOES PAPERS

THE Drakes, of Shardeolos, have dwelt continuously there for three and a half centuries, acquiring the estate by marriage with an heiress and adding to its possessions (largely in a similar way) during succeeding generations. During that long time a very mixed collection of muniments were accumulated, and many of the treasured documents—as is the way of things—disappeared in comparatively recent times. The half a ton remaining were entrusted some ten years ago by Captain Thomas Tyrwhitt-Drake, the present owner, to Mr. G. Eland, F.S.A., who has since been occupied in their transcription and annotation.

Now appears in attractive and readable guise the grain from this long winning—*Shardeolos Papers of the 17th and 18th Centuries* (Oxford University Press, 5s.). If it is small in bulk it is rich in information and interest, and Mr. Eland's recension is a model for antiquaries in its discerning treatment of so great a bulk of obviously most unpromising material. The Shardeolos Papers, as their editor points out, contain few of those chatty letters from friends and relations in which the Verrey collection at Claydon was so rich. "Every paper was preserved because somebody misbehaved, or lest somebody should misbehave." From the great bundles of legal proceedings curious facts of actual life have none the less emerged under Mr. Eland's patient handling, and the second group of documents was containing a fair description of all agreements, accounts and "business letters" has not proved unfruitful in human interest.

Too Rich to Be Bribed

The Shardeolos Papers, as here presented, owe little to the names appearing in them; though the Drakes, or their nominees, filled two seats in Parliament for almost exactly two centuries they never held or sought office, and were too wealthy to be bribed. For all that, their editor is obviously much too modest when he says that "the chief merit of the detached facts here offered is that they rest on documents not hitherto available," and goes on to deplore "the disjointed character of the material as now presented." Avoiding a chronological arrangement, Mr. Eland has selected such general topics as domestic comforts, the Church and education, and has used what surviving material he could find to throw light upon them against the background of the 17th and 18th centuries. Of the 18th-century Church we are informed that the papers "tell quite a lot about the temporalities with very little reference to the duties of the incumbent." Various inventories tell us much of domestic comforts and the lack of them and this most valuable section is well illustrated. The figures given in the statistics chapter with regard to both cost of schooling and the price of books are most illuminating. So, too, are the two chapters of *Miss Characters* in which Mr. Eland has strung together a dozen or so personal histories revealed by disconnected references among this mass of documents.

W. E. B.

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FARMING NOTES

HOME-GROWN GRAIN

THERE has been so much talk about an increase in feeding-stuffs and farmers are so anxious to begin to restore pig and poultry numbers that many are overlooking the present rules about the feeding to livestock of home-grown grain. The same restrictions on the use of millable wheat and barley are in force now, and presumably will be through this winter, as a year ago. All millable and potential millable wheat and barley, with limited exceptions which I will mention later, must be sold off farms to buyers who are duly authorised. Non-millable grain can be kept for feeding with the consent of the agricultural executive committee. The procedure is that the farmer who thinks he has wheat or barley that will not come up to the milling standard submits it in the ordinary way to his merchant, who gets the official verdict, and then, if the grain is declared non-millable, the committee will, if the farmer has a fair number of pigs and poultry, allow him to keep 50 per cent, or possibly the whole of it. There was a lot of non-millable grain about last autumn after the wet and prolonged harvest. Some of it did not keep too well even after artificial drying, but it was useful to have as a supplement to the very meagre official rations.

Barley for Pedigree Pigs

THE main exceptions to the rule that all millable wheat and barley must be sold are that farmers may sow wheat and barley that they have themselves grown. Those who do not grow more than two acres of wheat may keep the crop for stock feeding. This is a useful concession to those small farmers who knew about it beforehand, but two acres of isolated grain is likely to be an attraction for sparrows at harvest time, and part of the crop may be lost. Barley growers may keep such a part of their crop as is certified by the committee as essential to the maintenance of a herd of pedigree pigs. This, too, is a useful concession and wider use will no doubt now be made of it. This is the time to start building up pedigree herds of pigs so that, when at long last more feeding-stuffs are generally available, advantage can be taken of the good trade for well-bred pigs that there will undoubtedly be. There is also a limited concession to those whose barley ground was flooded until late in the spring, but for most farmers there will be precious little home-grown wheat and barley that they can lawfully keep for feeding to livestock this winter. Although the grain crops were light, nothing was spoiled and I have not heard of any non-millable samples in my district. The clever farmer has been growing some dredge corn, using a suitable mixture of wheat, barley and oats, and this, provided the wheat and barley do not preponderate too heavily, he can keep for his own use. Oats, grown straight without admixture, can be kept for feeding to any livestock, but the capacity of pigs and poultry to digest oats is limited.

Hungry 'Forties

PROFESSOR SCOTT WATSON, the head of the Ministry's National Agricultural Advisory Service, recalled the other evening the bitter times of the "hungry 'forties" in the last century when 4,000,000 people died in Ireland. He was speaking at the dinner given by Plant Protection, Ltd., to celebrate their tenth birthday, and it was indeed an appropriate occasion for a reminder of the resources we now have to overcome the troubles of the "hungry 'forties" which have come again to us in this century. Why is it that parts of the

world are hungry to-day? The immediate causes are the prolonged summer drought in Europe, which, aggravating the deficiencies in food production left by the ravages of war, has brought western Europe face to face with real hunger. We as good neighbours cannot in these circumstances buy food freely abroad even if we could afford the dollars to pay for it, and it is the dollar countries which have more food than they really need. The accidents of war and drought must also be reckoned against the background of increased world population. World food needs can undoubtedly be met amply by increased food output if we use to the full resources we now have for higher farming. We have at our disposal a wide range of man-made fertilisers to supplement animal manure, and, thanks to scientific research, we are now able to control pests and weeds in a way that would have amazed our grandfathers.

Six Acres for Two Horses

AS mechanisation progresses and tractors replace horses on the small farms of this country and the Continent, there is a steady release of land for growing food for human beings. Professor Scott Watson reckons that it takes the produce of six acres to keep a pair of horses. As the horses disappear, these six acres on countless farms can grow wheat, potatoes, or the fodder needed to produce milk. If I remember correctly, the Professor reckoned that six acres with a potential five tons of wheat, 35 tons of potatoes, or 20,000 gallons of milk. The change-over to mechanical power is being helped by the short supply of handy tractors and implements. In this country we are able to get what we want more easily than in the Continent, but it is difficult enough here at the present time. Sound working horses still make a fair price, but there is not a keen interest in them which farmers see coming to maturity at a time when more tractors will be the rule for the smaller farms as well as the big.

New Entrants

I SEE that the Agricultural Wages Board have now put forward 75s. a week as the appropriate wage that should be paid to new entrants into farm work who lack experience. The corresponding figure for women is 56s. a week, and there are rates also fixed for juveniles, including the foreign "student-employees" who are coming over here to learn about our ways of farming by taking work on well-run farms. It would be how many of these entrants agriculture will be able to absorb at the new rates of wages. After the first two months on a farm a man is supposed to have gained sufficient experience to be able to earn a standard minimum wage of £4 10s. a week. Some may be worth this, and they may replace some of the poorer type of regular worker who has been carried on our farms because the farmer had no choice. There are stories of farmers who intend to reduce their staffs drastically on the reckoning that it will pay them better to invest several thousand pounds in mechanical equipment. Surely it all comes to this. If agriculture has got better of the resources, particularly of feeding-stuffs, that will allow an expansion in livestock production, there will be a place on our farms for the men and now employ and pay for new entrants. But the higher wage rates have come into force before British agriculture can expand its output and take advantage of the higher price for its products are offered. We must, I fear, expect some unemployment in agriculture this winter. CINCINNATUS.

ESTATE MARKET

COTHAY SOLD FOR
£31,800

M^R. LESLIE H. WAITE (by order of Sir Francis F. M. Cook, Bt., his trustees, and Cothay Estates, Limited) at Taunton offered Cothay, a 1,000-acre manor house and 430 acres, and sold it for £31,800. Bidding began at £20,000, and rapidly advanced by £1,000 a time to £31,000, after which a cautious advance to the final figure resulted in Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff's sale of the estate. Cothay was built in 1480 by a member of the Bluet family, and it is notable for the frescoes which survived the ravages of time, thanks to what might have been regarded as vandastic action, Elizabethan and other owners overlaying the work with plaster. When this coating was carefully removed the 15th-century paintings were revealed. Mr. Christopher Hussey obtained from Professor Triestram an opinion as to the character and probable date of the paintings. That opinion (recorded in illustrated articles on Cothay in COUNTRY LIFE of October 22 and 29, 1927), presenting a detailed examination of various parts of the house, includes observations on the parterre frieze in the parlour showing men in late 15th-century dress and a Madonna and Child, full length, in a landscape enclosed by a roundel.

MEDIÆVAL FRESCOS

THE work undoubtedly belongs to the latter part of the 15th century and resembles that painted on the panels of the screens of some Devon churches. But the Cothay frescoes have a special interest, for they exhibit that exceedingly rare survival of medieval domestic, instead of ecclesiastical, decoration.

As for the house, except for some additions and the wainscoting of some of the rooms, it remains unchanged in form. In 1928—27 the gateway and its tower were restored from working drawings supplied by Mr. Harold Brakoppe, and armorial bearings of the Bluetts were replaced in what was presumably their original position. It would seem that Roger Bluet, a friend of Lord Protector Somerset, built the present house in the reign of Edward VI. The Bluetts were succeeded in the ownership of Cothay by the Every family, who retained an interest in the property until about 70 years ago, though they leased it to others. In 1877 the then owner sold it to Lieut.-Col. R. Cooper.

CASTLE COMBE AUCTION

C^{ASTLE COMBE} manor house, Wiltshire, and 25 acres can be bought for £18,000, as the property, with the village houses and shops, did not change hands in its entirety at the recent auction. When the various lots were submitted, Mr. Alexander C. Siese (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley) occupied the rostrum, and a total exceeding £39,000 was realised. The vendor of this Wiltshire estate, Mrs. R. G. Maurice, inherited it from her grandfather, Sir John Gorst. There is a stretch of trout fishing, and the shooting rights over a considerable area, and these can be let. All but three of the 34 lots were sold at the auction, including Bybrook House and six acres, for £8,100; the White Hart Inn for £7,500; the Castle Inn for £4,250; and the post office, and other premises, to the tenants.

DRAWING-ROOM BUILT FOR
QUEEN VICTORIA

S^{IR IAN FORBES-LEITH} of Fyvie made an offer for the Tillyfour estate, near Alford in Aberdeenshire, while would-be bidders were entering the auction room. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Keith and

Anderson were authorised to accept it, and many a farmer returned home disappointed of a chance to compete for the holdings as lotted. The 1,890 acres include the home farm on which Mr. William McCombie, M.P., developed the Aberdeen-Angus breed of cattle. His strain was in demand throughout Great Britain and overseas. One of the rooms in Tillyfour House was, in Mr. McCombie's time, adorned with a display of the cups and medals won by his stock. Many instances are recorded of the building of rooms, and even of entire mansions, in order to accommodate Royal visitors, and it can hardly have been a surprise visit which Queen Victoria paid to Tillyfour in 1866 to inspect the Aberdeen-Angus cattle, seeing that Mr. McCombie expected a drawing-room there for Her Majesty's use. Tillyfour is a fully mechanised estate with metalised roads leading in all directions and it is well watered by three streams. re-seeding of 112 acres cost £11 an acre, and has provided first-rate permanent pasture. The estate affords plenty of mixed shooting, and, re-seeding of 112 acres cost £11 an acre, and has provided first-rate permanent pasture. The estate affords plenty of mixed shooting, and, re-seeding of 112 acres cost £11 an acre, and has provided first-rate permanent pasture. The estate affords plenty of mixed shooting, and, re-seeding of 112 acres cost £11 an acre, and has provided first-rate permanent pasture.

PRESSURE OF DEATH DUTIES

M^R. CHRISTOPHER LOYD, having to defray heavy death duties on the Lockinge estate of the late Mr. A. T. Loyd, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire for many years, has sold the Manor Farm, Drayton and Marcham Hill, extending to 840 acres, which had been farmed by the Lockinge estate. Originally this land was the first purchase made by Lord Overston in forming the Lockinge estate, which he subsequently handed over to his daughter, the late Lady Wentworth. The estate has been offered by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. This firm acted with Messrs. Russell, Baldwin and Bright, Ltd., in selling the £31,500 the late Sir Charles Thornton Pulley's Lower Eaton estate, Herefordshire, comprising the residence, four farms, matured woodlands, and fishing on the Wye.

DEMAND FOR FARMS

F^{OR} Major C. H. B. Prescott-Westcar, Messrs. Loftis and Warner have sold a good deal of the remaining portions of Strole Park, near Horne Bay, Kent, for just over £20,000, including the Home Farm of 208 acres, let at £280 a year, for £6,000; and Hove Farm, of 238 acres, vacant, for £6,200.

Prodesley Hall Farm, Shrewsbury, a 160-acre Georgian house and 299 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison for £28,000.

The Gloucester office of Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, with Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., has privately sold Southfield Farm, 102 acres, at Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, to Captain S. Peel. The vendor was Major G. Scott-Flummer.

The fifth Lord Ouslow's executors have sold Guildford Park Farm, 65 acres, to the Corporation of Guildford as an open space. An acre at Chiswick, used by Gunnersbury Lawn Tennis Club, was to have been offered by Messrs. Tyers, Greenwood and Co., but the local authority has decided to acquire it.

A freehold ground rent of £1,700 a year, secured on premises in St. George Street and Mason's Arms Yard, Hanover Square, has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons on the eve of the auction. **AGENTS.**



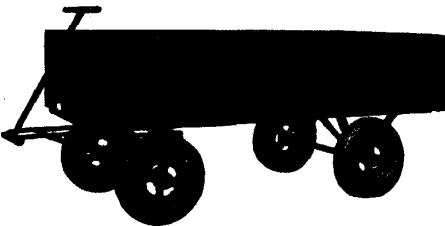
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2

A NEW LENGTH FOR DANCING

1 Angèle Delange makes a dance frock 11½ ins. from the ground, in black ring velvet woven with a stripe of corded silk and pleats the full skirt to the tiny waist and bores the bodice

2 Angèle Delange's two-way dress: the short gored skirt is 16 ins. from the ground with a corded hem and a low-cut décolletage. The tight ankle-length skirt is added to make it into a dress for formal evening occasions

THE new styles launched this winter look most attractive for afternoon and evening, and the collections are full of pretty dresses. The rich brocaded silks, velveteens and velvets, the somewhat sombre metallic shades and the boned bodices, tiny waists and wide skirts recall the fashions of the late-Victorian days. The 1910-look is not nearly so pretty nor is it likely to catch on to anything like the same extent, though a few elegant dinner dresses show off this style well and manage to look as though they belonged to the present period. Many others do not, being merely eccentric; when fashion changes it always runs away with itself in the early stages.

An exciting collection was shown recently by Matilda Etches, who is famous for her stage and screen designs, and who has now re-opened her doors to her private clients. She has designed for this winter some quilted silk evening dresses that are practical as well as novel and charming, dresses with all the clear-cut simplicity of line that goes to make a Chinese woman so elegant. They are shown in black and in lacquer red; the black, a sheath dress, ankle-length, with a bolero to cover up the bare décolletage. It is quilted in a shell pattern and moulded to the figure and is very light. The lacquer red has a skirt 9 ins. from the ground with elbow-length dolman sleeves. This is quilted in straight lines to define the figure, in the way a mink coat is stranded over the shoulders. It could not have been prettier or gayer with its narrow fluted basque above its wide-hemmed skirt. Another idea for evening shown by Miss Etches is an ankle-length black crêpe corselet-skirt with two bodices—a long-sleeved top in cream Brussels lace over flesh-pink silk, and a black jacket with a lime-green sash that folds round the neck, crosses over and makes a sash with streamers at the waist. For the country, there is a coat in moss-green tweed with beaver lamb cuffs and a bonnet of beaver that ties under the chin and is attached to a vivid green and yellow scarf like a shawl's that tucks into the collar of the coat. This coat is very full at the back and is held by a belt, and the hem-line swung out as the girl

(Continued on page 798)



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who was showing it moved. She wore canary-yellow knitted stockings, thick and ribbed, and high brown calf boots lined with sheepskin.

For her ballet-skirted dance frocks Miss Etches shows a stiff silk, alternate inch stripes of black velvet with white or wasp-yellow ruched taffeta. The dresses are stranded narrowly immediately below the waist and the gathered or gored skirt is wide and rustles over a taffeta petticoat with a lace flounce. The mannequins showed them with high-heeled black sandals with many interlacing straps in front, each no wider than a bootlace. All the accessories at this show were carefully thought out. A choker necklace and bracelet of topaz were shown with a gold coloured dress with a curved neckline, while a plain sheath-like black dinner dress with a low V-shaped décolletage that turned back with wide revers had a minute silver watch on a long silver chain dangling nearly to the waist, and the mannequin carried a black suede evening bag on a stiff frame shaped like a vinaigrette.

BIANCA MOSCA is showing for her private clients many models already shown to the export buyers, including a wonderful black coat, immensely full in the skirt, tight in the waist, about 14 ins. from the ground, with its wide collar and revers made of looped black velvet that looks like a poodle's coat. Underneath is a black faille dress, gorgeous as a Velasquez portrait of an Infanta, with deep pleats in the skirt and a stiffened hem-line. This picturesque dress has a wide sash of the silk which ties over the sweater-top giving the effect of a bustle. A stiff ball dress is black taffeta with velvet fins reaching from the waist to the ankles and a billowing godet of the taffeta set between each fin. The dramatic effect is heightened by the cape of taffeta that is



worn over the strapless décolletage and dips to the waist-line at the back. This cape is bordered with velvet and shown with long black velvet gloves.

Accessories play an important role in the winter styles. Elbow-length gloves are shown with the ball dresses with strapless décolletages and huge skirts. Wrist-length gloves have a neat decoration on the back and complement the basqued jackets perfectly. They are also shown with some of the mid-calf evening dresses, generally in a different colour matching a flower tucked in at the waist or a piping on the bodice. For the theatre, black veils with a sparkling edge of sequins are worn over the hair and dip over the forehead. Entrancing fur boots for journeys and country are very varied in design, from short booties lined with sheepskin to high Russian boots turned back with lambskin.

New colours sponsored by the Colour Council include lime flower, bright and fresh, and linden, a darker tone and the old English name of the lime tree. These both keep to the yellowed tones of green that are so shishable. The rich rustling silks that make the dresses of this winter are not the prerogative of the French, for Liberty's are hand-blocking poultis with bouquets of flowers that look like an old painting and weaving the most lovely lames and brocades again. If you write for Liberty's brochure you can see illustrations of these silks.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

3. A picture-dress, for restaurant wear, of rich black brocade, trimmed with fine black and pink lace. Shown at the Guild of British Creative Designers' Midnight Ball by Rolande et Cie

CROSSWORD No. 923

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution offered. Solutions (in closed envelopes) must reach Crossword No. 923, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, not later than the first post on Thursday, October 23, 1947.

Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



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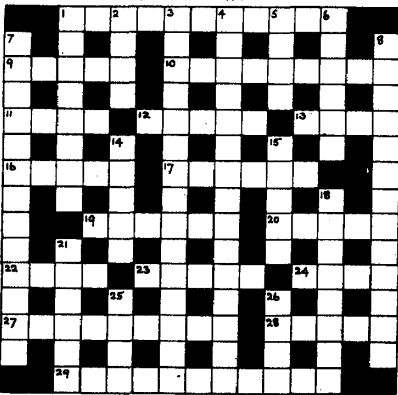
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SOLUTION TO No. 922. The winner of this Crossword, the date of which appeared in the issue of October 10, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Clip; 3, Astringent; 9, Site; 10, Proper name; 12, Arrow; 13 and 16, Vassalage; 18, Womb; 19, Nonpareil; 22, Rotten Row; 24, Namur; 25, Moa; 28, Godiva; 29, Lucan; 32, Chopsticks; 33, Alibi; 34, Transport; 35, Rite. DOWN.—1, Casual ward; 2, Interpret; 4, Scrivener; 5, Ropes; 6, Nerv; 7, Evan; 8, Tier; 11, Swab; 14, Sep; 16, Vermouth; 17, Florentine; 20, Newmarket; 21, Annals; 23, Nod; 27, Oats; 28, Inigo; 30, Soot; 31, Pola.

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ACROSS

1. Guy Fawkes, perhaps (11)
2. Light-weight teine? (8)
10. Clean home (anagram) (9)
11. Not ours, all yours (4)
12. "The murmuring ——" "That on the unnumbered ile pebbles chafes, —" —Shakespeare (8)
13. Obscure character (4)
14. To do this you must furnish the funds (5)
15. Ocean (anagram) (8)
16. Sailing in a stiff wind, perhaps; not driven on the rocks (8)
20. What the ex-Serviceman may have come out of (5)
22. Mastery of them is only achieved by degrees (4)
23. With honour or at any price? (5)
24. Among his descendants was a famous architect (4)
27. One of the makers of modern Italy (9)
28. A material factor in housekeeping (5)
29. Two elements (5, 3, 3)

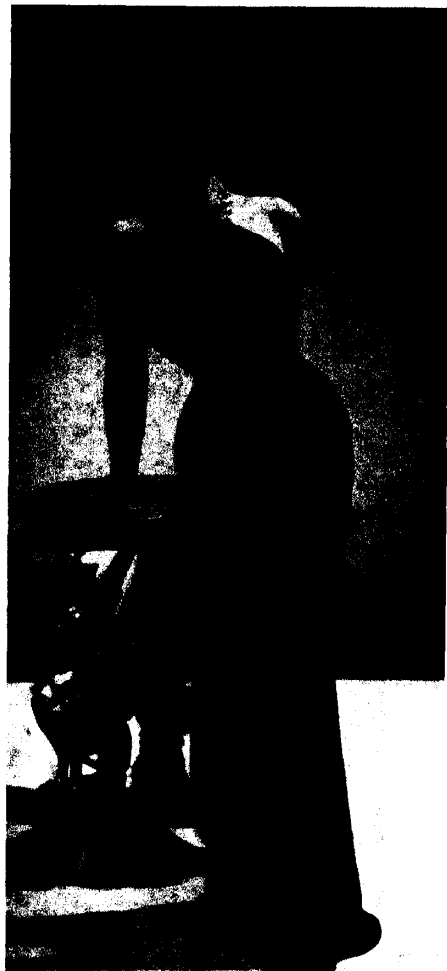
DOWN

1. End (8)
2. "Milton I thou shouldst be living at this hour: 'England hath — of thee.'" —Wordsworth (4)
3. Not admired for pale colouring, presumably (7, 2, 6)
4. Covering engagement (9, 6)
5. The ten terminal (4)
6. Expression on the countenance of Don Quixote (6)
7. Where business is conducted under the sign of the grasshopper (5, 3)
8. In providing this nine need treatment (18)
- 14 and 15. The chimney cleaner with a piece of wood instead of a broom (10)
18. One of Chaucer's pilgrims (8)
27. Uncle Toby was one of his creations (6)
28. Prelate ennobled back to front (4)
29. This battle might have seemed a game to Cockneys (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 921 is

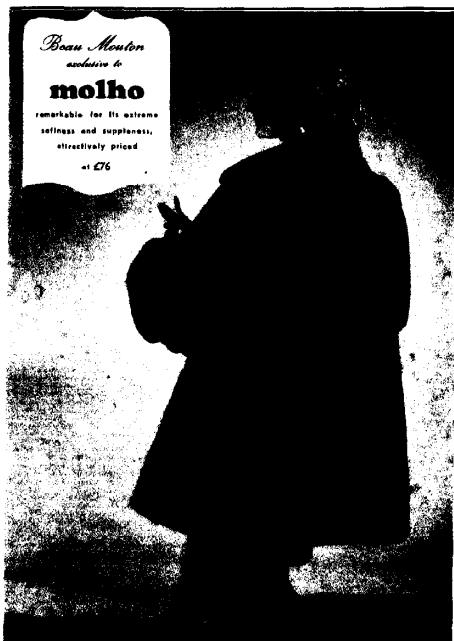
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THE RUM

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and bottled in

JAMAICA



COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2649

OCTOBER 24, 1947

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By direction of Commander W. B. Pirie, D.S.O., D.L., R.N.

FRONTING SALCOMBE ESTUARY

The small Freehold Residential and Agricultural Estate

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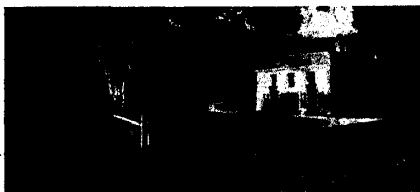
The land comprises fertile grass and arable, and is the present home of an Attested pedigree herd of Guernseys.

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For Sale by Auction, as a whole, and if not so sold then in Lots (unless previously sold by private treaty), by JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF at the Arnis Arms Hotel, Dunwich, Friday, Oct. 31, at 12 noon. (Bus. parties 2.0). From Auctioneers, High St. Newmarket (Tel. 222). Solicitors: KERLY, SONS AND KARUTH, 7-8, St. Vincent St., E.C.2 (Tel.: London West 3194/5).

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In all about 1,174 ACRES will be offered for Sale by Auction (unless sold by private treaty) in 20 Lots by JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF at the Town Hall, Holworthy, on Wednesday, November 26, 1947, at 2.45 p.m.

Particulars of Sale, price 2/6, from the Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Yeovil (Tel. 1068). Solicitors: Messrs. SPARKES & CO., Upper Paul Street, Exeter, and at Crediton. Land Agent: R. L. ASHTON, ESQ., Lower Alsworth, Bradworthy, Devon.

By direction of MR. J. J. Steyn and F. N. One, Esq.

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Hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 2 dressing rooms.

Company's services.

Eight boxes.

Garden with tennis court.

Paddock.

12 ACRES. Auction, October 26, 1947.

Agents: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Northampton.

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Full particulars of the Sale Agents: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel.: 334-6).

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WITH VACANT POSSESSION

(except farm and one cottage).

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Hall, 8 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, domestic offices. Cu.'s electric light, (large) and stable block, pretty garden, 3 paddocks, in all 17 ACRES. Two cottages. The desirable Farm, boxes Farm, Slarton, 27 acres, let to Mr. G. A. Davies.

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Solicitors: Messrs. HOWES, FENWICK & BUDGE, Towcester, and Northampton. Particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel. 212-5).

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All main services. Polish floor throughout.

Well-stocked garden with a variety of flowering shrubs,
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HOLD ON OFFER. DELIGHTFUL MODERN

HOUSE. Attractive grounds and paddocks. IN ALL

3½ ACRES. Good hall and cloakroom, 4 large reception

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AS A RESIDENT (1) M

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SOMERSET. SMALL CHARACTER HOUSE

£4,500

IN CHARMING VILLAGE. Facing south, new view.

10th-Century stone-built. Lounge, hall, 2 reception,

4 bed, bath. Main elec. Insulation heater. Garage.

Charming small garden. LOW BATES, CHAMBERLAIN-

BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

NEAR HEREFORD. £6,000

ATTRACTIVE MODERN COUNTRY PROPERTY

on 40 acres, 4 miles from Hereford. 6 bed, 4 reception

rooms, 2 bath, 2 toilet, 2 large reception rooms.

Main elec. and water. Central heat. Three garages,

stables, etc. CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON,
Cheltenham (as above).

Regent
4904

OSBORN & MERCER

25, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

KENT COAST

In a delightful position surrounded by woodland and open country, commanding lovely sea views.

A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

With 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with Aga cooker.

Modern Conveniences. Brick Garage.

The garden extends to about ½ ACRE but has not been maintained during the war years and is at present in very overgrown condition.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, ONLY £3,500

Vacant Possession.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (M.2476)

ON A RIDGE OF THE SURREY DOWNS

Standing on high ground, facing south and west, enjoying wonderful views, and near to the station whence London is reached in about 35 minutes.

A WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN CHARACTER HOUSE

Containing 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathrooms Company's Electricity, Gas and Water.

Double garage with room over.

Beautiful pleasure gardens arranged in a sequence of terraces and including lawns, orchards, etc., in all

ABOUT 2½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,988)

NORTHANTS

Delightfully situated in the centre of the Fitchingham country

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE DATED 1799

ADJOINING AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE

Three reception rooms, 11-12 bedrooms, 8 bathrooms.

Main Electricity and Drainage. Stabling.

Five cottages (two with possession).

CHARMING LAKE OF ABOUT 2 ACRES

Well timbered matured gardens, kitchen garden, grassland, etc., in all

ABOUT 38 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,937)

ASHTED, SURREY

Situate on high ground overlooking a large estate, within convenient reach of station with trains to London in about half an hour.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main Services

Gardens extending to about ¼ acre.

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £5,250

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,024)

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS

Delightfully situated, high up, commanding magnificent views and within easy daily reach of London.

AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

In first-class decorative condition, well planned and quite up to date.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths.

All main services. Central heating.

TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID

FLAT OVER

Extensive grounds with orchard, kitchen garden, 2 grass tennis courts, hard court (mode of flooring), the whole extending to

ABOUT 5 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £6,950

Inspected and highly recommended by the Owner's Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,926)

WEST SOMERSET

In the heart of Kromer, occupying a unique situation facing south and commanding extensive views.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

CAPITAL MODERN RESIDENCE with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, tile rooms.

Two cottages, stabling, farm buildings. Parklike grounds, ornamental gardens, bathing pool, laundry, etc.

ABOUT 120 ACRES

One mile of first-class fishing. Moderate prices Freehold.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,442)

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.

(Regent 4685)

TREE TOPS, MARLEY HEIGHTS, NEAR HASLEMERE

On the Sussex and Surrey borders, secluded, with lovely views.

A REALLY CHOICE HOUSE on two floors in the midst of gardens, woods and meadowland of about 75 ACRES

Large hall, drawing room 20 ft. x 17 ft., small lounge, dining room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fine bathrooms, master's sitting room.

Central heating, electric light, oak strip flooring, oak doors.

All in perfect order.

Excellent garage for 2 or 3 cars, with spacious flat over.

Small stable, etc.

LOVELY GARDENS.

With lawns, fine bowling green, clipped yew hedges, rhododendron banks, kitchen garden, glasshouses, enclosures of pasture and really beautiful woodland.

REMARKABLY CHOICE PROPERTY.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TRATEGY

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: MAPLE & Co., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1, and Messrs. PIMROSE & Co., 7, Station Way, Chesham, Surrey.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

Picturesque ELIZABETHAN COTTAGE RESIDENCE

Ducks-Middlesex borders. 16 miles west of London.



Wealth of old-world features.

Completely modernized.

Three reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

MAIN SERVICES.

Two garages (one with chauffeur's room).

Exquisite well-timbered gardens.

2 ACRES PRICE FREEHOLD £3,000

F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel: Regent 2481.

Delightful situation on borders of Wiltshire and Somerset

Midway between Bath and Chippenham. Surrounded by lovely country.

WELL-APPOINTED STONE BUILT RESIDENCE

In finely timbered grounds and parklands. Four reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

MAIN SERVICES.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Stone-built garage and stabling block with flat over.

Tennis court. Delightful gardens inexpensive to maintain.

45 ACRES PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £12,000

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel: Regent 2481.

184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington
0182-2

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. JUST IN OUR HANDS.

ONE OF THE FINEST FULLY ATTESTED DAIRY FARMS, 300 ACRES TOGETHER WITH RETAIL MILK BUSINESS OF OVER 200 GALLS. DAILY 80 per cent. of which is sold at T.T. at 11s. per quart, remainder at full price with no discount whatever. A good and absolutely genuine concern increasing and with great possibilities. One of the best in the country and equipped with all machinery.

CHARMING PERIOD RESIDENCE

With every modern convenience. Fully altered and exceptionally fine farm buildings. T.T. milk has been produced for nearly 20 years. Four modern cottages. Situate in the near West Central Midlands.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AS GOING CONCERN

Full details will be supplied to principals only, and appointments to view by application to Owner's Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.

VERY FINE ESTATE NEAR NORWICH

GENTLEMAN'S FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE 710 ACRES

CHARMING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Most attractively situated. Four recs., 8 bed., 2 baths. Well-equipped domestic offices.

Triplex gate. Ideal boiler, etc. Main electricity throughout.

Lovely gardens. Tennis court. Sunken Dutch garden, etc.

Secondary residence. Two sets of excellent modern farm buildings. Garage 4 cars.

Five cottages. Very good shooting. 5

VACANT POSSESSION FREEHOLD

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Ken. 0182/3).

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Grosvenor 1553
(4 lines)

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST. GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
West Halkin St.,
Belgrave Sq.,
and St. Vincent St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

NEAR WEST SUSSEX COAST

Lovely secluded position, easy reach of main line station.



DELIGHTFUL WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE with due south aspect. Two reception, 7 bed, 2 bath, staff sitting room. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Exceptionally beautiful garden with over a 100 established fruit trees, large greenhouse. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD** with **VACANT POSSESSION, NEARLY 5 ACRES.** The whole in first-class order. Inspected and recommended by **GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above.** (D.2100)

DEVONSHIRE

Market town and station 1½ miles. Close to bus service.



Two drives. Lounge hall, 4 fire., 10 bed and dressing, 4 baths. Main etc. Ample water. Mod. drainage. C.H. Elec. H.H. Stabling, garage. Two cottages. Delightful grounds with tennis court, kitchen gardens, greenhouse, orchard, woodland. Well watered lawn, meadowland, about 2000 yds. **FREEHOLD.** **VACANT POSSESSION.** **VERY MODERATE PRICE.** All details from Owner's Agents: **GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS.** (D.2110)

SANDWICH AND DEAL

Five miles famous old towns. Secluded in unspoilt village.



AN ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE Three reception, 7 principal bed, 5 bath, servant's wing, 7 bed, 2 bedrooms. Main elec. gas and water. C.H. Modern drainage. (Guests' cottage of 6 living rooms, 2 bath. Two cottages. Garage, stabling. Two cottages of small land (ideal for market gardening) and meadowland. In all about **12½ ACRES FOR SALE.** **VACANT POSSESSION.** Owner's Agents: **GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS.** (A.2100)

41, BERKELEY SQ.,
LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056

LOFTS & WARNER

and at 14, ST. GILES',
OXFORD

SURREY IN AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE

Convenient for shops and bus routes. Easy reach Oxfordford. Station 1 mile. Electric line to London (50 minutes).

ATTRACTIVE PERIOD FARM HOUSE IN EXCELLENT ORDER



Spacious lounge and 3 other reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. COTTAGE, GARAGE, STABLING.

Barn and other useful buildings.

The gardens are a feature of the property, but are easy to maintain. Including well-stocked kitchen and fruit garden, estimated to about 2½ acres.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE, WITH POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (Gro. 3056).

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

KENT

Easy daily reach of London.

PICTURESQUE HALF-TIMBERED 18th-CENTURY HOUSE 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Original open fireplaces. Jacobean and Queen Anne panelling. Outbuildings. Charming gardens, in all 5 ACRES

JUST AVAILABLE. FREEHOLD FOR SALE. INSPECTION ADVISED IMMEDIATELY

Joint Sole Agents: **LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1 (Gro. 3056), and HARTER, FAIRY & LEPPE, Bromley, Kent.**

OVERLOOKING A PEACEFUL VILLAGE GREEN.

BUCKS

Easy reach Thames, Aylesbury and Oxford. Main line station ½ mile.

DELIGHTFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

3/4 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity and water.

Useful outbuildings and walled garden.

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500. EARLY INSPECTION ADVISABLE

LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Gro. 3056)

SEVENOAKS, 2247-8
TUNBRIDGE WELLS 46
OXFORD 140
INGATE 2938 and 3793

SEVENOAKS

35 minutes from London in a rural position.



Twelve bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Main services. Garage, stabling and other outbuildings. Good cottage. Inexpensive garden and grounds 4½ ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £10,000

Sole Agents: **IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 155, High Street, Sevenoaks (Tel. 2247/48).**

IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO.

ON A SURREY COMMON

Really unique position amidst glorious country.



SOUTH HOLMWOOD 1 mile Holmwood Station, 1½ miles Totting. Charming old Country House, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. Two garages. Stable, chauffeur's room. Main electricity, water and drainage. **THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE** matured garden.

For Sale privately or by Auction on November 10,

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. **IBBETT & WRIGHT, Dorking (Tel. 2512) and IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Sevenoaks.**

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDER

Commanding distant views, 4 miles east of Tunbridge Wells.



GRONDERIDGE MANOR, A CHARMING STONE-BUILT HOUSE suitable for a school. Nursing Home (Country Club, etc. Nine principal and 10 secondary and staff bedrooms, 5 bath, lounge hall and 6 reception. Double garage, stabling etc. Main electricity. Gardens, paddocks and woodland, 25 ACRES. **For Sale by Auction at Tunbridge Wells, October 31, 1947 (unless previously sold).** Solicitors: Messrs. **H. C. MORRIS, WOOLSEY, MORRIS AND KENNEDY, Hopkin House, Queen Street, B.G. (Tel. 474-6811).** Auctioneers: Messrs. **IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 155, High Street, Sevenoaks.**

BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS

32, MILLBANK, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1 & KENLEY HOUSE, OXFORD. (Tel. 970)

WITH GLORIOUS VIEWS OVER BRAMSHILL COMMON at FARLEY HILL, BERKS

7 miles Reading, 4½ miles Wokingham.



Lovely Residence in perfect setting, approached by long drive with entrance lodge.

Seven main and 4 servants' bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, library and boudoir, excellent domestic offices, lodge.

Garage for 5 cars.

Beautiful panelling, exquisite cornice work. Neatly maintained small gardens and well drained grounds in all about 10-15 ACRES

Inspected and recommended.

FREEHOLD £25,000

A. T. UNDERWOOD & CO.

Phone: 585 CRAWLEY 585 THREE BRIDGES, SUSSEX And at OCKING, SURREY

SURREY, REAR RIPLEY. MANSION with 5 reception, 20 bedrooms, etc. Main services. Staff flat, 4 cottages, stabling, garage, and 4½ ACRES. NEARBY OFFERS CONSIDERED. (Ref. 7077)

NEAR EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX. MODERNISED GEORGIAN HOUSE standing in 23 ACRES parkland. Four reception, 8-10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Three cottages. Excellent gardens. Main water, electricity and drainage. **FREEHOLD £15,000. (Ref. 588)**

WITHIN EASY DAILY REACH LONDON. Delightful reproduction Residence, wealth of oak beams. Three reception, 5 bedrooms (3 with wash basins), bathroom. Main service. Central heating. Garage and greenhouse. 3 ACRES. Woodland garden. **FREEHOLD £2,750 ON NEAR OFFER. (Ref. 5056)**

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDER. Modern LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE with 4 bedrooms, 3 sitting rooms (oak floors), 5 bedrooms and bathroom. Gas and electricity. Garage. Garden ½ ACRE. Additional land rented. **FREEHOLD £4,000. (Ref. 7574)**

BETWEEN HORMHAM AND CRAWLEY. Lovely views. Modernised and freshly decorated wing of Country House. Three reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating, main electricity, etc. (oak floors). 100 yds. of garden. **FREEHOLD WITH 5 ACRES, £5,500.** Additional land available. (Ref. 4123)

WANTED URGENTLY for special applicant, Mr. H. PERIOD HOUSE, 4 or 5 bedrooms, etc., with farm of 20-25 ACRES. PRICE BETWEEN £10,000 TO £15,000. Mr. H. PERIOD, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Urovesner 3121 (3 lines)
Established 1875

NEAR BASINGSTOKE COMPACT WELL-BUILT HOUSE

On two floors. Magnificent views.
Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.
Garage with rooms over.
Modern 5-roomed cottage with bath.
Very attractive gardens, orchard, paddock, woodland.

ABOUT 4½ ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE £12,000
VACANT POSSESSION.

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

WESTERHAM, KENT

Easy reach of London, 450 ft. up.

SPLENDIDLY BUILT HOUSE

Nine bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, games room.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

Garage. Stabling. Outbuildings.
Gardener's cottage of 4 rooms and bathroom.
Charming gardens and grounds, orchard and paddocks.

ABOUT 9 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE £14,000
POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

NEAR WINCHFIELD, HANTS

Nine miles from Basingstoke.

MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE

adjoining a well-known estate
Seven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.
Garage and outbuildings. Four-roomed cottage.
Attractive gardens and grounds. Orchard and plantations.

ABOUT 8 ACRES

All in excellent order.
FREEHOLD FOR SALE £13,500 OR OFFER

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

2, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Greavesner
1022-23

SURREY—SUSSEX BORDERS

Towards East. Overlooking rising ground
commanding lovely views to Ashdown Forest.
1 mile station, on this route, under 30 miles
London.

DISTINCTIVE HOUSE OF CHARM AND CHARACTER

Beautifully appointed and in faultless order.
Resplendent with every modern amenity, decorations in perfect taste.

Nine bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms,
lounge-hall, 3 reception rooms, compact
office. Complete central heating. Main
electricity and water. Aga cooker. Large
garage, chauffeur's flat, lodge.

Delightful informal gardens, hard tennis
court, walled kitchen garden, and
land. In all about 25 ACRES

FREEHOLD £18,000

Confidently recommended by the Owner's
Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

Amidst beautiful rolling country in the triangle contained by BASINGSTOKE, READING & NEWBURY



SMALL BUT REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE OLD ENGLISH RESIDENCE

Modernized regardless of cost. Pull of old oak; 4 bedrooms,
2 bathrooms, hall and 2 reception rooms (one oak paneled),
maid's sitting room. Electric light. Unfailing water supply.
Garage, with rooms over. Stabling for 5. Two cottages
of exceptional merit. Two paddocks. In all
about 11 ACRES. FREEHOLD £27,750
Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

Est. 1789

DREWEATT, WATSON & BARTON

Tel.: Newbury 1

CHURCH SPEN LODGE, NEWBURY

One mile main line station and shops. In a quiet residential village.



ATTRACTIVE HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Standing in an entirely
walled garden.

Five main bedrooms, nur-
sery suite of 3 rooms, 3
bathrooms, 2 main rooms,
4 reception rooms.

Good outbuildings and
barn.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

Auction October 30 or privately meanwhile.

Auctioneers: Messrs. DREWEATT, WATSON & BARTON, as above.

HANTS—BERKS BORDERS

In the Reading-Newbury-Basingstoke area.

SMALL AGRICULTURAL AND RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

Good House with 10 beds, bath, 3 recep. Butlins and small farmery. Lodge and
8 cottages. Land and woodland nearly 100 ACRES.
Vendor might lease back house and grounds.

NEWBURY £5,000

In a residential part under one mile of station and shops.

GEORGIAN HOUSE

With 9 beds, 2 bath, 2 recep. All main services. Top floor suitable conversion to flat.
1½ ACRES

BERKS DOWNS VILLAGE

SMALL PERIOD HOUSE

Six bed and dressing, 2 bath, 3 recep. Aga cooker. Main water and light. Attractive
walled garden. Also modernized COTTAGE & BATH. 100 ACRES. In good order.

For sale as a whole or separately with possession.

Agents: DREWEATT, WATSON & BARTON, as above.

N. W. SANDERS,
F.R.A.

T. A. SANDERS,
F.R.A.

SANDERS'

PORE STREET, SIDMOUTH. Tel.: Sidmouth 41 and 106

Close to the Coast at SIDMOUTH

UNPARASSED FOR POSITION.
300 ft. up. Lovely country and marine views. All rooms face due south.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE MEDIUM-SIZED RESIDENCE

Three reception rooms (oak
floors), 5 bedrooms, 3 bath-
rooms, excellent offices.
Garage, modern cottage and
2½ ACRES of beautiful
grounds.

Central heating.
All main services.

IN PERFECT ORDER
THROUGHOUT.

FREEHOLD £16,000



SOMERSET. Between Minehead and Porlock. Hunting with Devon and Somerset.
Perfectly appointed residence, 8 reception, 7 bed, 3 bath. Cottage, stabling, Garage,
Garden and Paddock, 7 ACRES. All main services. Central heating. IMMEDIATE
POSSESSION, £12,000.

EAST DEVON. Mid-way between Exeter and Teignmouth. ATTRACTIVE
COUNTRY RESIDENCE. Three reception, 4 bed, bath, office. Large park.
Lovely grounds. Central heating, main elec. and water. FREEHOLD £6,000.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

(Greavesner 2nd) Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

PICTURESQUE MODERNISED OLD COTTAGE

NEWBURY. In a delightful and favored rural position. CHARMING
THATCHED COTTAGE with up-to-date conveniences, main electricity and
power, telephone, independent hot water. Two sitting rooms, bathroom and w.c.,
2 bedrooms. Large lawn, 2 acreage. Pretty garden with pond, fruit, etc.
£6,500 FREEHOLD including electric fittings, cooker, refrigerator, auxiliary water
heater, petrol bowler, fitted carpeted bedrooms and stairs. Furniture and food stocks
may be taken over. Strongly recommended.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley
Street, W.1. (23,550)

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, OR RESIDENCE WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED

AT £200 P.A. WITH GARDENS 25 TO 100 ACRES

READING 17 miles. 1½ miles station. CHARMING WILLIAM AND MARY
COUNTRY HOUSE. Lounge hall, billiard and 4 reception rooms, a bathroom,
11 bed and dressing rooms, attic. Central heating, main electricity, Aga. Garage,
stabling, cow house, 2 lodges, flat and men's quarters. Grounds with lake. Hard tennis
court, orchard, pasture and woodland 25 ACRES, or with 100 ACRES including
FARMHOUSE, 2 MORE COTTAGES and FARM BUILDINGS.—TRESIDDER & CO.,
77, South Audley Street, W.1. (23,150)

48 ACRES 18th-CENTURY RESIDENCE

SUSSEX. 4 miles main line station (hour London). Lovely position with views to
Aldworth Forest. THE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER HOUSE contains open
fireplaces, oak beam ceilings, oak panelling, original oak floor, etc. and is in excellent
order. Hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 2 bathrooms, 10 bed bedrooms, staff rooms.
Central heating. Main c.i. Telephone. Aga cooker. Garage for 4. Stabling. Flat.
Chauffeur's rooms. Cottage. Grounds of dignity and charm. Kitchen and fruit
gardens, orchards and parkland. FOR SALE UPON REASONABLE TERMS.—
TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (7,710)

23, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1451

RESTORED 17th-CENTURY HOUSE



1 ACRE £5,950

In unspoilt part of Essex between Bishop's Stortford and Dunmow, 800 ft. up; lovely views.

Five bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception. Electric light. Central heating, etc.

Garage.

PERIOD COTTAGE IN CHARMING SURREY VILLAGE



A 16th-century House completely up to date and ready for immediate occupation. But pass the property. Dorking about 5 miles.

Five bedrooms (3 with basins), modern bathroom, 3 rec. rooms. Main electric light and water. Central heating. Garage. Picturesque garden.

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,950 WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

Agents: WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

Sole Agents: WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

NORWICH
STOWMARKET

R. C. KNIGHT & SONS

130 MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1. (Mayfair 0022/4)

HOLT, HADLEIGH
AND CAMBRIDGE

NORTH SUFFOLK A SMALL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

set in renowned gardens.

Three reception rooms, cloakroom, 6 bedrooms, 2 bath. MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garages. Stabling. Cottage.

5 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION

Particulars from R. C. KNIGHT & SONS, as above, and at Stowmarket (Tel. 384-5).

ESSEX DELIGHTFUL HALF-TIMBERED, GABLED RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER AND CHARM

Presenting one of the most interesting features of the Tudor period, yet completely modernized and restored and now in very good order.

Long hall with collar beam and carved king post. Oak-panelled drawing room and dining room, 6 bedrooms and bathroom.

MAIN ELECTRICITY. AMPLE WATER. VACANT POSSESSION. Lovely formal and pleasure gardens. Garages, etc.

ABOUT HALF AN ACRE

Price and particulars from R. C. KNIGHT & SONS, as above, and Market Place, Stowmarket (Tel. 384-5).

ESSEX

Under 10 miles from London.

A VERY COMFORTABLE SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE

Four reception rooms, sun room, cloakroom, 8 bedrooms (5 with fitted basins), and 2 1/2 bathrooms.

MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garages. Cottage.

8 1/2 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION.

Particulars and prices from R. C. KNIGHT & SONS, as above, and at Stowmarket (Tel. 384-5).

MESSINGER, MORGAN & MAY

SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL, COUNTRY CLUB OR OTHER INSTITUTION.

SOUTH-WEST SURREY

3 miles from Guildford.

AN IMPOSING MANSION IN WELL-TIMBERED PARK

Containing 5 reception rooms, 26 bed and dressing rooms, 10 bathrooms, GARAGES AND STABLES.

TO BE LET ON LEASE

Full details from MESSINGER, MORGAN & MAY, 28, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (and at Tunbridge, Guildford, Tel. 2092).

In unspoilt country 2 1/2 miles south of London.

A MODERN HOUSE OF OUTSTANDING CHARACTER

Situated on a southern slope commanding panoramic views over three counties.

Three reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, the whole being exceptionally well appointed.

GARAGE, STABLES, COTTAGE, CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.

Terraced grounds, kitchen garden and paddocks.

IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Full details from MESSINGER, MORGAN & MAY, 28, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (and at Tunbridge, Guildford, Tel. 2092).

EST. 1870 WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER

CRAWLEY, SUSSEX

Tel. No. 4
(three lines)

HEATHFIELD SUSSEX

Completely secluded, in an unrivalled position 500 ft. above sea level, just off the main 1,600-ft. Heathfield Road.

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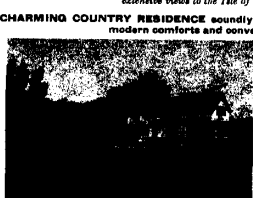
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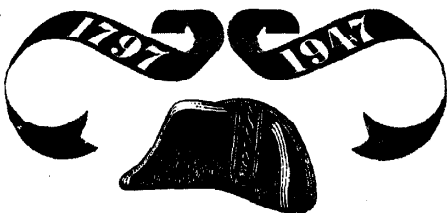
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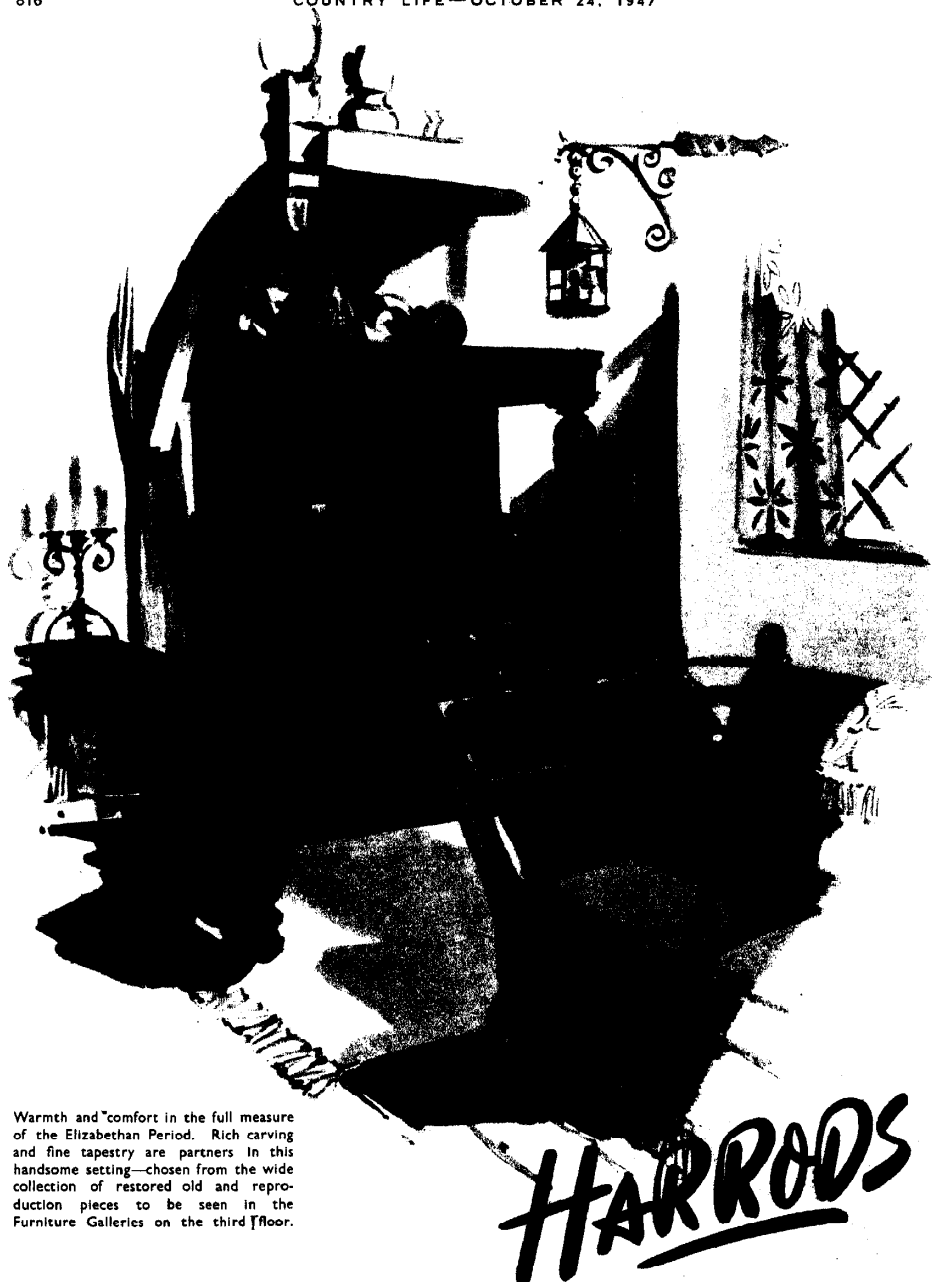
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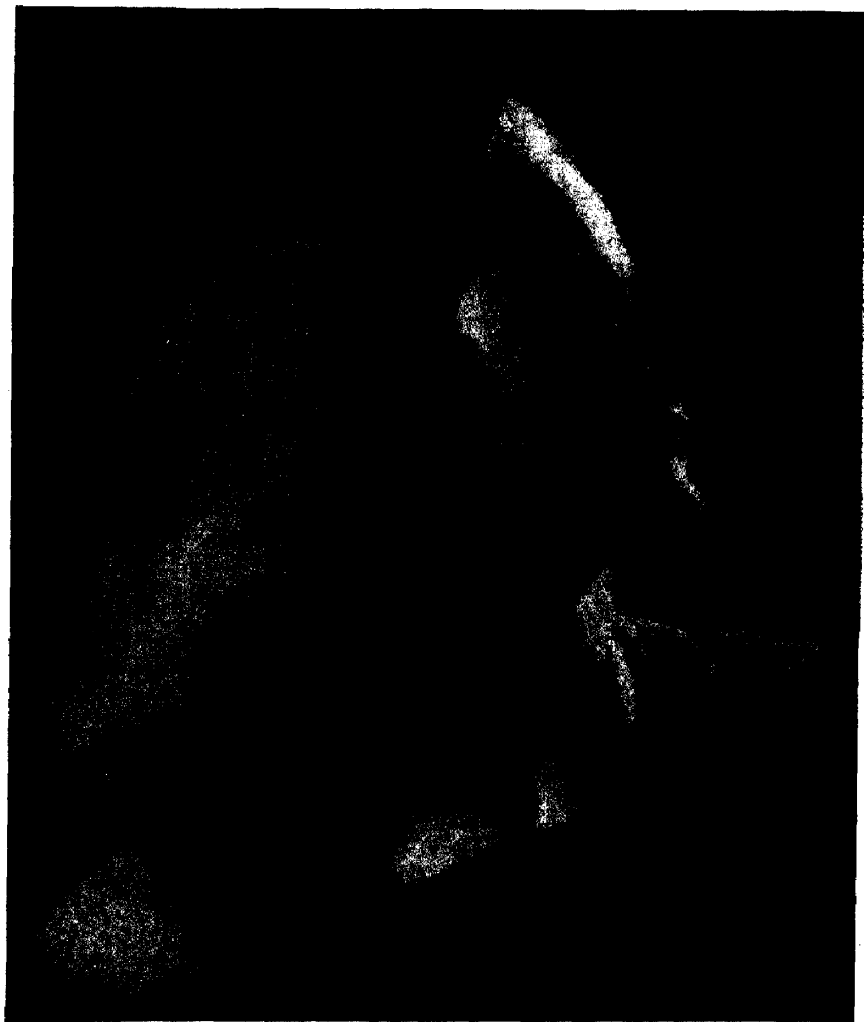
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2649

OCTOBER 24, 1947



Pearl Freeman

MISS JUNE HART DYKE

Miss June Hart Dyke is the daughter of Sir Oliver Hart Dyke, of Lullingstone Castle, Eynsford, Kent

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE KEEPER AND THE POACHER

IT was a good idea on the part of the National Trust—the accredited keepers of our national architectural and scenic treasures—to invite the chief professional poacher, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to discuss with the Treasury might accept suitable property in lieu of estate duties, is at last implemented by the Inland Revenue being enabled to recoup itself from the Fund, and to transfer the property to the Trust for preservation. It is not yet clear, however, where the capital needed for the maintenance of the property is to come from under the arrangement. Mr. Dalton's genuine concern for national possessions of beauty and history has also prompted Parliament to agree to double the amount raised by the Trust's Jubilee Appeal to form a capital reserve independent of its main source of regular income hitherto—the subscriptions of its members: a gift of £60,000 which brings the reserve to over £120,000.

At the same time there is irony in a Chancellor expressing concern, however sincere, at the "progressive reduction, as a consequence of high income-tax and death duties, in the number of people able to maintain great estates"; an irony recalling the Walrus's concern for the oysters, when he is about to eat them.

*With sob's and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.*

Indeed, the analogy goes further. Just as even the Walrus's appetite stopped short of the oyster shells, the Chancellor's remarks were limited to the "precious part of the national heritage"—the shells of the great family houses. It is these, and not the life within them, that it is sought to protect, and indeed an oyster's shell may prove to be of much greater material value than the organism within. Yet, regarded from the biological point of view, it is of greater worth to the life of the nation if Cecil is in Hatfield and Bureleigh, Sidneys in Penshurst, Cavendishes in Chatsworth and Hardwick—the list could, happily, still be prolonged—continuing to contribute to the country's bloodstream an element that has enriched it immeasurably in the past and as its result greater have shown, has far from exhausted its virtue. Preserved however carefully, a great house, even when its hereditary owners are allowed to remain as tenants, is a dead thing where it might still be a living nucleus of traditional rural life and moral energy. A good case can be made for preferring the survival of the oyster to

the hoarding of his shell on the lowest grounds, those of practical economy. For what will be the result when successive walruses have devoured all the oysters? A litter of shells; scores, possibly hundreds, of architectural specimens, superfluous museums, which will indirectly cost the public more to run and staff properly than when they were maintained (largely for the public) by the owners themselves. It is not merely reactionary, even today, to suggest that those owners who throw open their houses to the public should have appropriate relief from taxation.

Another matter raised at the Trust's meeting revealed further inconsistency between Ministerial precept and practice, namely, violation of property given into the National Trust's keeping or destined as national parkland. At Lyme, the Ministry of Fuel threatens literally to cut the ground from under the feet of those Ministers, Mr. Dalton among them, no doubt, who would pledge the sanctity of national

MARK II

*THE latest of our dogs, young Mark,
In coat and courage, habits, bark,
Resembles his grand sire;
Old Mark, of ferocious the best,
Showed the same truculence and zest
To chase the postman, tree a cat,
Fight the neighbours, cure a mal,
By dash himself with mire.*

*Mark disinters from that green plot
The hollowed bones his fathers got
(Poor rationed dog of war),
This house, so bitterly bereft
By war, yet has one landmark left,
A lively guardian at the gate
Daring all comers, even Fate,
To change the ways of yore.*

KATHLEEN'S COUSIN-MORLEY.

property, whatever development may take place on merely private property. The Service Ministries' claims on a large area round Tregaron in central Cardiganshire—claims ranging from 150,000 to 27,000 acres—are a fresh instance of the conflicting demands of poachers and keepers. No one can under-estimate the need for fuel or for defence, nor for food. Yet it is reassuring to learn from Lord Esher that "the Trust will not tolerate the inevitable loss of properties to the last ditch"—even if that assurance implies that the way ahead is not easy.

TRAVELLERS' INNS

WHEN a Yorkshire innkeeper was fined the other day after pleading guilty to three charges of refusing lodging to travellers without lawful excuse, it was pleaded on his behalf that "he might be one of a class of people, growing up in Britain, who, in law, were innkeepers but who did not really appreciate the exact nature of their duties and responsibilities. If innkeepers were to be held responsible for their actions they are 'totally misguided'—which presumably means 'completely ignorant'—as to the nature of their responsibilities, it stands to reason that there is need for enlightenment all round. By the custom of the realm, an 'innkeeper' is bound to receive any guest who asks for the day or night provided the guest offers him the proper condition to be received, is ready to pay for his accommodation, and there is room to accommodate him. In bygone days this would have needed no explanation, either to mine host or to a travelling public always liable to be weather-bound or benighted. But to-day there exists a great variety of licensed houses which are not inns in the legal sense—for the licensees do not hold innkeeper's licences—but which almost, without exception call themselves "hotels," a term that in the public mind covers any house where alcoholic refreshment can be obtained, whether it is an 'inn' in the proper sense or not. In the case of such houses much confusion of matter, but in the country it is still vital not only that innkeepers should know their duties, but that travellers should know whether any given public-house is an inn or not. Here surely is an opportunity for useful publicity by the Travel Association, or by the various bodies representing motorists, cyclists and walkers.

POTATOES

SINCE Mr. Ernest Bevin, obviously speaking without a Ministry of Food brief, mentioned the possibility of potato rationing to add to the rigours of the coming winter, housewives have been eager to lay in a store. Thanks to subsidised prices, it has paid everyone to rely on the commercial grower rather than trouble to grow potatoes in garden or allotment, but now this consumer subsidy is being removed. Rationing, if it comes, will hit hardest the town household who rely on potatoes to supplement the feeding-stuff ration for domestic poultry, and undoubtedly a big quantity is used in this way to produce eggs—possibly 10 per cent of the total amount of potatoes purchased—but it will be a serious matter for many households when other human rations are being cut if they also have to go short of potatoes which have provided the universal fill-up. This season's potato crops on 80,000 acres less than last year have been barely up to average owing to late planting and the persistent drought, but the dry ground has let the plough or spinner uncover all the tubers clear of soil and picking has been a much pleasanter job than usual. The school children who have been required to give a hand with this work can only have benefited from their time in the open air and possibly from the education articles, after objecting so strenuously to any compulsion being applied, should find that their 1,700 youngsters who have been away in Perthshire picking potatoes for three weeks return to the City in fine fettle. They have helped the country and they have earned some pocket-money for themselves.

BLACK DIVOTS

THERE are golf courses which are very good and also very black, so that the ball soon loses its virginal hue, and so do white shoes, if anyone is rash enough to wear them. But so far as golf is concerned, the blackness of the divot of coal flying when plunging his iron rather deeper into the turf than necessary. It seems, however, that this may soon come to pass on a course near Leeds, underneath a part of which a seam of coal has been discovered. What has happened at Wentworth Woodhouse may happen here, and in the unfortunate case will be a disgrace to our nationality and best; it but not while if this sort of thing becomes common, players who do not want to lose their courses may be moved to reform their methods of iron play for fear of uncovering seams. They may even eschew those barbarous irons altogether and revert to the baffling spoons of their ancestors. In the Badminton Library on golf it was said, in protest against excessive divot-taking, that "golf is not agriculture," with the addition of some cynical farmer that "both are games of chance." Some further writer may amend the sentence and say that golf is not coal-mining, though both involve striking.

ALAS! POOR ELSICH

THERE is always something pathetic in a man's unwavering faith in his own friends or possessions. It is not an uncommon trait in human nature, and many of us must be conscious of it having been regarded as swayed by our too partial parents, we have turned out to be much more like geese. So everybody must have a kindly feeling towards the owner of the horse Elsie, whose career, after having attracted much attention during the past two years, has now come to an end through the stewards of the National Hunt. In terms of breeding and jumping ability he is not prepared to receive his entry any longer. The glorious peak of his some 50 years appears to have been reached when he ran third in the Pipe Gate Novices' Chase at Woore Hunt. On other occasions he has finished the course, but generally speaking he has been dogged by misfortune. His term of office, lasting about 20 years, has been a long one, and he must have been a trouble not only to himself but to the other horses. He will probably be glad to seek an honourable retirement, in which he can boast his obscure stable companions that he once ran in the Grand National. For his owner we can do "nothing but sympathise."

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

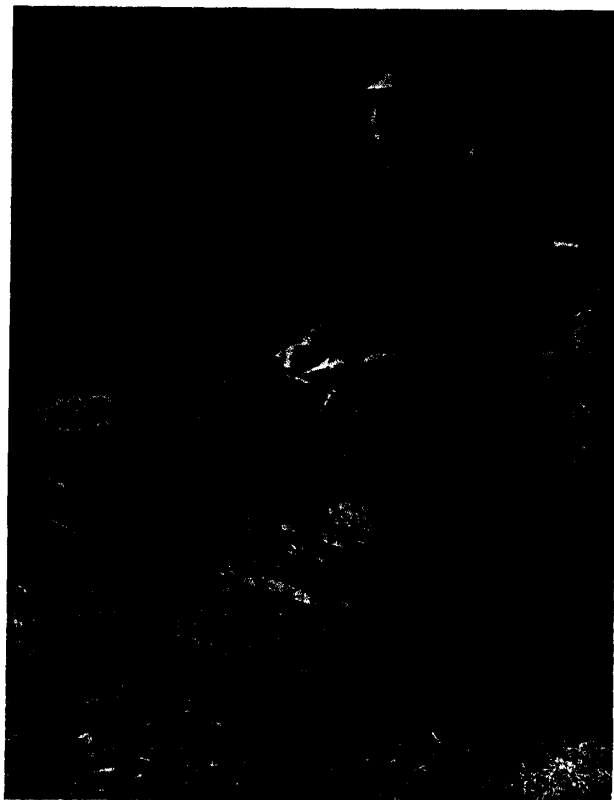
AS I expected, I have received several letters from readers of COUNTRY LIFE in various parts of the British Isles informing me that the freedom from wasps that we have experienced in West Hampshire for three years has by no means been general throughout the land, though most of my correspondents do agree that the insects have been particularly scarce this autumn, and, considering the ideal weather conditions, can offer no explanation of this. A Hertfordshire reader states that last year, so far from there having been a shortage, the plague of them on his land was terrific, and completely destroyed his pear crop, despite his activities with cyanide on all the nests he found. Another letter states that, though wasps are extremely short on the market this season, they are evidently taking steps for a great export drive in 1948, since in the three nests this correspondent destroyed in his lane he has discovered an abnormal number of queen cells. Everything therefore would seem to suggest that the wasps will establish themselves in their usual numbers next autumn, an item of information that I hope will please the badgers.

I HAVE learnt by experience that when one writes of shortages or abundances of certain insects and birds one must be particularly careful not to generalise, but to emphasise that it is a purely local condition. If I lament that I have not seen a green plover for three months or more a correspondent will at once write and state that they are so thick on his plough that he cannot see the colour of the soil for them; or, if I state that Orange-tip butterflies are becoming increasingly plentiful, a reader from the next county will complain that in his experience they are almost extinct. Recently, in my Sunday newspaper, I read in the notes on Nature that the writer had seen several Brimstones in mid-September, and in the next issue there was an admonitory letter from an entomologist to the effect that, since this butterfly habitually starts its hibernation in July, it could not have been Brimstones that the writer had seen. After reading this letter I looked out of the window at the dwarf Michaelmas daisies on the rockery, and the first butterflies I noticed among the host fluttering over the flowers were two most definite and particularly fine Brimstones. Since I find I have quite as many letters to write as I can manage in the time available in these official-ridden, controlled days, I was not among those who at once dispatched news of seeing Brimstones in September, and who apparently filled that mailbag to bursting point on Monday morning.

ONE way and another, the semi-tropical late summer has caused several varieties of butterflies and moths not only to appear in far greater numbers than is usual, but also to break their routine with regard to their hibernation dates and other social fixtures. In addition to its having been a quite phenomenal year for Clouded Yellows, and unfortunately also for Large Whites, the conditions seem to have suited the various hawk-moths. Though I have seen none myself (and feel a trifle hurt that they should have overlooked me), I have heard of Humming-bird, Convulvulus and Death-head Hawk-moths being seen in many parts in some numbers.

There is one very beautiful hawk-moth, the Privet, which in my youthful collecting days was quite common, but which I have not seen for many years, and, though I am not suggesting that it has become rare, I venture the opinion that it is not quite so abundant as it used to be. I have a boyhood recollection of walking up a privet-hedged lane in Sussex with an entomologically-minded father and finding over a dozen of the green, purple-striped caterpillars feeding on the topmost shoots of the hedge; and this was by no means an exceptional occasion. Another memory is of discovering that almost every lump of yellow bedstraw on the downs above Walmer was harbouring a caterpillar or two of the Humming-bird Hawk-moth, which in those days I considered a quite common moth, whereas its presence in a garden to-day seems to cause comment.

WHEN I was discussing hawk-moths with an entomological friend, he stated that, though the Death-head moth was supposed to raid bee-hives for honey, the legend ranked in the eyes of experts with that of the hedgehog and its addiction to cow's milk, and that so far as he knew there was no direct evidence that such a thing had ever occurred. He doubted if any expert entomologist believed the story. I was then able to show him a photograph of an unmistakable Death-head moth striving to get into the narrow aperture of one of my bee-hives in Sinai. After examining it closely he said that, knowing my high standard of integrity, he himself was convinced, but must point out that the average entomological expert was a most sceptical creature and might possibly hold the view that the moth was a set specimen from a collection pinned on to the hive for the purpose not only of taking the photograph, but also of taking in others. I can affirm, however, that this



MENDING A CRAB-POT

G. Bernard Wood

hive invasion by Death's-heads in Sinai was an annual occurrence and that, despite the precaution of narrowing the aperture against their entry, half a dozen or more found their way into the hive every year and their dead bodies were removed during the spring-cleaning. I was then asked if I had ever seen a Death-head come out of a hive after a meal of honey, and the answer was in the negative. Whenever one of these giant moths attempted to force an entry the picket on gate duty sounded the alarm, putting up a stiff resistance until reinforcements arrived.

THERE is another most unusual immigration of a small moth from North Africa, which may be of only mild interest to you and me and the ordinary man, but which almost marks an epoch to serious entomologists, so that I see them in full strength and with nets in their hands walking like Agag across the clover fields, stubbles and leys. This is the small Vestal Moth, which was first reported in this country in 1857. After that until 1908 single specimens were seen most intermittently, except in 1867, which was a bumper year for Vestals, for thirty were captured. After 1908, so far as one can ascertain from records, none of these moths was caught in this country until this year, when they have been in such numbers in parts of the South that, if a real moth-collector has failed to obtain one, he will be ashamed to appear in select entomological circles.

SPORT AT HIGH ALTITUDES

Written and Illustrated by LIEUT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY

THE great days of Himalayan sport were those just before the first world war, when upwards of 500 big-game licences were taken out in one year in Kashmir alone. Then every day in spring and summer several sporting outfits left Srinagar for the higher mountains, or for the more modest enterprise of slaying one or two of the villagers' worst pests, black bears. Game flourished, for the coming of sportsmen to a village meant money for the poverty-stricken inhabitants who, in consequence, discouraged poaching by their own kind.

During the last war, when no sahibs were shooting and there was no supervision of poachers or game watchers, the number of wild animals was considerably reduced, for poachers spare neither age nor sex. And though after the war matters were not improved when licence fees were raised too high for the pockets of sub-alterns, who thus were confined to poodie-faking in hill stations instead of going far afield in pursuit of sport and good health, there was still grand sport to be had in the more distant nullahs and blocks.

Ladakh, which politically is in Kashmir and naturally is part of Tibet, was too remote to be affected much by the war and remained much as I first knew it 40 years ago: it is probably little changed even now. The ovis ammon country cannot be reached in less than about 20 days of hard marching, and the wild sheep and antelope, though poached to the point of extinction near Leh and on its hither side, are still numerous near the Tibetan border, where the bottoms of the valleys are 15,000 ft. above sea level. Here



1.—SRINAGAR CITY IN KASHMIR: KNOWN AS THE VENICE OF THE EAST

one's camp is normally 1,000 ft. higher up the mountain side, in some little valley holding green grass fed by the trickle from a glacier, the water of which is often sucked up by the burning sun before it reaches the stony plain below.

A barren country, where it is possible to travel for 100 miles without seeing a tree, where

the thermometer may drop from burning sun heat to 20 degs. of frost in little over an hour, it tries most men's constitutions severely, and some cannot stand it and have to return to lower altitudes. Yet it has a strange fascination that brings back again and again those who have once been there, and the journey through the outer hills is always full of beauty and interest.

Having reached Srinagar (Fig. 1), and the end of the motor road, one marches up the Sind Valley between great pine-clad slopes where the villages by the roaring river are embedded in walnut groves and where snow-streaked rocky peaks stand out above the birches that are above the pines. The pack road, which is part of the central-Asian trade route, is called the Treaty Road and covers the whole 280 miles to Leh. The first difficulty encountered is the snow bridges in the Gagangari gorge, through which one climbs to the Sonamarg meadows and on to the hut at Baltal at the foot of the Zoji pass, which is the main gateway to the farther hills.

One starts in the small hours of the morning in order to avoid sun-loosed avalanches, and a little after sunrise reaches the top at 11,200 ft., where the trees are left behind. On the north side of the range there are only a few stunted pencil cedars clinging to the hill-sides, but at the villages there are groves of poplars grown for fuel, and apples and apricots for their fruit. By this time the birds are different, the thieving jungle crow has given place to the homely magpie, which beyond Leh gives place to the croaking Tibetan raven, which hangs around the kitchen for scraps and follows the caravan for several marches.

At Kargil, a hundred miles from Srinagar on the Suru River, one enters Buddhist country, and from here onwards the road-side is dotted with ark-shaped *manis* covered with carved stone prayer-slabs, and spire-topped *chortens*, whitewashed and holding the little clay images that are made up from the first bone calcined by the funeral fire. It is considered lucky to keep both on one's right-hand side as one passes them.

Hereabouts monasteries are perched precariously on the tops of high rock masses, and the rocks on the wayside are carved with the mystic *Om mani padmi yom*. The fields are ploughed with the help of half-breed "rhos," the offspring of hill cattle and yaks, and the blue hill pigeons and white-rumped snow pigeons rise in clouds as one passes in the early morning. From the carcass of a yak a great lammergeier rises, to drop a thigh-bone and crack it for the marrow.

Two 14,000 ft. passes are crossed with ease, the permanent snow-line rising steadily as the country grows drier, and just beyond the second comes the curious Lamayuru monastery (Fig. 2), built on weather-worn spires above terraced fields of buckwheat; beyond it, 10 miles of rough track winds down a gorge and takes the traveller to the Indus and the modern suspension bridge that has replaced that built at Khalatze by King Zagiug in 1150. The road then turns up the right bank of the Indus and the grilling heat of the Tibetan sun, even at 10,000 ft., is really experienced.



2.—TERRACED FIELDS OF BUCKWHEAT BENEATH THE LAMAYURU MONASTERY AT A HEIGHT OF OVER 11,000 FT.

(Right) 3.—THE TOP OF THE CHANG LA PEAK, 18,000 FT.

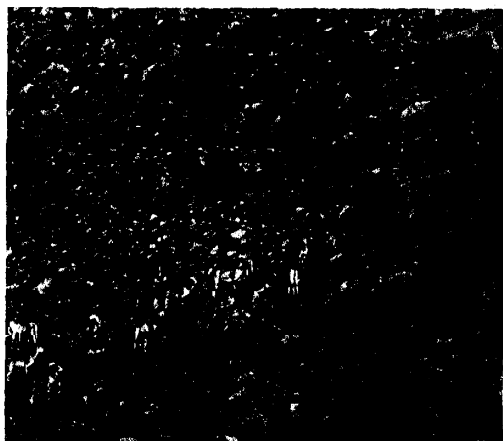
In every village the traveller comes across prayer-wheels (Fig. 10) which are whirled in men's hands, by wind or by water power, or even built into walls; and only in the villages, watered by some snow-fed torrent, is there any green. Four marches farther on one plods up the last seven miles from the river across a stony plain to Leh with its mud-built bazar huddled beneath the fort and monastery (Fig. 6). Here the central-Asia caravans halted in the serai claim interest for a day or two while fresh supplies, chiefly of flour, are laid in. Beyond this point no further supplies are obtainable.

From Leh one may go north over the Khardong Pass, notorious for mountain sickness, into the Shyok valley for ibex, bharal (Figs. 4 and 5) and shapoo (Fig. 8); north-east over the 18,400 ft. Chang La (Fig. 3) to the Pangong Lake and the wild country of Changchenmo; straight up the Indus valley to turn off left-handed and try the Shushol country for ammon; or leave the valley southward by the Ugu bridge, 30 miles above Leh, and the Tagalang Pass into the Kupshu district for ammon, bharal and Tibetan gazelle.

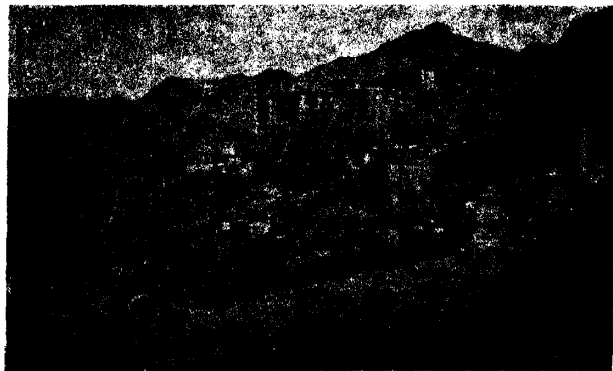
Whichever shooting ground is chosen, one wonders at first how the wild animals find any sustenance; there seems nothing but the dark green Tibetan gorse patching the hill-sides until one looks closer and sees a small grey-green shrub called *boortse*, the roots of which, mixed with yak dung, provide exiguous fuel for the camp. Wispy tufts of yellowish grass appear among the *boortse*, which grass is said to hold more nourishment than the lushest English meadow, while in little hollows on the 17,000 ft. hill-tops small flat thistles grow, and these the great ovis ammon will go a long way to find. The



4.—A BHARAL SHOT ON THE HILLS ABOVE THE TARN OF TSEARH TSO
Bharal are the link between goats and sheep and live at altitudes greater than that at which any other animal lives



5.—A HERD OF BHARAL 16,500 FT. UP IN LADAKH, KASHMIR
Blue-grey in colour, the bharal are extremely difficult to see on the blue shale and rocks where they are usually to be found



6.—THE MONASTERY AT LEH WITH THE BAZAR HUDDLED BELOW

constant trickle from the melting snow nourishes many a small marsh that is full of birds and butterflies.

The lakes and tarns set among the snow-capped hills are a wonderful blue seen nowhere else, but are mostly brackish and undrinkable; but those that are not too salt are crowded with geese and ducks, little fleets of yellow goslings paddling after suspicious mothers out to the open water beyond gun range.

Of all that country I like Changchenmo the best, although it is the coldest and windiest: there is always a wind on the great Tibetan plateau, but in Changchenmo it never ceases. Here, too, there were many wolves, and one of my yaks was killed by them last time I was there.

To get to Changchenmo one turns north 20 miles above Leh and, after a night's bivouac at 17,000 ft. crosses the great Chang La pass early next morning to camp down in the valley beyond. One may be turned back by a snow-storm at any time of the year and have to spend another night in that freezing bivouac, while below, on the north side of the pass, I have seen warm water, poured on the ground in bright sunshine at nine o'clock, freeze solid within a few seconds.

Next there is 15 miles along a winding



7.—FISHING AT 15,000 FT.

valley to Tankse, where there is a little Kashmiri customs post, and snow trout are in the river, while that fine hill partridge, the chukor, is abundant on the hill-sides and hares raid the scanty crops.

At Tankse one obtains fresh transport before a march up a side valley where the wild roses are unbelievably lovely, to pass a few huts and then, after a 15-mile march, to camp by a little circular tarn, the Tsearh Tso, where there are bhara! on the hills above and often teal and duck on the water. I once shot three garganeys there and Bruce, my Labrador, retrieved them, the icicles tinkling as he shook himself after bringing in the last bird.

A hardy dog, such as a Labrador, is a grand companion and most useful on these high-altitude trips, for the cold is nothing to him and he gets one many a meal of partridge or pigeon. Bruce found it difficult to understand why he got so "blown" in the high country; eventually, deciding that the hot sun was making him pant, he would lie down in the shade of a rock for a while until he found it too cold.

But nothing ever stopped him questing for birds and hares, Tibetan partridge as well as chukor, and sometimes a small pack of Tibetan sandgrouse, which look as if they have wadded quilts beneath their mottled plumage.

For a few miles beyond the Tsearh Tso there is an amazing series of weirdly coloured hills: chocolate and blue, red, white and yellow, they succeed one another in any order until the valley widens to open up a big gravelly plain that slopes down to the blue waters of the Pangong Lake. Here one keeps left for Changchenmo and, after fording several streams, comes to the tiny hamlet of Pobrang with its three willow trees, where one halts for fresh yaks to be collected.

Here a couple of days can be spent pleasantly in fishing the many little streams that flow in deep channels between flats of green turf, and a bag of 30 fish averaging about 1 lb. is easily got by swimming a bit of raw meat or liver 18 ins. below a single BB shot over the shallows and into the deeper eddies. Farther down, at Lukung, where these streams join a mile above the Pangong Lake, the fish run much bigger, averaging about 2 lb., and I fed the whole of my caravan for two days on what I caught there (Fig. 7). The fish fight well, and the air at 15,000 ft. is most exhilarating.

A march from Pobrang camp is made under the Marsenik La, again over 18,000 ft., and there is good ammon ground to the south of the pass, though the kiang are a plague to the stalker. The handsome wild asses are apt to put away one's quarry by inquisitive stares and caperings, and when one risks to abuse them

another's necks, and generally express their joy at having stirred up an irate sportsman.

Over the Marsenik, where the snow-fields may be soft and the yaks are apt to stick, is a lovely valley with beautiful dark blue primulas filling the wetter gullies, and above them *Eritrichium strictum*, which is so like forget-me-not, fills the hollows with light blue mist, while higher still the Tibetan snowcock whistles mournfully from a projecting crag as the caravan passes.

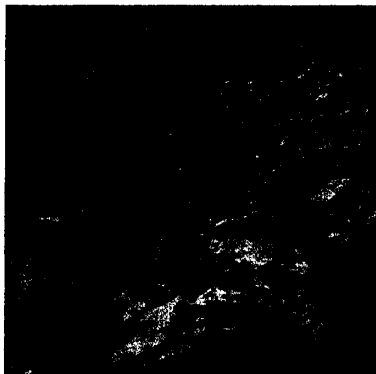
The camp that night is by the Changchenmo River, which has to be forded twice next day; the crossing may be unpleasant, or even dangerous, owing to blocks of ice that float down the racing waist-deep water. Two days up the river the first Tibetan antelope, or *chiru* as the natives call them, are spotted, and I have seen 13 wild yaks across the river on the Kugrang flats.

Camp is finally made at Ning Rhi, where antelope are common, and I have seen ovis ammon and two old bull yaks all at the same time. Since it is bitterly cold and windy one stays no longer than necessary to bag one's specimens of the curious *chiru*, which has a muzzle swollen with innumerable small channels to warm the frozen air before it reaches the lungs, whose coat looks like a dense quilt of smooth matted hair, and which has a pair of inguinal glands of which we do not know the functions.

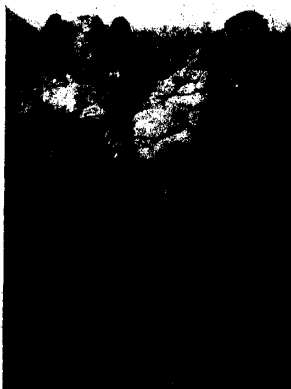
Chiru are pestered by bot flies, and often gallop suddenly across the plain, then drop into a shallow scrape made in the gravel, hoping to defeat the flies or to conceal themselves from their enemies —this in spite of the fact that their forward curving horns show up well above ground level. Their hides are of paper thickness, and they are good eating.

One can return through the Mipal Loomba, over an easy pass at its head, then south and over the Kiu La (18,720 ft.) with a long waterless march back into Pobrang. From Tankse there is a pleasant route west of the Chang La that crosses a couple of minor passes before reaching a big village where the camping ground is so covered with wild onions that one's eyes water as one crushes them underfoot. From here one goes over the Diger La, whence there is a grand view of the great peaks above the Kundun glacier which every thirty years or so threatens death and destruction to villages in the Shyok valley when the great ice dam which holds up the water until the weight becomes too great bursts.

In September the apricots are ripe, the Zoji pass is a mass of flowers and butterflies, and the Kashmir valley is full of delicious pears, apples, and honey in the comb. It is indeed a glorious country.



8.—THE SHAPOO IS TO BE FOUND IN THE SHYOK VALLEY



(Left) 9.—A LADAKHI MAN AND YOUNG WOMAN CARRYING MILK PAILS. The girl's hair is dressed out into wings with braided goat's hair. (Right) 10.—"In every



CLEANED PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By DENYS SUTTON

THE exhibition of the cleaned pictures of the National Gallery, which is now on view, is bound to occasion controversy and stimulate opinion, for it is one of the most fascinating exhibitions held in London for a long time. Its fascination is derived, however, not from scandal but from instruction. From whatever angle the exhibition is viewed, one cannot but go away excited and enriched. It is a challenge to taste and to connoisseurship; it exercises the mind as to the aims of past painters, and the standards by which they judged their own performance; it forces one to consider the nature of painting itself.

On this occasion, the authorities of the National Gallery appear in the rôle of defendants. In response to the agitation of last October and the petition by a large group of members of the Royal Academy and others to the Prime Minister, they have entered a vivid defence of their policy of cleaning. The pictures are presented with photographs of their condition before cleaning; and the decisions taken are supported by a critical account of their state, a veritable case-book for each painting, contained in an excellent catalogue, which, however, might have gained from illustrations. Here is the evidence. The prosecution must now state their case.

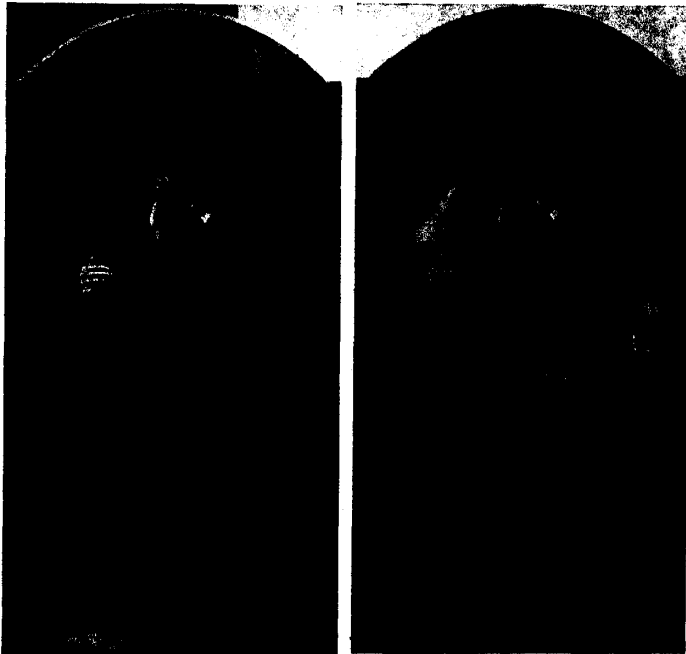
Before the exhibition is discussed, the general question must be propounded and answered: is it a good or a bad practice to clean works of art? The answer is surely that they must be cleaned. If a painting is so darkened by time and so overpainted that the artist's original intention is obscured, cleaning is essential. What is the alternative? The defenders of cleaning are in any case no innovators in this direction: they apply a principle long accepted by painters and connoisseurs. The opinion of that shrewd judge and past President of the Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, is not unhelpful:—"Old pictures deservedly celebrated for their colouring are so often changed by dirt and varnish that we ought not to wonder if they do not appear equal to their reputation." The problem is, then, to remove that film of obscurity which dirt and varnish have imposed on the face of the painting so as to reveal the range and depth of the artist's original colouring.

It is at this point that the only two valid objections to cleaning can be advanced. One is technical and objective, the other aesthetic and subjective. Has the extraneous matter—the dirt and varnish—been removed without damage to the original paint and is the effect of the picture one that we now appreciate? On the first point, we have the evidence of our eyes and the documentation; on the second our eyes are complemented by an emotional response. The possibility of conflict between the activity of the cleaner and the dictates of taste is thus apparent. Whether or not the paintings have been damaged by cleaning, whether they have been over-cleaned are matters of such delicacy and implication that they should not be broached without long study and a deep knowledge of the processes of cleaning and the constitution of pigments. It must be emphasised that whatever has been removed from the painting can, owing to the elaborate series of checks used in cleaning, be restored to it. Those warmer notes which marked so many pictures could, indeed, be returned to them.

On the second count, the expression of opinion is much easier. Do we or do we not like the pictures after they have been cleaned? Each picture must from this point of view be approached separately. It is clearly far preferable to see Ribalta's *Christ Bearing the Cross* as it is now, after cleaning (Fig. 2), than when the dramatic figure of the visionary was painted over and blotted out (Fig. 1). On the other hand, it is open to debate whether Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille* has the same quality as before.

is in any case apparent that the gains from cleaning are considerable and nowhere better illustrated than in Rembrandt's *A Woman Bathing*. Once the over-painting of the right hand is uncovered, Rembrandt's looser and vigorous touch stands revealed. The richness of his paint emerges to the view; the whole painting is toned up, becomes more alive and vital.

The subtle change that has overcome this picture indicates the real importance of cleaning. It means that we see a painting in a con-



1.—RIBALTA'S *CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS*, BEFORE CLEANING AND
2.—AFTER THE FIGURE OF THE VISIONARY HAD BEEN REVEALED BY CLEANING

The blending of tone we associated with it in the past is no longer there; rightly or wrongly, the picture itself may have its own laws and take on to itself a certain patina which is part of it. It different does not necessarily mean that our judgment is correct; we may be in the position of seeking to impose our view of what we think the artist should have painted on what he himself intended to give.

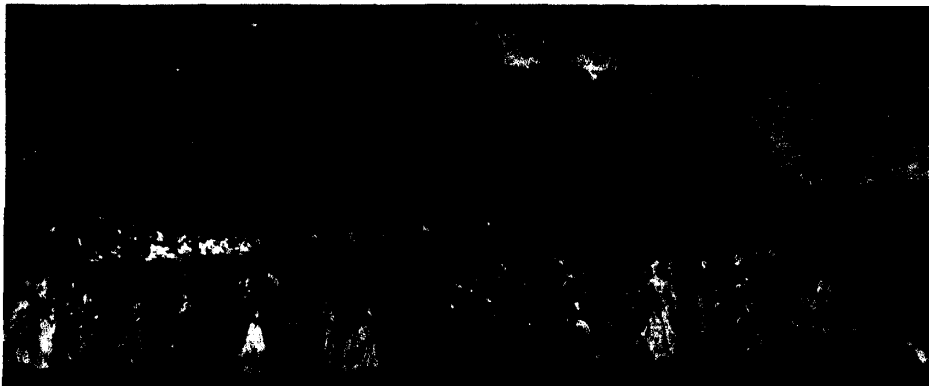
It may, however, be that the cleaned face or appearance of a picture painted so long ago can never correspond with what might be termed the virgin state. It is just conceivable that the scientific and logical approach is vitiated to a certain extent by nature itself; and that to attempt to create the conditions that existed in, say, the 17th century is impossible. The picture itself may have its own laws and take on to itself a certain patina which is part of it.

It may be this empirical and almost subjective view that impels the feeling that some cleaned pictures have too naked and clinical an appearance. Again, it may be that after some years the eye will be adjusted to the new values: that the painting will lose its nudity and be accepted without hesitation. It

ditation that corresponds more accurately with the artist's aim. Qualities in a painter that we might fight for, and that are made obsolete by the juxtaposition of Koninck's uncleaned *A Landscape in Gelderland* with his *A View in Holland* is most instructive. The one is a dark, dull work, but the other, fresh and impressionistic, shows Koninck to have been a more spontaneous artist than might be thought. It is the essential corollary of picture-cleaning that it reveals an artist at his true worth. Necessarily, adjustment in critical appreciation will have to be made: such descriptions as sombre tones and sonorous effects bestowed by the critic in all honesty may be seen to result from the passage of time alone.

To conclude, while I am not qualified to express an opinion on the technical aspects of picture cleaning, it seems to me that this exhibition amply proves that the National Gallery is right in having cleaned its pictures, even if the effect of cleaning on particular works is a matter for debate. Their policy will serve to widen the range of artistic appreciation; cleaning, indeed, is but a prelude to aesthetic revaluation.

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS



THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD

See question: A Racing Scene

A RACING SCENE

I READ with great interest the article in your issue of July 25, *Those Were The Days!* in which a painting of the Lawn at Goodwood by J. Walter Wilson and Frank Walton was reproduced. A picture of which I enclose a photograph is evidently of the same scene. My opinion at first was that it was probably French but after seeing the photograph in COUNTRY LIFE it seemed to me more likely that this is a sketch and was possibly a study for the Goodwood picture illustrated. I should be glad to have your opinion on this point.—OSCAR JOHNSON, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

The scene certainly appears to be the lawn at Goodwood, but we do not think that this was a study for the Wilson-Walton picture. It may be by Eugène Lami (1800-1890), who painted racing scenes in England as well as in France.

A REGISTRATION MARK

From Sir Herbert Ingram, Bt.

I recently bought a breakfast set having the enclosed mark on the base. In my copy of a book on Pottery and Porcelain by Barton and Hobson it is stated that this mark was used on certain Staffordshire ware after 1850. Can you give me

any further details? Presumably the numbers and letters have a definite meaning.—H. INGRAM, Driffield Manor, Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Diamond-shaped marks similar to this were imprinted or impressed on decorated manufactured articles from 1842 to 1883. They are registration marks indicating that the design was registered at the Patent Office as protection against piracy.

From these marks the precise date on which the design was registered may be interpreted. The mark in question indicates that the design was registered on April 3, 1870. The Roman numeral indicates the class of ware—in this case porcelain or pottery; 3 is the day of the month; H the month; S the year; and 9 the number of the bundle in which full particulars are preserved at the Patent Office.

bundle in which full particulars are preserved at the Patent Office.

TWO PORTRAITS

From Lady Tollemache.

I have two large portraits which I have been unable to identify although they have been a long time in my possession. They were given to an aunt of one of my parents by some people of the name of Genson, who lived at Beckingham, near Gainsborough. Both pictures are about the same size, measuring 4 ft. 2 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. inside the frames. The equestrian figure wears a dark blue ribbon under his coat, which is red, and a star on the left breast. I shall be glad if a reader can help me to identify the sitters. I should add that the pictures do not form part of the Ham House collection.—H. TOLLEMACHE, Ham House, Richmond, Surrey.

The portrait of the lawyer, painted about 1720, is by a follower of Kneller, possibly Thomas Murray or Jeremiah Davison. We have not been successful in identifying the sitter. The equestrian

(Left) UNIDENTIFIED PORTRAIT BY A FOLLOWER OF KNELLER, circa 1720

(Right) EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT IDENTIFIED AS WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, PROBABLY BY DAVID MORIER

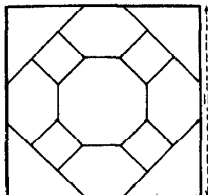
See question: Two Portraits

portrait is almost certainly William, Duke of Cumberland (1721-68), painted shortly after the '45 rebellion in the suppression of which he played such a prominent part. He wears the ribbon and star of the Garter, with which he was invested in 1740. Though the portrait may not conform with one's mental picture of the "Butcher," it has to be borne in mind that at the time of the '45 the Duke was a young man, only twenty-four years old, and that he had not then become the gross and corpulent figure that appears in his later portraits. The castle in the background may be intended for Stirling in allusion to the battle of Falkirk fought near by. The artist was probably David Morier (1705-1770). He was employed by Cumberland to make a series of oil paintings showing the uniform of every regiment in the Army; these invaluable records are at Windsor. Morier's portrait of the Duke at Windsor represents him in the same uniform except that in that picture he wears a breastplate and the Garter ribbon is outside the coat. Morier had a pension of £200 from the Duke.

A CHEST OF BOTTLES

I enclose two photographs, taken under considerable difficulty by a friend, of what I consider to be a very unusual and fine case of bottles which





A HEAVY MAHOGANY CASE CONTAINING A SET OF FLINT-GLASS BOTTLES, circa 1760, (right) CLOSED, AND (extreme right) SHOWING THE BOTTLES IN POSITION. (Above) PLAN SHOWING THE SHAPES OF THE BOTTLES

See question: A Chest of Bottles (page 824)

I bought in Glasgow over 50 years ago. The case is of very heavy mahogany, 11 ins. by 11 ins., and about 14 ins. high. From the style I think it may be late Georgian. It contains 13 bottles, one octagonal, four triangular, four hexagonal and four square. They all fit like a jig-saw puzzle, as shown in the diagram. The whole is in splendid condition; the bottles retain the original stoppers, and are without crack or blemish. Glass experts tell me they are of English make.

It is interesting to try to determine what the bottles were used for. Whisky, brandy, gin and rum suggest themselves, but this leaves nine more, possibly used for drinks like cherry brandy and sloe gin. Others might contain home-made cordials.—LEWIS CLAPPERTON, 2, West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2.

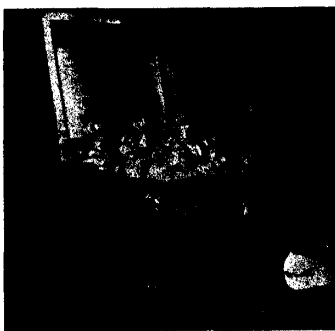
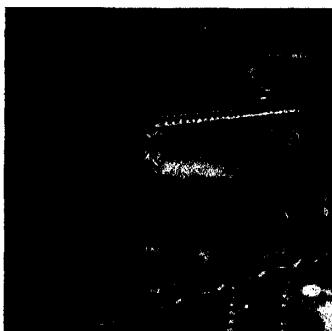
This is an excellent travelling case containing a set of flint-glass bottles known as "squares" and may be dated circa 1780. At that time it was fashionable to enclose sets of flint-glass squares for medicines, toilet waters, as well as for spirits and cordials, in attractive mahogany chests. Some of these chests were fine pieces of cabinet work and, like the contemporary tea chests in which silver tea chests were stored, were themselves often enclosed within leather cases.

Glass squares were made in England from about 1728 and in considerable quantities from 1745 until the end of the century. Until about 1770 they were usually sold in sets of two or four with solid stoppers having plain spherical finials.



LEATHER JUG IN THE FORM OF A "TOBY," PERHAPS SPANISH

See question: Leather Sculpture



From 1770 to 1790 they generally had flat vertical finials.

A similar set of flint-glass squares in four shapes and sizes, their sides embellished with flat cut stars and foliage decoration, was on view at the Wine Trade Exhibition of 1933. This set was fitted into a mahogany chest of a considerably later period than the bottles themselves.

Flint-glass squares are known to have been made in the London, Newcastle, Stourbridge, Birmingham, Bristol and Warrington districts. A lavishly decorated example such as this seems to suggest a London origin.

PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN

The oil painting (measuring 21½ ins. by 33½ ins., inside the frame) of which I enclose a photograph came into the possession of my family some 45 years ago. It was always considered to be a portrait of Queen Anne, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; lately it has been suggested to me that it is a portrait of Mary of Orange. I should be most grateful for your opinion as to the identity of both the subject and the painter. No signature is visible.—JOCELYN GRANT (Mrs.), 601, Transit Road, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

The queen portrayed is neither Queen Anne nor Queen Mary II, and it can be stated with some confidence that the artist was not Kneller. In style the portrait is akin to the work of Caspar Netscher (1639-84), the fashionable court painter at the Hague, who had two sons, Theodor (1661-1732) and Constantine (1669-1722), as well as other followers, who spread his style to many of the smaller European courts. It is possible that this is a portrait of Eleonora, Queen of Poland, by a pupil of Caspar Netscher. The crown on the left is not of Western European form.

LEATHER SCULPTURE

I enclose a photograph of a leather "Toby" jug which I believe to be 17th century. Perhaps you would be kind enough to give me an opinion. There is a tankard which should be in the left hand.—J. M. JACOB, Carthlands, Chalkwell Esplanade, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

This grotesque "Toby" is probably a Spanish manikin wine jug, one of the most popular productions of the 16th-century leather-worker. Spanish manikins, which were used by all classes of people, are considered among the most interesting pieces of work in the entire range of Spanish leather sculpture. They were generally made first of thin wood, wax or cement and then covered with wet basil, the features and expressions being worked in as desired. Basil is sheepskin tanned in oak or birch bark.

A MARINE ARTIST

Can you give me any information about an artist named Salomon who was painting in oils circa 1820-30? My wife's family possess two examples of his work. One painting shows a vessel at anchor in the Mersey with the town of Liverpool in the background; the ship, I understand, was commanded by a Captain Owen and was the first vessel to enter George's Dock, Liverpool. The other picture is of two children, believed to be the artist's own children.—F. E. S., Wallasey, Cheshire.

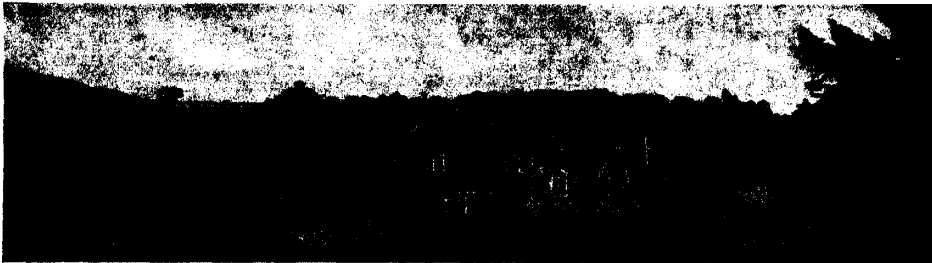
R. Salomon exhibited works both at the Royal Academy and the British Institution between 1802 and 1827. He was a marine painter of considerable merit and his figures recall Rowlandson's.

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



UNIDENTIFIED PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN, PROBABLY BY A PUPIL OF CASPAR NETSCHER

See question: Portrait of a Queen



1.—THE WEST SIDE OF THE HOUSE FROM THE BOWLING-GREEN

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE, DORSET—II

THE HOME OF LADY GROGAN

By ARTHUR OSWALD

A description of the interior of the house with some account of the later Bingham

THE Tudor oriel, which is such a beautiful feature of the courtyard at Bingham's Melcombe, was built at a time when the first wave of Renaissance ideas, introduced by the artists and sculptors whom Henry VIII imported, had reached even remote country regions. From the presence of the arms of England and Spain among the painted shields in the windows, it is probably as late as Mary Tudor's reign, in which case it was only after Robert Bingham had been some thirty years in possession that he embarked on improvements to his ancestral home. He succeeded his father, another Robert, in 1524, and there is an entry in the Subsidy Roll for that year which may give the reason why he did not turn to building sooner. After entering the value of his lands at £20, the assessors note: "He is decayed by the dethe of hys father as in geving away of hys goods to diverse persons dwellyng without this tithyng and in

funerall expences att hys buryng" £80. Presumably, his decayed state had altered to one of comparative prosperity by the middle of the century. The fact that his windows have flat instead of arched heads to the lights, in accordance with the usual practice during the second half of the 16th century, confirms the evidence of the glass as to date. But Renaissance influence is to be seen only in a few details and in the fine heraldic panel discussed last week; otherwise it is traditional Gothic work as a Tudor mason conceived it (Fig. 2).

In using the word "oriel" for what is, in fact, a shallow gabled wing of two storeys, we have the authority of Thomas Fuller, who before the Civil War held a Dorset living, and so knew the local usage. "Sure I am," he says in one of those pleasant personal asides that enliven his writings, "that small excursion out of gentlemen's halls in Dorsetshire

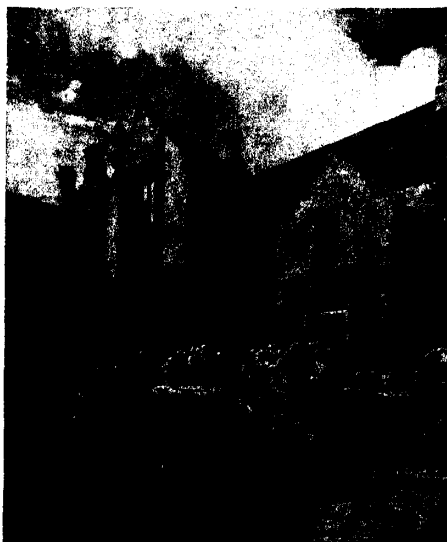
(respect it east or west) is commonly called an oriel." The oriel at Bingham's Melcombe has a little chamber over it, reached by a stone newel on its west side, so that the term should properly be confined to the "excursion" out of the hall. It is entered through a wide Gothic arch of four-centred form with delicately carved capitals (Fig. 3). As at Lytes Cary in Somerset, recently illustrated in these pages, the oriel has developed from a recess into a little room, where the master and mistress of the house could, if they wished, sit and eat apart from the rest of the household in the hall. It thus represents an interesting transitional stage between the mediaeval custom of the whole household eating together in the hall and the Elizabethan practice of pro-

viding a separate dining-parlour for the owner and his family. At Lytes Cary, the oriel has a contemporary fireplace. There is also one in the Bingham's Melcombe oriel in precisely the same position, but the present fireplace dates from only about 1700, and has a bolection-mould surround. That there was a fireplace from the first is proved by the inventory of Robert Bingham's goods taken after his death in 1561. Under the heading "In the Oryalle" we find:

"Item one payre of aundryons - iijjs." The other furniture of the oriel comprised a square table-board, two forms and a third form "in the entry."

This remarkably interesting inventory, which has been printed in the *Archaeological Journal* (Vol. xvii), shows how sparsely furnished even a country gentleman's house was in the 16th century. The hall furniture consisted of "one foldinge borde," "one planke tablebourde" with a "carpett clothe," one chair, two forms, one joined cupboard, a pair of andirons for the chimney, and hangings of green say. Five of the diners were lucky enough to have "cushions" between them and the hard wood. The parlour at the west end of the hall, now the dining-room (Fig. 11), was both the sitting-room and best bedroom in Robert Bingham's time. Its "standinge bedde" had curtains and hangings of say and a "bedde of doune with bolster and ij. pyllowes and blankettes and coverlettes to the same." The other furniture comprised a joined table with a "carpett clothe of dormix," two forms, three stools, one chair, one cupboard and—great luxury—three cushions of silk and six others. There was also a flock-bed, presumably for a servant to lie on. The oriel chamber had just a bed, a "rounde tablebourde" and a chair, but in some of the bedrooms there was neither chair nor stool. In the chamber over the parlour, where there were two beds, the owner kept his arms and armour—"v. payre of harnes," "ij. bylles and one tucke," "ij. bowes and one shefe of arrowes." The total value of the household stuff came to £37.

It is clear that, when he built the oriel, Robert Bingham reconstructed the hall, which has a new set of walls and mullioned windows of the same character. At a later date rooms were inserted in the upper part of the hall, giving it a flat ceiling (Fig. 4). The walls were originally lined with Tudor panelling. Two carved panels and four of linenfold were rescued from the servants' hall in 1893 and made up into a cupboard (Fig. 8) which now stands in the hall.



2.—IN THE COURTYARD



(Above)

3.—LOOKING
INTO THE
ORIEL

(Right)

4.—THE HALL



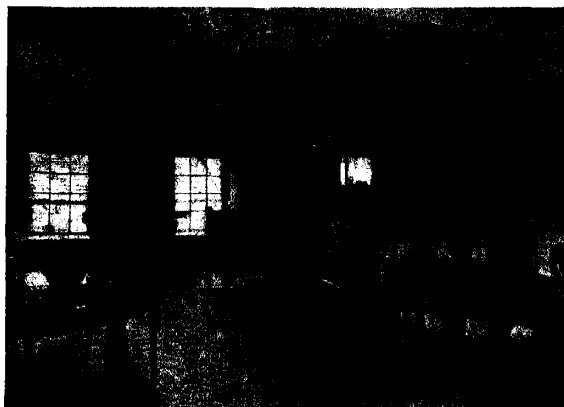
The carved panels are of Early Renaissance character, one displaying a pair of cupids supporting the arms of Bingham impaling Coker of Mappowder (for Robert Bingham and his wife, Alice Coker), the other having a roundel enclosing a portrait bust between two S scrolls. Two other panels are preserved above the fireplace in Lady Grogan's bedroom. Standing in the middle of the hall is a 17th-century oak table with fluted frieze that can be lengthened by a flap on hinges at one end (Fig. 5).

Robert Bingham had eight sons, of whom the eldest succeeded to Melcombe, but it was the third son, Richard, who acquired fame and a burial-place in Westminster Abbey. The first of the family to make his name in the world outside, he was a soldier of fortune who fought in Scotland, Brittany, the Netherlands, Crete, and at the battle of Lepanto, but his chief services were rendered in Ireland, where he was appointed Governor of Connaught and, finally, Marshal of Ireland a few months before his death. "A most sufficient man for every kind of martial function," he was aided by two of his younger brothers, George and John, and all three were knighted. From Sir George, who settled in Ireland, spring the Binghams on

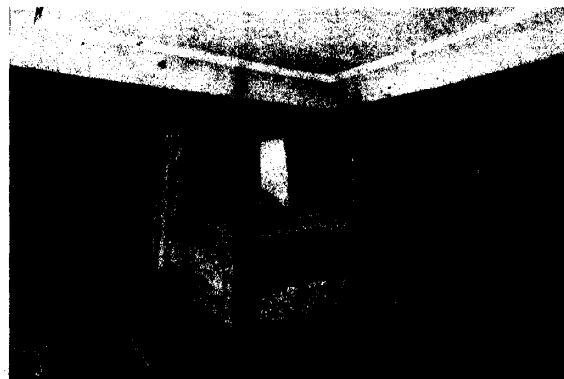


5.—A REFECTORY TABLE WITH HINGED FLAP

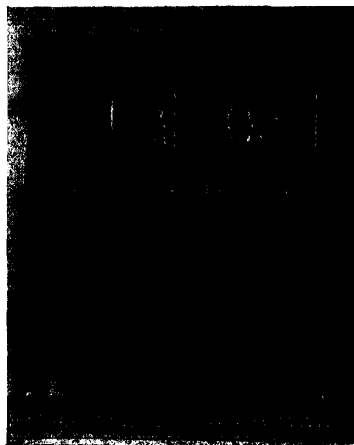
whom the peerages of Lucan and Clannmorris were bestowed by George III. Meanwhile, the eldest brother, Robert, remained quietly at home in Dorset, and, his son having died



6.—THE DRAWING-ROOM



7.—THE PANELLED-BEDROOM IN THE WEST RANGE



8.—TUDOR PANELS FROM THE SERVANTS' HALL MADE INTO A CUPBOARD

before him, was succeeded, in 1593, by his grandson, Richard, a child of two at the time. To him, after coming of age, are probably to be attributed the carved overmantel in the dining-room (Fig. 10), another in the east room in the gatehouse, and perhaps also the three gables in the west range, although they may have been added in his grandfather's time. Richard Bingham lived until 1656, but it was his son, Colonel John Bingham, who played the more active part in the Civil War on the Parliament side. Bingham's Melcombe, in spite of its remoteness, was chosen as the headquarters of the local Parliamentary forces, and Colonel Bingham commanded the troops at the siege of Corfe Castle. After the Restoration he was obliged to return to Sir Ralph Bankes certain articles of furniture which he had carried off, but apparently retained a pair of portraits of Strafford and Laud which are still in the house.

The 18th century saw only three owners—all of them Richards (died 1735, 1755, and 1824). The first of them, a nephew of the Colonel, married Philadelphia Potenger, grand-daughter of a head master of Winchester, whose portrait hangs in the oriel. Her father, John Potenger, after the death of his wife came to live at Melcombe, where he spent the leisure of his old age in writing verses and discourses, composing a little sheaf of memoirs and giving good advice to his grandsons. The memoirs were published in a slim volume by one of his Bingham descendants over a century

later. After sowing his wild oats, he fell deeply in love with a daughter of Sir John Ernle, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the latter years of Charles II's reign, and the memoirs engagingly describe the seven years' siege which he laid to gain his lady's heart, and his prostration at her early death. His melancholy ghost is supposed to haunt the house. One of his grandsons, the Rev. George Bingham, was the friend and anonymous coadjutor of Hutchins, the county historian.

A good deal was done in the first half of the 18th century to make the old house more comfortable. The east end of the hall range was rebuilt to provide a library and an upstairs drawing-room (Fig. 6). The latter is reached from the lower end of the hall by a pretty, early Georgian staircase in a little annexe on the north side, where stands a splendid mahogany bookcase used for the display of old china (Fig. 9). The two tiny gabled wings on the west front seen in the view from the bowling-green (Fig. 1) were added as powder closets to the bedrooms in the west range. One of these bedrooms is lined with Elizabethan or Jacobean panelling, and has a bed of the same period (Fig. 7). Sashed



9.—THE WAY UP TO THE DRAWING-ROOM

windows were inserted in the gatehouse and in the dining-room and bedroom over it. The dining-room (the old parlour of the inventory) was handsomely wainscoted and furnished with the charming pair of oval mirrors in carved frames and the little side tables with marble tops supported by Rococo scrolls (Fig. 11). The woodwork is in pale pink, apparently the original colouring. The transformation of the room probably took place under the Richard Bingham who succeeded his father in 1735, but he kept the early 17th-century ceiling and the carved overmantel, only inserting an up-to-date fireplace beneath it (Fig. 10). The whole room is entirely delightful.

But so is everything about this beautiful old house. When Bingham's Melcombe was put up for sale in 1895, it was purchased by Mr. Reginald Bosworth Smith, who came of another old Dorset family long seated at Sydling St. Nicholas, and much of the furniture and many of the family portraits passed with it. So continuity was not lost. Mr. Bosworth Smith, well remembered by an older generation as a master at Harrow School, was a keen naturalist, and his charming book, *Bird-life and Bird-lore*, was written at Bingham's Melcombe. Lady Grogan, inheriting her father's affection for the old manor house, by unobtrusive touches here and there has added not a little to its charm, and, performing what is no ordinary feat in these days, has succeeded in keeping all as it was before the war.



10.—A COMPOSITE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE DINING-ROOM: JACOBEOAN OVERMANTEL AND GEORGIAN FIREPLACE



11.—ROCOCO DECORATION IN THE DINING-ROOM

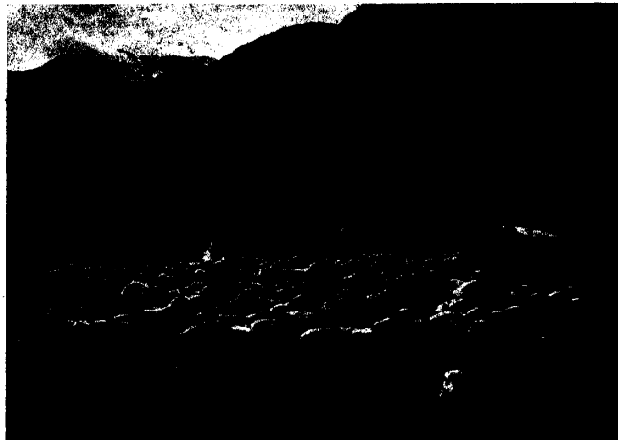
SHEEP ON THE FELLS

By DUDLEY HOYS

THE winter is always a struggle for the Herdwicks and cross-bred Swaledales that browse on the stony Cumbrian heights, and the Arctic conditions of the winter of 1947 tested them to the limit. A surprising proportion survived, but, like their cousins of the South, and like many a human being who has undergone severe illness and ordeal, they lost their hair. Wimps of it decorated the gorse and bracken or, as if imitating the pale fluff of cotton grass, lay lightly among the close heather and the stiff sprigs of bog-myrtle. When sold it fetched tenpence a pound.

In those days of savage blizzard it seemed cruel to drive sheep away from the sanctuary of boulder and beck-side and send them, protesting, farther up the slopes. But it was their salvation. Let them stay under the shelter of some great rock, and the snow would settle into their haven and, mounding, would immure them in a white tomb. However, they had two chances left. The searching dogs might locate them by scent, and the prodding poles find their huddled bodies; or sharp eyes might detect the brown stain on the drift, doubtless caused by the oil from their fleece and their warm breathing.

In Eskdale they were comparatively lucky. On the tilted wastes below Scafell the screaming wind kept odd patches swept clear of snow, and there was always a little heather to



WASTDALE, CUMBERLAND, FROM GREAT GABLE: A CLIMBER'S VIEW OF WAST WATER AND THE SCRIES

SPRINGTIME ROUND-UP OF A FLOCK OF HERDWICKS

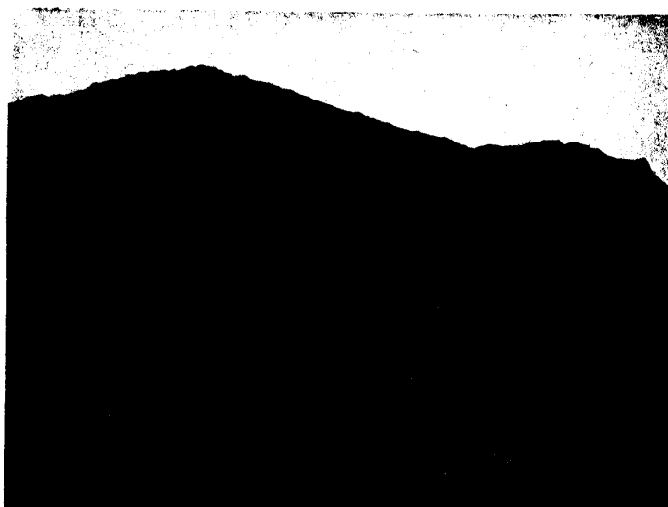
nibble. Sometimes their lowered grazing heads became fixed, bound by a sheet of ice at the back of the neck. Beards of icicles glistened around their jaws. The hungry foxes waited and watched, mostly in vain. These heath-bred ewes may look meek enough, but their endurance borders on the incredible.

What do the sheep of the South know of bandits? The fells can produce a menacing selection. There is that powerful pirate, the black-backed gull. An occasional peregrine soars and stoops. By comparison, the buzzard is a cowardly bird and gives no trouble. He is so big and there are so many of him that were he to develop the peregrine's cold ferocity there would be decimation among the lambs. The black and bold-eyed crows are the most murderous. They pecked out the tongue of the first lamb to see April here, and the eyes of the second and third. They are swift to spy and swift to strike.

There was a perfect example of their deviltry towards the end of March. The incident happened on the boulder-strewn fell-breast, a mere four hundred feet above the farm. A couple of dozen ewes had been coming down through a gap, moving in file. Each helped to deepen and harden the track in the snow, so that the last one found herself caught at the shoulders and temporarily trapped. We happened to look up and see her struggling. Before we could climb to her help, two crows loomed out of nowhere. They perched on a crag, stared, dived down. They flew away with the ewe's right eye. The visitor who stands in the gentle hamlet of Boot on a still and shining day and faces towards Great How and the grandeur of Scafell might not dream of such savagery among that loveliness.

What do the sheep of the South know of the dizzy crag and sheer precipice? Even a goat might come to grief among the vertical desolation towering over Wastdale Head. The venturesome ewe in search of a tit-bit will jump down to a ledge, and find herself unable to get back. If she is unlucky, she finishes up by eating at her fleece and then falling off or being blown over into eternity. If the shepherd hears her helpless blaring, his dogs may be able to drive her to safety. One shepherd, who has done a deal of gathering between Great Gable and Lingmell, found that noise would sometimes terrify marooned sheep into saving themselves. A stone tossed among the crags would produce such fearful echoes, they would somehow scramble clear from the very lips of death.

Can any Southern sheep boast of having saved a man's life? Last year a solitary walker tried a new method of ascent up Harter Fell. Perhaps he



THE WILD AND RUGGED BEAUTY OF THE DUDDON VALLEY

was seduced by her fair and gentle manner. Harter has a trick of looking so near, so easy. The short stretch he tackled became steep and ugly. He might have conquered it, only he looked down. His nerve crumbled, nausea whirled through him and panic did the rest. With his courage and his knees turned to water he clung there, helpless to move up or down. He felt himself slipping, and laid just about given up hope when he saw a moon-faced ewe calmly grazing down this merciless "rake." The ignominy of it was a spur that goaded him to claw his way to safety. If mountains can laugh, Harter Fell must have chuckled exceedingly.

It would be interesting to know if the military tactics of mountain warfare were based on the fell-farmers' method of gathering sheep. At the great round-up times of pre-lambing and clipping and dipping, the novice might wonder how the flock could ever be collected from all that high wilderness. If he gets the chance, he should accompany the three men and three dogs and watch how they split up, a man and a dog on either flanking ridge, and the third pair in the middle, receiving the sheep as they are gathered in towards the centre and driving the ever-increasing collection of bobbing fleeces down towards the lower ground. The start of the sheepdog trials working to visual signals may be very wonderful in their way, but the everyday cur-dog that does the job off its own bat is much more practical.

A dog from Boot particularly enjoys dealing with the type of ewe that resents herself and her lamb being hustled. As she stamps her foot and butts indignantly, he snakes himself underneath the butt and comes out grinning.

Marking the sheep with smit and ritting their ears means well-spent time. Some are bound to stray far across the unfenced heights. With his Shepherds' Book giving details of the markings used by every flock-master, such as "ritted near ear, under key

bitted far ear, red line over fillet and down both licks," the shepherd can identify the stranger within his gates. Then the strayer can be exchanged at the next Shepherds' Meet, to the accompaniment of genial beer-drinking, and maybe a hound-trail or two to give the day a spice of thrill.

Generally the heath-bred ewe sticks to her own country, and the instinct grows still more urgent when she is about to lamb. If she is taken to a distant fell and given half a chance, home she plods to her own pet tangle of brackens and heather. As for rams, there is the story of one that was brought from Yorkshire to Cumberland, and was last seen walking back across the passes with a look in his eye and a tilt of his horns that warned hikers to mind their own business.

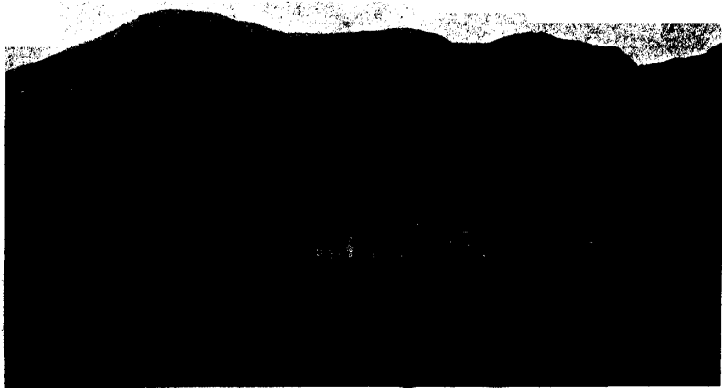
The hiring of rams for breeding has an almost Biblical simplicity. The owner of a bunch of these stalwarts will walk across with

them from Borrowdale to Dunnerdale via the Stake Pass, or to Eskdale via Langstrath, taking a couple of days over the journey. To see them jostling through the gateway of the showfield with their robust fleeces and clattering horns gives a curious sense of simple exaltation.

A little before the breeding season the rams are brought down from the fells, to prevent the evil of a premature lambing time. At this farm lambs are expected from April 15 onwards. Nearer the head of the dale the happy events begin a fortnight later. The rams are penned in the small fields forming the floor of the narrow valley. They are full of vigour and fight, and will charge one another in a thunderous rush, horns meeting horns with a bony crash that can be heard a long way off. One hiker who imagined that his mere human presence would dominate them airily passed between two contestants. Eighty-four pounds of ram, traveling at speed, hit him slap behind the knees. His opinion of the word sheep-like changed in the instant.

The rams are amazing jumpers. In their Don Juan phase they can easily leap stone walls. The usual deterrent is to chain them in pairs by their horns. The ewes are brought down in batches, and sent back to the fells as soon as possible. Grass in the dales is too precious to be overgrazed.

Late autumn finds the flock back on the heights, nibbling at the short, wiry blades, the heather and anything else that offers itself. The lucky yearlings may go to the coast for wintering, but the veterans will have to fend for themselves on the towering slopes and bitter ridges. The cows are brought into the shippens, there to live and eat and sleep until spring. Timber is felled to feed the roaring fires that shall warm the stone farm-houses through the long bleak months. The hikers dwindle to nothingness, and the dales seem to withdraw into their own sturdy quietude, not exactly hibernating, but at least cutting themselves off from the fells during their merciless season. Only the sheep remain on high. So long as they can eat, they keep warm. Boulders and ghylls and gullies are their bedrooms. They seem to sleep in complete comfort through the hours of mountain darkness, "with the arms of God around them on the night's contented breast."



THE ESKDALE HAMLET OF BOOT WITH GREAT HOW AND SCAFFELL IN THE BACKGROUND

ENGLAND'S DAIRY HERDS

By ANTHONY HURD

WITH the London Dairy Show opening next week at Olympia for the first time since the war, it is timely to cast a critical eye over our dairying industry and judge the progress that has been made. Undoubtedly there has been progress, but it has been progress against handicaps. Assessed by average yields we have not moved forward at all. Indeed, according to the Milk Marketing Board, the average milk yield per cow is now 530 gallons, whereas it was 550 gallons immediately before the war. In the middle of the war period it had dropped to 450. It was at that time that Mr. Hudson called for an all-out effort through better management and better breeding to increase average yields. No one can boast about the all-round efficiency of our dairying industry until the average yield touches at least the 700-gallon mark.

These figures are worth looking into a little more closely. In the past ten years the number of cows and heifers in milk in England and Wales has risen from 2,217,000 to 2,949,000. More cattle are being milked and, what is more important, the milk from more cows is being sold. Undoubtedly a good many of the cows recorded ten years ago as being "in milk" were suckling calves on hill farms and other farms distant from creameries in areas where there was no convenient system of milk collection.

During the war the Ministry of Food encouraged the Milk Marketing Board to collect every possible gallon of milk, and in counties like Devon, the new facilities, coupled with higher prices for milk, induced many calf-rearing farmers to turn over to milk selling. The cows they had were dual-purpose with an emphasis on beef rather than on milk. They were not heavy milk yielders, and although Irish Short-horns have since swept into districts like North Devon the standard of milk yield is still low.

It may be that, with the special encouragement being given to calf-rearing, some of the herds that went into milk selling in the war will now revert to calf-rearing. If the allocation of concentrated feeding-stuffs suitable for rearing calves were increased there would undoubtedly be a substantial move in this direction. Calves need feeding on Sundays as on week-days, but rearing calves does not tie the farmer and his men as closely as does producing milk for sale. Moreover, many of these farmers in outlying districts have not suitable buildings for milk production, and, although adaptations have been made, much more needs to be done to bring them to a satisfactory standard for economical and hygienic milk production. Calves suckling

the cow can do well enough in sheds that displease the sanitary inspector, and which indeed handicap milk production.

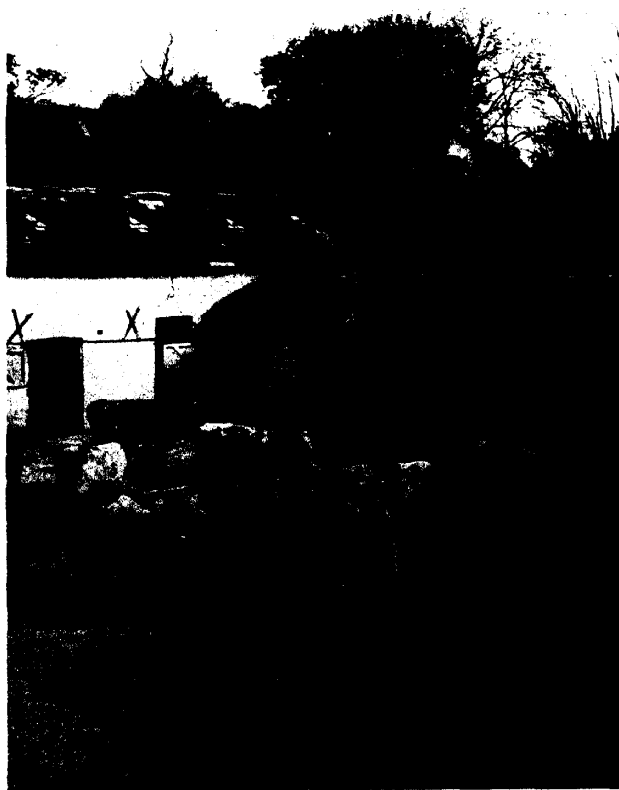
Another factor that accounts for the fall in average milk yields is the lack of sufficient high-quality feeding-stuffs to stimulate the utmost production from cows that are capable of giving high yields. The Ministry of Agriculture refuses to subsidize according to milk yields and in theory the high yielder should get almost all she needs. But in practice the more ordinary cows in the herd get more feeding-stuffs than they earn in milk yields and the high yielders suffer. This is not true in the specialist pedigree herds, which must stimulate outstanding milk yields in order to keep their reputations and find a good market for bull calves as well as for surplus heifers. But there is no doubt that if oil cake could be bought freely by dairy farmers to-day the average yield of milk would immediately be increased by 50 gallons a year.

It is true that we can make high-quality silage for ourselves, and more farmers are doing this on the lines that have proved so successful in Scandinavia. There it is the common practice for dairy farmers to grow clover and other herbage crops specially for silage. They cut them in the last week in May when the protein quality is at its highest, and, whatever the supply of imported feeding-stuffs may be, they have a useful stand-by for the winter. The farmers of Holland do the same with young grass, but when I was there last May I found that their best endeavours in silage-making were not providing for their high-yielding cows enough of the nutritious foods that are required to ensure high milk records. I was told by several farmers that milk yields were down by 80-100 gallons because of the lack of oil cakes.

In England we are managing to grow more food for our cows and the quality of home-grown fodder and hay, as well as of silage, is considerably higher than it was before the war. We are also using more kale for feeding in the autumn and early winter and this helps to conserve the silage for the New Year. Dried grass is a new feeding-stuff which is valuable for dairy cows in the winter, but the market price still looks too high. I know several big farmers who dry considerable quantities of grass, but they sell it all because they think this pays them better than feeding it to their cows. Dried grass is now used in poultry rations as well as for making certain medicines, and if the output can be increased, as the Government have proposed, the market price for dried grass may soon fall to a level that brings this valuable food within the reach of the dairy farmer, particularly the small man who finds it difficult to grow high-quality feeding-stuffs for his best cows.

Could not the ingenuity of Government administrators devise a scheme by which the smaller dairy farmers, who really should concentrate their efforts on producing milk rather than on getting themselves involved in arable farming in order to provide feeding-stuffs for their cows, would be allowed to make arrangements with larger farmers to grow feeding-stuffs for them? It is really quite uneconomical for the small man with ten and fifteen cows to grow a patch of oats in order to provide the maintenance ration for his cows. Yet it is an offence for him to buy oats direct from a neighbouring farmer. All the oats that are sold must go into the general pool of feeding-stuffs, and as the selling price of oats is not particularly attractive, the larger farmer, who can grow oats most economically, does not grow more than he is likely to need for his own livestock. This is not so true of Scotland and Wales as it is of England, but is there any good reason why the small farmer who is dairying should not be allowed—indeed encouraged—to make his own contract arrangements direct with arable farmers who can meet his needs more economically than he can himself?

Would it be a crime against society if he were allowed to pay a mutually satisfactory price, provided, of course, that his buying is



A MIXED DAIRY HERD STILL TYPICAL OF MANY IN ENGLAND THAT CAN BE IMPROVED

limited to the amount of grain that he needs for his cows.

If small dairy farmers were relieved of the necessity of growing grain for themselves we should see a considerable improvement in the milk yields from their farms. They would have more time to concentrate on the management of their cows and young stock and the proper care of their grass land.

We have moved forward in our cattle-breeding policy. Most dairy farmers to-day take a close interest in the choice of a bull. They are not concerned merely to have a bull that will get their cows in calf regularly. They aim to breed heifers that will give them more milk than do their existing cows. It is true that young bulls are sometimes bought without any official milk records showing the yield of their dams, but there is a keener demand for bulls that have good milking ancestry. The development of the artificial insemination service by the Milk Marketing Board must also in time have a good effect on milk yields. Nine A.I. centres have been in operation during the past year and 4,500 farmers belong to them. Yet only 25,500 cows were inseminated, and this is a minute proportion of the 2,249,000 cows and heifers in our dairy herds. Small as this beginning is, the calves bred from a bull standing at the A.I. centre should be much better yielders than their dams.

The Board takes great pains in selecting sires for this service and some of the best dairy herds in the country have supplied bulls. Their influence, spread much more widely than is possible by natural mating, should show improved milk yields in the districts near to the A.I. centres. By next year there should be 21 M.M.B. cattle-breeding centres in operation, spread from the Scottish border to the South Coast. Scotland has not taken kindly to artificial insemination as a speedy way of improving milk yields. She has so much faith in her Ayrshire breed that many Scottish farmers think that they can do best by keeping to natural breeding in continuing the development of their country's cattle.

Some progress is also being made in the extension of the attested herds scheme. At the sales of pedigree dairy cattle most of the entries are from attested herds, but taking all our cattle into account we have in England only 7.3 per cent. of them in attested herds. Scotland has 29.4 per cent., and the county of Ayrshire no less than 77.9 per cent. Surely the time is overdue for launching a national campaign to group parishes together to make clean areas, gradually extending them to cover counties and then the whole country. There is no doubt in my mind that the health requirements of the attested scheme are the best guarantee of a trouble-free dairy herd, or rather perhaps I should say, as trouble-free a dairy herd as Nature allows in this imperfect world.

The average life of a dairy cow in an attested herd should be two years longer than the life of a cow in an ordinary herd. There may be no particular magic in "attested" but this has become the hall-mark of thorough-going, competent management. It is wholly desirable that the milk from our dairy herds should be free from any taint of tuberculosis and it is equally desirable that we should reduce to a minimum the toll that other diseases take. The day-to-day cost of running an attested herd may be slightly higher than where no special rules are observed, and there is always the risk that infection may be introduced to spoil the clean bill of health, but this risk will be reduced when we get whole districts where there are none but attested cattle.

Looking ahead a few years when the dairy farmer may again be concerned with the question of how to get more milk, it



A MILKING UNIT LAID OUT TO SAVE LABOUR AND GIVE THE RIGHT CONDITIONS FOR CLEAN MILK PRODUCTION

is surely good business to make a start now on raising the health standards to a level that can impress the British public as much as the American and Canadian public are impressed with the standards adopted and publicised in those countries.

To-day most dairy farmers will agree that labour causes them more worry than any of their other problems. It is not that the men are dissatisfied with their wages; the trouble is that almost all of them want regular time off at the week-end. It is a natural enough desire when so many other industries are working a five- or five-and-a-half-day week. So we see

Look for a moment at the photograph of a mixed dairy herd. While the dairy farmers of the country and their workers can justly take pride in the services without time limit that they render to the consuming public for a modest financial return, they know better than any of their critics that their herds and their equipment can be further improved. The most effective stimulus that could be given to-day would be more concentrated feeding-stuffs that would allow the cows to pay fully for the time and care given to them. Next week's Dairy Show at Olympia will open up a tantalising vista to us all.

MORE RECORDS AT THE YEARLING SALES

IN my last article, which appeared just before Messrs. Tattersalls post-war revival of the September Yearling Sales in the Glasgow Paddocks at Doncaster, I predicted a continuance of the boom in bloodstock—but I confess that I did not dare to hope that Messrs. Gerald Deane and Kenneth Watt, the partners in Tattersalls, would create a new world's record for a thoroughbred yearling sale.

These yearling sales of thoroughbred colts and fillies are the very pulse of the bloodstock

industry, and the official auctions, which are held at Newmarket during the Second July and First October Meetings; at Doncaster in September, in St. Leon week, by Messrs. Tattersalls; and by Messrs. Goff at Ballsbridge, in Dublin, in August and September, attract the attention of horse-lovers in every corner of the globe.

The record until this year was the 539,280 gns. made by the 321 youngsters disposed of at an average of 1,680 gns. by Messrs. Tattersalls at the substitute September auction held in Newmarket in 1945. It was at these sales that the world's record price of 28,000 gns. was paid for a brown colt by Nearco out of Rosy Legend which was later named Sayajirao and was destined to win this year's St. Leger. This was then thought to be the peak of the bloodstock boom, but last month, though there was no fantastic price, 328 lots found new owners at a cost of 597,725 gns., an average of 1,833 gns. The highest price paid was the 14,000 gns.—the third highest ever—which the Gaelew of Baroda gave for a bay colt by Big Game from the Gold Bridge mare Cap d'Or, while no fewer than 16 lots made 5,000 gns. or more. There was never a dull moment throughout the sale, and the leading vendors, with the averages made by their lots were: E. J. Flanagan, 5,500 gns.; Mount Prospect



THE CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT BY BIG GAME—CAP D'OR WHICH FETCHED 14,000 GUINEAS—THE HIGHEST PRICE—AT THE RECENT DONCASTER SALES

Stud, 4,633 gns.; Harwood Stud, 4,333 gns.; Mrs. Tharp, 4,150 gns.; Shadwell Stud, 4,000 gns.; Mondellihy Stud, 3,878 gns.; Sledmere Stud, 3,610 gns.; Longborough Stud, 3,860 gns.; the Beech House Stud, from which the Best Game colt emanated, 3,300 gns.; and the National Stud, 3,136 gns.

About ten days after the conclusion of the Doncaster auction all records went by the board in Ireland, when at a three-day sale at Ballsbridge, Dublin, Messrs. Goff made an aggregate of 221,607 gns.—the highest ever in Ireland—and the previous top price of 6,000 gns. paid for a yearling in Ireland was three times exceeded at 13,700 gns., 9,300 gns. and 7,200 gns. respectively.

This trio emanated from Mr. Joseph McGrath's Brownstown Stud, and were respectively a bay colt by the Derby winner, Blue Peter, out of Solario's daughter, Solar Flower; a brown colt by Big Game, from the One Thousand Guineas winner, Dancing Time, a Colombo mare whose dam, Show Girl, won the Northumberland Plate and was by Son-in-Law from a half-sister to the Derby winner, Call Boy; and a chestnut filly by Fair Trial out of Edvina, by Figaro. The first two were knocked down by Mr. C. Wade, a Birmingham industrialist, but the Blue Peter colt—said by many good judges

to be the best youngster seen for many years—was later sold privately to Lord Rosebery, who bred Blue Peter and won the last pre-war Two Thousand Guineas and Derby with him, while the filly by Fair Trial went to Mr. Ernest Bellanely, a leading Irish breeder. Altogether Mr. McGrath sold five youngsters for 37,400 gns., or an average of 7,480 gns. Grand performance though this was—especially for a comparative newcomer to the bloodstock industry—the average was not, as has been stated, a record, for in 1928 the yearlings sold by the late Mr. J. J. Maher averaged 9,166 gns. at Doncaster.

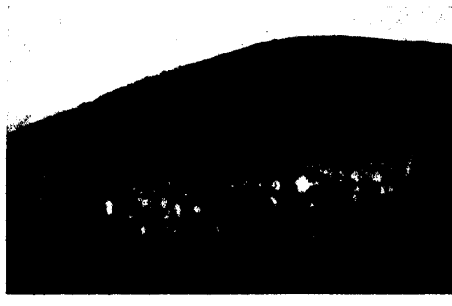
Compared with these two sales, the proceedings at the Second July sales, Goff's sale in August, and the First October auction at Newmarket were quiet, though throughout there was a steady market for anything worth buying. At the first-mentioned sale the feature was the disposal of four youngsters from the Whitebury Manor Stud for 19,250 gns. The highest price was the 10,000 gns. which the Gaekevar of Baroda paid for a colt by Nearsco out of a daughter of Solario.

It now remains to mention the stallions whose yearling stock made the highest averages (their stud fees at the time of their offspring's conception have been added in brackets). They

read: Big Game (£250), 8,500 gns.; Hyperion (400 gns.), 6,333 gns.; Blue Peter (300 gns.), 5,437 gns.; Nearsco (syndicated), 4,800 gns.; Fair Trial (£148), 3,830 gns.; Bois Roussel (300 gns.), 3,656 gns.; Fairway (300 gns.), 3,533 gns.; Mieuxco (300 gns.), 3,233 gns.; Hyperides (£148), 3,150 gns.; and Signal Light (£249), 3,088 gns.

Just as last year, when standing at a fee of £24 19s. inclusive, he signed youngsters which averaged 2,586 gns. Signal Light has proved the most profitable of the stallions as an investment, but very shortly he is likely to be challenged by a horse with one of the most romantic stories in the history of the Turf. By name The Phoenix, he was bred by Mrs. Gerald Wlesley, of the Killarney Stud in Ireland; was sold at Goff's Ballsbridge Sales to Mr. F. S. Myerscough, a director of Goff's, for 290 gns. as a yearling; was unbeaten as a two-year-old, and in his second season scored in the Irish Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, together worth £3,982. Last year, while he was standing at a fee of £198, his yearlings averaged 1,632 gns.; this year, up to the end of Doncaster Meeting, eight of them have won eleven races to the total value of £3,986, and this year, also, at the fee mentioned, his youngsters have averaged 2,190 gns. It is therefore not surprising that his fee has now been raised to 300 gns. ROYSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE



WILD GOATS AMONG THE CHEVIOTS AND (right) ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF KINTYRE

See later: Wild Goats of Britain

THATCH AND FIRE RISKS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. J. D. U. Ward's article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 10 about the risk of fire with thatch, I would suggest that one of the chief dangers is the accumulation of dust, chaff and loose "reed" in the roof-voids. Every time re-thatching takes place this increases, resulting in a thick layer of tinder-dry, combustible material awaiting a chance spark from a faulty fuse, an overturned candle, or a carelessly discarded cigarette end.

Unfortunately, as few cottages have trap-doors for access, cleaning presents a difficulty, but where windows do exist a regular tidying-up would materially lessen the risk of fire. Regular attention to the re-pointing of fires, especially where they pass through roof-voids, would also be a safeguard.—R. F. MARTIN, *Truani's, Aylesbeare, Devon.*

INSURANCE DIFFICULTIES

From Sir Archibald Hurd.

SIR,—I have lived in a thatched house for 25 years. When I built it, I arranged with the architect, Mr. Oswald Miller, to have a complete under-roof of asbestos sheeting and over that is the roof of Norfolk reed. I have paid premiums at a high rate (now as much as 7s. 6d. per cent.) for a quarter of a century and my only claim, amounting to £20, was due to a fire in a chimney, which did not set fire to the thatch. It is now a thick

mat which nothing could set alight. My complaint is, first, that underwriters will not realise that there is any difference between the inflammability of straw and Norfolk reed, and, secondly, that they fail to realise that modern architecture carries the chimney high, in contrast to the very low chimneys of old cottages. Moreover, they will not draw any distinction between a house completely isolated, as mine is, and one that abuts on a railway or is near a road used by traction engines, which many emit sparks.

So I go on paying high premiums year by year like other owners of thatched houses, and architects are nervous of recommending clients to adopt thatched roofs.

It has occurred to me that it might be feasible for the owners of well-built modern thatched houses to get together and arrange with a group of underwriters or with a company to place all their insurances (houses, cars and furniture) under one inclusive policy on condition that reasonable rates were fixed. I would gladly join such an informal syndicate. The agreement might provide that each owner bore the risk of fire in any year up to a value of £100.

It will be a sad loss if, owing to the attitude of underwriters and companies, thatch disappears and with it one of the characteristic crafts of this country, and I should like to ascertain if there are any owners who would join in such a co-operative effort to reduce the present rate of insurance on

modern houses thatched with Norfolk reed, which, I am convinced, are as little liable to fire as any house with tiles or slates. Indeed, I am satisfied that such properties, after years of settlement, are really the safer against all risks.—ARCHIBALD HURD, *The Shaw, Brasted Court, Kent.*

WILD GOATS OF BRITAIN

From the Hon. M. E. Joicy.

SIR,—Mr. G. K. Whitehead, in his interesting article *The Horned Game of Great Britain*, in your issue of September 19, infers that there is only one species of wild goat in Great Britain. I enclose photographs of two different herds of wild goats: one shows some of a herd of pure white goats to be found on an island off the coast of Kintyre, which are reputed to have originated from a wrecked vessel of the Spanish Armada. These are undoubtedly the herd that Mr. Whitehead mentions in his article.

The other photograph is of one of the small herds found wild in the Cheviots, which, local legend says, are descendants of some goats turned loose on the mainland by the monks from the old priory on the neighbouring island of Lindisfarne or Holy Island.

The differences in horn formation and in the texture and colour of the coat (the Cheviot goats are a bluish grey) make it hard to believe that they can be one species, and it would be interesting if more information on the matter were forthcoming.

Both herds are now absolutely wild and extremely wary; the accom-

panying photographs, taken in 1939 and 1940, were secured only after they had been carefully shepherd towards the hidden photographer.—M. E. JOICY, *Etal Manor, Berwick-on-Tweed.*

PALE CLOUDED YELLOWS

SIR,—Among the many letters to the Press recording the abundance of migrant butterflies this year, there have been few that mention the Pale Clouded Yellow (*Colias hyale*). This rare cousin of the Clouded Yellow (*Colias croceus*) has been observed, I might almost say plentifully, in the lucerne fields around Westerham, Kent.

I first saw *hyale* on the wing on August 10, and a friend took a fresh specimen as late as October 5.—J. R. BRANSDON, 8, Market Square, Westerham, Kent.

BUTTERFLIES ON THE SEA

From the Duke of Bedford.

SIR,—A herd of mackerel in mid-Channel this summer on a fairly rough day came across a large number of butterflies resting on the sea. When disturbed by the yacht they took off as readily as a flock of wild ducks.—BEDFORD, *Crowthell, Woburn, Blechley, Buckinghamshire.*

OSPREYS IN NORFOLK

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of October 3 about an osprey that appeared at Blenheim, Oxfordshire, recently, we also see



ospreys, I think every year, in Norfolk, in May and June and again in September and October. Two made a prolonged stay in the Hickley-Horsey area this spring, and one was here for a week at the end of September.

On one occasion some years ago an osprey, which had been here a month, was joined apparently by a mate. The pair left next day, but the incident so excited me and my keeper that we built a nest suitable for an osprey in the winter ready for the next spring. It was a most artistic and obvious structure, but the only result was that a jay nested underneath it about five years later.

This spring my keeper saw an osprey lift a large fish from Mere and carry it to the fork of a dead tree, in which it tried without success to wedge it. It then flew, carrying the fish, to a post, which again did not prove convenient. Finally it selected a perch which weeks before we had arranged 15 ft. from a well-built hide, in the hope of getting the portrait of a remarkably beautiful cock marshall-harrier with two wives and seven children. On this perch, in perfect light at a range of 15 ft. from the hide, it very slowly ate the fish and still more slowly premeditated itself. It left behind the tail of the fish (a large perch) and one feather.

Unfortunately there was nobody in the hide at the time. Perhaps some day on some perch our chance to photograph an osprey may come.—*ARMYING BOSTON, Horsey Hall, near Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.*

AN ARCHITECTURAL MISTAKE?

SIR,—A letter in COUNTRY LIFE of October 3 refers to the services of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, about a century ago, in the "restoration" of the chantry chapel at Wakefield, Yorkshire (an undertaking that involved the removal of the entire west front of the chapel). In fairness to Sir Gilbert I should like to record that he much regretted, and in fact publicly admitted, his mistake in completely rebuilding rather than carefully preserving and restoring the chapel.

Indeed, before his death, he was so anxious to have the old western front returned and replaced that he offered to meet much of the expense. The idea, however, fell through, hence the facade resting by the lake at Kettlethorpe—an incongruous object and a reminder of an unfortunate episode.

My great-grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Kilby, published his portfolio *Views on Wakefield* about 1853, and the enclosed print from it shows the facade resting by the lake at Kettlethorpe—an incongruous object and a reminder of an unfortunate episode.

—D. GWYNHER MOORE, 121, Carr Lane, York.



A FISH THAT SEIZED AND SWALLOWED A GULL IN CORNWALL. (Right) THE GULL BEING TAKEN OUT OF ITS STOMACH

See letter: Gull as Prey of Fish

GULL AS PREY OF FISH

SIR,—I thought you might like to see the enclosed photographs of a monk fish, weighing 80 lb., which was caught at Fowey harbour, Cornwall, recently, after seizing and swallowing a gull that was resting on the water.

The gull was seen to be struggling in the water near the quay and then suddenly to disappear. A few minutes later the fish was observed swimming very near the surface and quite close to the shore. A man who saw the gull disappear thereupon picked up a large stone, and dropped it on to the fish's back. He then ran into a boat-house, got a boat-hook, waded out and was able to hook the fish and pull it ashore. There, with some help, he turned it on its back and, cutting its stomach open, found the gull inside.

My first photograph depicts the fish, still alive, just after it had been pulled ashore, and shows how well it is camouflaged. The other shows the gull being taken out of its stomach.—*SINCEY CARTER, 8, Tresawls Road, Truro, Cornwall.*

[Angler fish, as monk fish are more commonly known, have been observed before to seize birds resting on the water and one was recently recorded as having seized and swallowed a turtle.—Ed.]

HUMMING-BIRD MOTHS IN LONDON

SIR,—On October 5 I saw a Humming-bird Hawk-moth in Regent's Park, London. It was feeding along a row of small single dahlias in front of some



tall double blooms and was at times within a couple of feet from me, giving me an excellent opportunity to observe it hovering and extracting nectar.

Even in this exceptional year for moths and butterflies is not its appearance in the heart of London an extraordinary occurrence?—*S. H. MOUTRIE, Liske: Hotel, Jersey, C.I.*

[Humming-bird Hawk-moths have been seen also in Hyde Park and St. James's Park this year.—Ed.]

NO ROAD FOR CARS

SIR,—Many of your readers are no doubt familiar with the streets of Clovelly, Devon, shown in the accompanying photograph. I wonder, however, how many of them have noticed the inappropriateness of the sign at its foot? Even a jeep, I imagine, would find this street difficult.—*P. D. A. OLIVER, Dunster, Eastern Road, Havant, Hampshire.*

BRENT GEESSE IN CORNWALL

SIR,—I thought you might be interested to know that on September 20 I saw five Brent geese on the mud-flats at Par, about four miles from Fowey, Cornwall.—*J. FISHER (Mrs.), Yacht Cubach, Fowey, Cornwall.*

[Brent geese do not normally reach the south of England by mid-September, but flocks have been unusually early this year.—Ed.]

A ROGUE HEDGEHOG

SIR,—Appropos of the letter in your issue of last week about a rogue badger, some weeks ago a few of our bantam chicks vanished and we suspected that rats were the culprits. Then early one morning my wife heard sounds of distress from another brood, which a hen had raised on her own. She sallied forth with a torch, to find the mother doing her best to defend herself and her chicks in a corner of the garden against a large hedgehog which was eating a three-week-old bantam within a foot of her.

Leaving the torch burning on the hedgehog, my wife went off for a box, intending to catch the animal, and on her return found it still calmly eating the chick. It did move a couple of yards to a pumpkin patch when she tried to catch it, but seemed completely unafraid.

The next morning we found that

three out of ten chicks had been killed; another two had taken refuge under another bantam with seven half-grown chicks in the pumpkin bed.

This has shaken our faith in what we always considered an inoffensive and friendly animal. Do hedgehogs make a habit of eating chickens, or has



THE MAIN STREET AT CLOVELLY, DEVON

See letter: No Road for Cars

the prolonged drought caused a shortage of their natural food?—*C. J. LAMBERT, Wadhurst, Sussex.*

[Although the hedgehog is ordinarily a harmless little beast, it will occasionally become quite predatory. Shortage of food is undoubtedly a factor in the production of such criminal individuals as the one that killed the chickens.—Ed.]

"WASTEFUL" EXHIBITIONS

SIR,—May I comment on the Editorial Note about Wasteful Exhibitions in your issue of September 12? At first sight it would appear to be fair comment, but you overlook, I think, several points.

1. All trade exhibitions are in one way or another sponsored by the Government, being considered as a useful factor in the export drive.

2. It is desirable to this end that exhibits should be presented in the most attractive and individualistic manner.

3. That a given site at one exhibition might be used for the display of heavy machinery, while at another, immediately following, it might be



THE CHANTRY CHAPEL AT WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE, AFTER ITS REBUILDING NEARLY A CENTURY AGO

See letter: An Architectural Mistake

subdivided into several smaller sites exhibiting, for example, domestic wares, or pottery.

4. The materials used, often of third quality, are carefully and economically allocated by the appropriate authority to stringent specifications and have to be used and re-used until exhausted.

5. The use of permanent stands would not have enabled "hundreds of houses to be completed before the winter." It is the lament of many timber firms that, though they hold embarrassingly large stocks of timber, they have not been able to release them, because, for reasons best known to the authorities, permits, even for building houses, have been withheld, a situation that has already been the subject of other letters in the Press.—ROBERT HILTON, President, Association of Exhibition Contractors, 15, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

A DEVOTED MOTHER

SIR,—I was driving at about 35 m.p.h. along the Wanford-Kings Cliffe road in Northamptonshire recently, when five weasels crossed the road in single file about eight yards in front of me. They were so close together and so near to the car that one of the wheels



A KENTISH INN SIGN

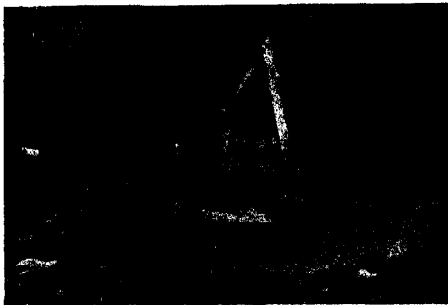
See letter: Castleton's Oak

ran over the fourth one. I stopped as quickly as I could and saw in my mirror the animal lying in the road.

I got out, intending to make sure it was dead, when to my amazement one of the party ran back from the grass verge, seized the dead one and carried it into the long grass at the road-side. I ran back to the spot as fast as I could, but there was no trace of it. After carefully searching, however, I found bloodstains on the road.

Has any of your readers seen a weasel show such marked motherly instinct, or is there some other explanation of the incident?—J. B. LAURANCE, Lynch Close, Alwalton, Peterborough.

[For a few days after leaving the nest young weasels follow their mother around, and she looks after them devotedly. We have known her come back to fish out a young one that had fallen into a stream and could not climb out. In the incident witnessed by our correspondent, we do not doubt that the maternal impulse led the mother to run back for the injured young one and drag it away. This family phase lasts only a short while; the party soon breaks up and its members go off independently.—Ed.]



AN OLD STONE APPLE-CRUSHER AND (right) CIDER PRESS

See letter: For Making Cider

FOR MAKING CIDER

SIR,—Although factories now take the bulk of the cider-apple crop, of which there has been a bumper yield this year, there is still many a farm-house and wayside inn where the genuine home-brew may be sampled. This is still made in the same way as that employed for centuries. My photographs show an apple grinder and an old stone cider press used in the process on a Worcestershire estate. A horse or a donkey is yoked to the large stone wheel and draws it round the circular trough to crush the apples. The pulp is then put in a canvas bag and the "cheese" placed in the press and squeezed until the last drop of golden juice has been extracted.—A. ELCOMB, Yenworthy, Bullingbarn Lane, Horsell, Woking, Surrey.

CASTLETON'S OAK

SIR,—The sign illustrated in the enclosed photograph adorns an inn a mile so from Castleton, in Kent. According to the present landlord, in order to build the inn the gentleman depicted on the sign, a Mr. Castleton, had to cut down a fine oak tree. He was so impressed by the quality of the wood that he had a coffin constructed from some of it and lived with it a full 30 years before he eventually died.

Be that as it may, the inn is now known locally as the Coffin Inn.—H. SMITH, 9, Merlins Close, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

EXPLOSIVE FROM A PLANT?

SIR,—On a recent expedition to the Ecuadorian-Colombian frontier I came upon great quantities of an *espeletia*, of which I send you this photograph.



A STRANGE FORM OF ESPELETIA GROWING NEAR THE COLOMBIAN FRONTIER OF ECUADOR

See letter: Explosives from a Plant?

Its full name is *E. hartwegiana Cuatrecasas*. The Ecuadorians, I understand, have recently become interested in the plant as it is said to have some property that can be used in the manufacture of explosives, though nobody could give me further particulars. One hopes it is not true, if only because that wild moorland country covered with thousands of these fantastic plants is an amazing sight, and to me, a most cherished botanical memory.

Known locally as frailejon, this *espeletia* is a composite with acuminate grey leaves like a verbascum. It ranges in height from 2 to 12 feet, and the top of the palm-like stem is thickly clad with the dead leaves of the previous year's growth. The flowers are in the nature of large mustard-coloured daisies, and the stems, like the leaves, are thickly covered with grey woolly hairs.

The district where the plant grows at 2,000 feet, the Páramo del Angel, Ecuador, resembles Scottish moorland, windwept, boggy, with constant rain.—CHRISTOPHER SANDERMAN, c/o British Consulate, Santiago, Chile.

TOAD ATTACKED BY SHEEP MAGGOT FLY

SIR, I was extremely interested in Dr. Hickin's letter in your issue of September 12 concerning a hedgehog that was attacked by a sheep maggot fly. Some years ago I found a toad which had been wounded in the head: the wound was seething with maggots, which I took to be the larva of the sheep maggot fly. One eye of the toad remained, but whether it was of any use to it I do not know; the other had disappeared and the eye socket was being eaten away.

The toad was capable of move-

ment, but as it appeared to be in so much pain I decided to kill it.—A. A. DUNNELL, 45, Crayke Avenue, Farnham, Brighton 6.

FAR-FLUNG CHARITY

From Lady Rugles-Hirst.

SIR,—With reference to your recent correspondence about church collections for charity in bygone days, here are some examples of collections made in Ramsbury church, Wiltshire, in the 17th and early 18th centuries:—

1681. Collected for the poor slaves in Algiers ...	9 3 d
1681. Collected for the poor sufferers in Poland being distressed Protestants ...	1 8 2
1681. Collected for the poor natures by Rev. Mr. Ludgershall in this county ...	10 4
1692. For the redemption of captives ...	1 0 0
1699. For the Vaudois ...	2 19 2
1704. For the Protestants of the Principality of Orange ...	3 8 6
1709. For the Protestant Church at Mittan in Courland ...	6 8½

Money was also subscribed for Ely, Hereford, Bungay, Warwick, York, Chester, Inskilling (sic), Southwell and Liverpool. Far-flung indeed was Ramsbury's charity.—SHEILA RUGLES-HIRST, Ramsbury, Wiltshire.

HOUSE-MARTINS v. CAT

SIR,—With reference to your correspondence about the boldness of birds in attacking animals, at North Lancing, Sussex, I recently saw four or five house-martins drive a young tom cat, which, incidentally, is a great hunter and bird-catcher, off the lawn by swooping low over him in relays, twittering angrily. He seemed to become quite bewildered and finally withdrew hastily.—B. M. MOPPAT, Easton, near Devizes, Wiltshire.

LINK WITH THE '45

SIR,—May I comment on a point in Mr. John M. Bacon's *Acrostic in Glass* in your issue of September 12? The *Harard*, which was captured by the Jacobites at Montrose on November 25, 1745, was a naval sloop of war, not a privateer. She was launched at Rotherhithe in December, 1744, and was a vessel of 273 tons, carrying 12-14 guns and with an official complement of 110. After her capture she was re-named the *Prince Charles* or *Prince Charles Edward*.

On March 24, 1746, while on passage from Ostend to Scotland, she was chased through the Pentland Firth by the *Shamrock* (20), and was run ashore in the Kyle of Tongue by her

(Continued on page 839)



For some Huntin'

For others Shootin'



For many Fishin'

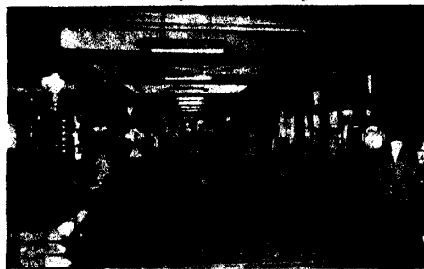
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FROM A WRITING BOOK OF 1841



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but now, that art to more perfection brought:
a swan a pen can strike as quick as thought*

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French captain. In addition to French troops and supplies of arms and ammunition she carried £13,000 in gold, which was captured by Government militia commanded by Lord Bessy. After being re-fitted, the ship was re-commissioned with her old name and was eventually sold out of the service in 1749. A new and smaller ship named *Hazard* was launched the same year.

The above information is contained in an account of the taking of the *Hazard* which appeared in *The Scots Magazine* for June, July and August, 1846.

It has been suggested to me that the inscriptions on the glasses illustrated in Mr. Bacon's article may refer to the game of *Hazard*, rather than to a ship of that name.—FRANCIS D. J. BUIST, *The Hollies, Bronghty Ferry, Dundee, Fife.*

THE CRAVEN HEIFER

SIR,—I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of the sign of the Craven Heifer inn, which lies between Rylstone and Skipton, Yorkshire.

Erected in 1807 by the Rev. W. Carr of Bolton Abbey, the Craven Heifer weighed 150 stones when shown at Smithfield and became celebrated throughout the country.



THE SIGN OF THE CRAVEN HEIFER INN

See title: *The Craven Heifer*

She ended her career as an exhibit at cockfights.

A picture of the Craven Heifer was used in 1817 on notes issued by the Craven Bank. It is said that when the bank lost the privilege of issuing notes, the farmers of the district looked askance at the new Bank of England notes and wanted those "Wi

a coo on 'em."—J. A. CARPENTER, *Harrogate, Yorkshire.*

NEW HOME FOR CITY CHURCH FITTINGS

SIR,—With reference to your recent correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE about the transferring of fittings from one

church to another, you may be interested in the re-erection of the fittings of All Hallows, Lombard Street, in the new church of All Hallows, Twickenham (one of six built from the proceeds of the sale of the old site).

The major monuments (including Edward Stanton's fine signed bust of Dr. Tyson) have been tastefully set up below the old roluist tower and in a specially constructed vestibule. Even the less imposing works have been preserved, though relegated to the ringing-floor.—RONALD F. NEWMAN, 135, Grand Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

In the Footnote of Bacchus.—May I correct a small error in Mr. Hussey's excellent article on old-time Stowe in your issue of September 19? The *Dynasty of Stowe*, published by Portune Press, that he mentions, is by Mr. Wilson Knight not Wilson Wright.

The chapel of present-day Stowe is, or so I have been told, the only chapel in this country built on the site of a temple dedicated to Bacchus. This somewhat unusual state of affairs seems to prove effectively the truth of the old and somewhat odd story, that if the gods won't come to Church, the Church must not go.—JAMES SPENCER, *Clivedon Hall, Rattlesden, Stowmarket, Suffolk.*

THE DIVERSIONS OF WORPLESDON

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

WELL, there's another Worplesdon over. "So says everybody with a sigh of regret, when the last putt has been holed on the last day, another pair of winners of the Mixed Foursomes have been crowned and the cars steal sadly away. Of all the tournaments in the golfing calendar this is surely the pleasantest for the meeting of old friends, and there is perhaps no other that has such faithful friends, among players and spectators also. I must add, among dogs, who have constantly to be muffled when they show a tendency to squeal at a crucial moment. The pleasantest things have some "if only" and "If only Joyce were playing again" is a gentle lament that is often heard. The competition is a far more open one to-day than when Miss Wethered was engaged in pulling a fresh partner through to victory by the scruff of his neck, but Lady Amory does leave a gap.

It is strange to remember that once upon a time people used to say that Worplesdon would be perfect if only it would ever stop raining. Only the veterans now recall the days when it was almost a matter of course to have to change twice a day, as a player as a dripping sop were almost synonymous expressions.

Of late years Providence has been wonderfully much kinder in point of weather, and was never perhaps so kind as this year, when the Indian summer was at the very height of its autumnal glory. The men were all playing in shirt sleeves, and the onlookers mopped their brows and lay basking on the grass behind the 4th or the 10th or the 12th green. The putting greens were quite perfect, smooth and fast and verdant, reflecting infinite credit on all having the care of them. How they were so good after so dry a summer I cannot imagine. The course itself, though in capital order, was something too hard and dry for golfing perfection. Admittedly the ladies drive farther than they used to do, but the distance they got on this ground was alarming; they were as Amazons and their partners as Titans. The result was that some holes that it was once a real achievement to attain in two shots were now within easy, easy reach. On the 5th, for instance, I saw Major Stevenson hit so vast a tee shot that Miss Gourlay was puzzled to find any club small enough for her second shot. At the 18th, normally a grand two-shot hole, Mr. Lawrie drove so far that Miss Donald had the shortest of maulish shots to reach the green, (alas! she

mis-hit it), and I could go on multiplying instances. Length must always be valuable, but this time it was not an overpowering advantage and that, in so essentially friendly a contest, is after all not a bad thing. The big battalions always win, but they were a little more vulnerable than usual.

One lady said to me, "You once wrote of me that Miss So-and-so missed a short putt at the 18th, and after that the end was inevitable. I have never forgotten it." Well, I am afraid I had forgotten it, but at least I can plead that it must have been a little time ago, as she has been a distinguished Mrs. for some thirteen years or so. I admit that after watching every Worplesdon but one since 1921, the matches do get jumbled up in my head, and soon this year's will have grown dimmer than I could wish.

• • •

So now before I forget let me set down a few impressions, almost at random, and first of all, as chivalry dictates, let me praise some famous ladies. I had never seen Miss Stephens play before, and was, as was everybody else, much impressed. I watched bits of her matches often for three days, and can solemnly assert that I never saw her make a bad shot, not even a bad putt. She goes on and on, bang down the middle of the course, till one feels inclined to scream. She has much of the real diabolical faultlessness that was Miss Wethered's, and incidentally it is interesting to note she keeps her left heel firmly on the ground, as was Miss Wethered's earlier manner. She hits beautifully firm footed, and at the same time has a fine, free, full-blooded follow through. She has no very great power, and no doubt on a big seaside course this might tell a little against her, but anywhere and in any condition she must be good.

Then there was Miss Donald, whom I had seen play only a stroke or two before. She certainly does not lack power. She is very strong and very long, and the way she carried the right-hand bunker at the 11th hole and ran on right into the dip beyond was truly formidable. Strong men hit their best drives and are amazed and a little mortified to be told that Miss Donald had driven farther than that. She is, moreover, a thoroughly good player all through. An ex-lady champion and a very good and observant judge of golf told me she thought Miss Donald quite definitely better than any other lady in the field, and that is praise indeed. Perhaps I ought to have put Miss Gordon first, for she won for the second year running with

Major Duncan, and that has been done only once before, by Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet. She was in the final of this year's Ladies' Championship, and chased the alarming Mrs. Zaharias hard in the first round; so there is no excuse for not realising her merits, and yet somehow I do not think people quite appreciate how good she is. She is tall and strong and uses her height to the full. I remember one long, high, and stopping putt from short play, and that right up to the 5th green, which I should have thought only a strong man could have played. All her game was very sound and her holing out of the putts called "nasty" was admirable, especially at critical moments. Finally, and I must leave out several others, Mrs. Beck was really splendid. In the firm she was not at her best, neither was her husband, but up to then she had done wonders of resolute, cheerful fighting. The hard ground suited her low drives with plenty of top spin on them, and she too holed the nasty ones like a heroine.

• • •

I am not going to say much about the men, who are naturally but secondary figures at Worplesdon, but I must mention one, Mr. Duncan (he tells me he is now only a captain again, but it is hard to learn new titles for old friends). I do not believe there is a better foursome player anywhere, for not only is he an admirably accurate striker of the ball—his putting has come right back—but he possesses all the alliterative virtues of calmness and coolness, carefulness and cheerfulness. If ever I had to choose a side-again, and I never shall, he would go in first choice for the foursomes. Of the newcomers among the men I thought Miss Ruttle's partner, Mr. Garrett, a good golfer, and wish I could have seen more of him.

There were so many good and exciting matches that it is difficult to pick out any particular one, but I think the most stirring of all was between Miss Morgan and Mr. Storey, Mrs. Rhodes and Mr. Alex. Kyle. The winners were out in 32, and despite one six on the way home they were a *four for two* which was well ended. That was a tremendous gift, and yet having once been four up they were hunted back to one by the indomitable Yorkshire pair, and would, humanly speaking, have been hunted even further, to the very last hole, if Mr. Kyle had not driven into a normally unreachable bunker at the 17th. There are many grand matches, but I give that one the first prize.

NEW BOOKS

FISHERMEN'S KNOTS

FISHERMEN, like sailors, are greatly dependent upon the use of knots. Whether the Navy educates its men by teaching them a series of standard knots, an angler usually acquires his knowledge of the subject in his leisurely fashion; for this reason the knots used by one angler may be different from those of his fellow. Inefficient knots may cause subsequent disappointment, when they pull out or cause a break, and the introduction of nylon as a substitute for gut has increased the difficulty of finding out the safest knots for tying fly, for making up casts and adding droppers.

Fortunately, Dr. Stanley Barnes has now produced a text-book, *Anglers Knots in Gut and Nylon* (Cornish Bros., Birmingham, 8s. 6d.), which covers the whole of this subject. The book is excellently produced, with good type, very clear diagrams in two colours, and a first-class index; the information is to the point, and, although often of a technical nature, is easy to understand. Dr. Barnes has invented his own testing machine; he tests knotted gut and nylon both statically and dynamically, because he realises that fish employ shock tactics, not always similar to the straight and steady pull. The author discusses all the knots in current use among anglers and shows, by experiment, their merits. In future those who hitherto have shunned nylon will be able, as the direct result of Dr. Barnes's pioneer work, to fish with it without the constant fear of a knot slipping or breaking.

This book makes it amply clear that the blood knot is without a peer for joining strands of gut or nylon, yet it is surprising how few can tie it. I hope the author's conclusive evidence of its efficacy will have the desired effect. This knot, together with the blood bight for loops and the double circle Turler for tying on the fly, will enable an angler to fish without out fear of the consequences. Without doubt Dr. Barnes's manual will prove invaluable to anglers of every type. Let us hope that once and for all tackle makers will use micrometer readings for cast sizes, as Dr. Barnes suggests, and that the variable X graduation will be abolished.

Angling Ways (Herbert Jenkins, 15s.), has reappeared in a fifth edition. It is, or should be, the ready reference book not only for all coarse fishermen but for all who wield a rod and line in fresh water. Its author, Mr. Marshall Hardy, has probably done more for the instruction of the coarse-fish angler than anyone else. He has revised and enlarged the fourth edition and so made what was already an excellent volume more informative.

When I began to read *Dickie Tyrone to the Test*, by James Dickie (Seeley Service, 15s.), I had the impression that it was a book for the beginner and for him alone; but the later chapters soon showed that there was much good and new advice for the experienced fly-dry and nymph fisherman. There are interesting observations concerning the blue-winged olive, the drawbacks of quill bodies, the art of striking, and the use of flies. The author wonders how much of his advice is new. I would reply, "Quite a lot."

Fishing: Fact and Fantasy (Paber, 12s. 6d.) contains some interesting reminiscences by G. D. Lloyd, the author of *Fishing Fortunes and Misfortunes*. Mr. Luard, writing with a boy's enthusiasm of his youthful and less

youthful fishing experiences, has a delightful way of imparting his enthusiasm to the reader. His sketches add zest to his many stories of happy days spent by running or static water. R. B.

LONDON DRAWINGS

BOMBED LONDON (Casell, 25s.) is a collection of thirty-eight of Mr. Hambley Fletcher's well-known drawings most of which appeared during the war in the *Sunday Times*. They are now handsomely reproduced in a slim folio, to which Professor Richardson contributes a characteristic introduction. Here is London in ruins, an invaluable if melancholy record, with a power of stirring our emotions—a record that we may be sure, our grandchildren, too, will prize. These are accurate delineations, but many of them are highly dramatic, too, as for instance, the lonely Georgian doorway

themselves. But that is to be only a temporary measure until the Corbusier paradise of vertical cities, with everyone living willingly or unwillingly in flats, can be realised.

In a Communist state it might be, but it will be easy to persuade the majority of human beings to give up their preference for a house and a garden of their own. C. L.

THE PLEASURES OF MOUNTAINEERING

MOUNTAINEERING is essentially a combined operation, and most mountaineers would probably agree that one of its greatest pleasures is that of companionship. How great that pleasure can be is clear from *Mountains and Men*, by Wilfrid Noyce (Geoffrey Hiles, 18s.), an account of mountaineering, illustrated by a series of photographs, in Wales,

his attractively illustrated classic of Alpine mountaineering, a new edition of which has been published by Methuen at 18s.

BIOLOGY AND LANDSCAPE

THE study of vegetation as a factor in landscape affords many interesting problems for consideration, especially when we come to examine the part played by the plant world in controlling the biological development of the vegetation concerned. One thinks at once of the creation of desert-lands and of the bearing of the elementary need to maintain fertility, of the destruction of forests by man's unintelligent methods of lumbering, of the history of ancient civilisations and their reasons regarding irrigation and the control and use of water and wind. All these subjects are discussed with a wealth of informative detail and a vast number of most instructive illustrations in *The Earth's Face* by E. Pfeiffer (Faber, 12s. 6d.). Sir George Stapledon contributes a forthright and interesting chapter. Dr. Pfeiffer's chapter dealing with town and country planning and the part of parks and gardens in the urban-rural balance.

W. E. B.

COUNTRY CLERICS

AUTHOR and SUBJECT are happily matched in *The English Country Parson*, by William Addison (Dent, 16s.). For, although Mr. Addison has his own religious preferences, there is nothing of the special pleader about him; his most outstanding characteristic is his love of liberalism. So, as he traces the progress of his country parsons from one century to the next, it is for this quality in others that he looks most eagerly, honouring it whether he finds it in high churchman or low, in bishop or rural vicar, and being scrupulously careful to exercise it himself. From the Reformation the author carries his narrative down to the present day and an interesting account of Conrad Noel, the celebrated Socialist vicar of Thaxted, Essex, who "made friends of his enemies"—a quality very endearing to the man who writes about him. The book is packed with evidences of study and research, but it is very easy to read. The joins never show; and (as in an earlier book, *Epising Forests*) being forthright and natural in style, a quiet wit, apt stories and quotations.

To the author, "Christianity is a life to be lived, not a set of opinions to be wrangled over." So his emphasis is always on the individual, not on the dogma, and he is ever delighted to discover in country clerical characters, and of the fact that "God is not a mass producer." Even to the Evangelicals, a body of like-minded men and of like temperament, he is just, admitting that, while "intolerance is never admirable . . . power is intensified by being forced upon a narrow basis. Such fair-mindedness is disarming, and few will quarrel with the book.

Here is a book that is both an interesting outline of the history of the Church of England down the centuries, and a feast of character: martinet parson and absentee parson, parson-saint and parson-sinner, parson-reporter and parson-inventor. A scholar; and many an obscure parson in remote areas whose title to remembrance is "the magnetism of goodness." It is a book that is both sane and fine, and there are enough racy stories to enliven a score of social gatherings.

V. H. F.

SHOP SIGNBOARDS IN FENCHURCH STREET ABOUT 1750, WITH IRONMONGERS HALL ON THE RIGHT. An illustration from Sir Ambrose Heal's *The Signboards of Old London Shops* (Batford, 65s.), a comprehensive review of shop-signs employed by London tradesmen during the 17th and 18th centuries, compiled from the author's collection of contemporary trade-cards and billboards

in Red Lion Square, or the watercolour reproduced as frontispiece showing the dome of St. Paul's glimpsed through a gaping window ruined Bow Church. The dome of St. Paul's was the symbol of London's confidence under bombardment. Complementary to Mr. Fletcher's drawings is a new picture book of the cathedral, *St. Paul's* (Lund Humphries, 3s. 6d.), illustrated by a remarkably fine set of architectural photographs, and with a useful account of the building by Miss Margaret Whinney. This is the first of a series of "Cathedral books." A. S. O.

URBAN PLANNING

M. LE CORBUSIER'S stimulating book *Projet d'Urbanisme*, published last year, is now obtainable in an English edition, *Concerning Town Planning* (The Architectural Press, 10s. 6d.). After "an unpremeditated glance into the past," in which various historic examples of town-planning are rapidly surveyed, eighteen questions are posed by the author, and then answered in a series of drawings, or, to be more accurate, squiggles, accompanied by a characteristic commentary.

Most of M. Corbusier's solutions are now well known, except, perhaps, his solution for the housing of homeless refugees in dwellings of earth and tree trunks, to be built by the refugees

in Switzerland and in India, where the author was stationed during part of the war.

In a subtle way this pleasure can heighten all the other pleasures of mountaineering—delight in the beauty of mountain scenery, satisfaction in the accomplishment of difficult and hazardous climbs (of which the author has completed more than his share, with at times serious but happily not fatal results), and mental and spiritual recreation amid what minds fresh from a life of bustle and change readily conceive to be timeless and changeless.

The satisfaction to be gained from accomplishing difficult climbs is manifest in W. H. Murray's *Mountaineering in Scotland* (Dent, 18s.), a copiously illustrated and readable Highland climbs written when he was a prisoner-of-war in Germany. Mr. Murray writes in an easy style that quickly transmits his own enthusiasm to the reader, whether he is recalling an ascent of the Cich and the Crack of Doom in the Cullin or a winter's ascent of Bushyhead Etive Mor in Glen Coe.

Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young is a poet as well as a mountaineer, and the beauty of mountains and the feeling of continuity with the past and the future that they can give is nowhere better expressed than in *On High Hills: Memories of the Alps*,



The NEWMARKET PLATE *The Ladies Race*

The Newmarket Town Plate was instituted by King Charles II in 1660 to be run on the 10th and 11th of October for ever. Two ladies have rode in 1924. The first ladies with came on the following year when Miss Stilton just rode Mrs. Walter Earl's bay gelding "Proper" into first place from a field of eight, of which five were lady jockeys.

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NEW BOOKS

"Q"—A MAN OF MANY PARTS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

WHEN Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch died he was working on an autobiography. This, so far as he had gone, was published some time ago, and it had a certain completeness, for it brought the story up to a critical and definite point—through childhood and youth to the moment of marriage and the publication of his first book *Dead Man's Rock*.

Wisely, therefore, Mr. F. Brittain, in his biography *Arthur Quiller-Couch, A Biographical Study of Q.* (Cambridge University Press, 15s.) moves quickly over this part of the story and develops more fully those years that "Q" himself had not revealed. The publishers say rightly that in Mr. Brittain's book "the personal aspect outweighs the formal." Mr.

world of all sorts in which it was worth while to live.

All sorts meant, to "Q," the embracing of public service that most men of letters are content to leave to others. His knighthood was conferred for services, not to literature, but to the Liberal Party. He worked hard for many years on Cornish educational bodies. He was mayor of Fowey, a magistrate, an officer of the Territorial Association, commodore of a yacht club. And with all this to do, his literary output was unusually large. "During the 12 years that elapsed between the publication of *The Oxford Book* and his return to an academic life, "Q's" literary output was remarkable in its variety and astonishing in its extent.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. By F. Brittain
(Cambridge University Press, 15s.)

DAME MARGARET. By Viscount Gwynedd
(Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

AN INNOCENT GROWS UP. By Norman Hancock
(Dant, 9s.)

Brittain is here writing not only of a professor, a novelist and an essayist, but of a friend and a warm attractive man, next to whom he lived at Jesus College for many years, drank his wine and his conversation. So we have altogether an undress portrait: at times literally an undress one, as in the delightful description of "Q" going to bed, which he liked to do while someone was still about to talk with him as he undressed, and he performed that operation slowly and methodically, garment by garment, from the shoes up.

Those of us who have known and loved "Q" for his writing will here find the scope of the man enlarged and will come to love him for himself too: a man of many parts, equally at home in a boat or at a high table, with the learned or the simple, strong, and even inclined to be trusted in his literary likes and dislikes, with a "character" in dress and deed. "Literature," he wrote, "is memorable speech, recording memorable thoughts and deeds," and what didn't fit into that definition did not interest him.

THE ARTIST'S TEST

He also wrote this, in a preface to one of his novels: "To people a wide stage with characters at once good (as most are) and brave, in patience or adventure—that is the artist's test, as it seems to me. It means that in growing he has learnt to judge his fellow-sinners charitably, and to help them, before he leaves a world of all sorts in which it has been worth while to live." Some parts of this definition of the artist's task are perhaps exclusive of excellence. (I do not see how, for one, Swift would come in.) But it is a definition not without its proper wisdom and nobility, and it is certainly one within which he himself moved with ease and dignity. One feels, on reading this book, that he, at least, discovered the

It included a volume of poems, a volume of essays, three anthologies, several children's books (either written or edited by him), 40 or more brief reviews, some of them in English, with introductions, and 20 volumes of fiction, among which were no fewer than 13 novels." (His own favourite among all his novels was *Sir John Constantine*.) "Q" was a writer who did not mind contributing to any publication, however humble. I had, though I regret that I have now lost it, a book of Cornish recipes to which he had contributed a recipe for a "cup" with which, he said, he had regaled many thirsty yachtsmen in his time.

He was a grand writer. When still very young, reflecting on the blood that had retched the Avon, on the castles and monasteries that had come and gone on its banks, he turned to the notches that barge-men's ropes had worn in the stone of a bridge, and he wrote this: "We realised the truth that Nature, too, is most in earnest when least dramatic, that her most terrible power is seen neither in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the catkins budding on the hazel—the still small voice that proves she is not dead, but sleeping lightly, and already dreaming of the spring."

He deserved a memorial, and this book is a worthy one.

THE LLOYD GEORGES

The second Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor has written the life story of his mother under the title *Dame Margaret* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.). It is an ungainly and haphazard book by one who has not, nor pretends to have, any of a writer's grace or force or skill, but it is filled with affection for its subject. One ends it with the feeling that all that is said about her could with greater effect have been said in a concise essay rather than in these wandering and repetitive chapters.

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We could well have spared the ancestral passages tracing Dame Margaret's relationship to "the 12th-century Prince of Gwynedd." The contemporary fact is that her father was a well-to-do farmer; and there have been many who said that this gave a sense of social superiority which made him oppose his only child's marriage to the young Criccieth solicitor, David Lloyd George. The writer disposes of this legend and of several others. Lloyd George had been brought up by a cobbler uncle. "It was not the cobbler's lowly estate that put his ward beyond the pale; it was the fact that he was (a) a Baptist and (b) a Liberal with Radical tendencies." Dame Margaret's father was a Presbyterian with no Radical tendencies at all; and anyone who knows Wales will realise that a sectarian point would weigh heavily in those days.

LL.G.'S "COBBLER" UNCLE

The "cobbler," too, is put in his right place. This remarkable old man, Richard Lloyd, the bachelor who brought up Lloyd George and his brother when their father died, deserves a greater recognition than he has ever received. His "cobbling" was really a shoe-making business employing five hands. But that is by the way. The great point about him was the resolute determination of his character. He decided to educate the boys, and, being himself uneducated, had to learn before he could teach. "He took on the task of himself learning Latin and Greek and French! In addition he acquired text books on English Common Law and laboriously mastered their contents."

When the boys had passed their examinations and became articled to a firm of solicitors, the old man gave up his shoe-making and set up a house from which he could watch them and to which they could return at nights. Finally, when they had started on their own as solicitors, and politics had taken Lloyd George to London, Richard Lloyd began work again; this time as a clerk in the solicitor's office. He was a man of dogged opinion, and the author here says of him that, during the trouble about his nephew's marriage, "he was as vehemently opposed to the match as was my maternal grandparents."

This review has strayed from Dame Margaret herself, but this arises from the nature of the book. She wanders through it as a woman who loved laughter and succeeded in being the focus of a happy home.

THE VALUE OF THE UNSPECTACULAR

Mr. Norman Hancock in *An Innocent Grouse Up* (Dent, 6s.) tells a simple story simply. His father kept a draper's shop in a small Somerset town in the days when the assistants "lived in" and the "first duty of an apprentice was to pick up pins and lengths of string from the shop floor."

The boy grows up, goes to school, visits relatives, takes his holidays at the seaside, and finally himself becomes apprenticed to a draper in a large town near London. Then came the 1914-18 war in which he served, and from which he returned to become a partner in his father's business.

Nothing exciting here, you see; and Mr. Hancock does not try to wring effects out of a somewhat humdrum existence. The book's virtue rather is in its recognition of

simple duties and of the value of unspectacular and unrecognised lives. If Wells's Mr. Polly had not been troubled by indignation he might have led such a life as this. A policeman once said to Mr. Hancock: "What is the use of reading about imaginary people and events when you can enjoy accounts of real happenings?" Mr. Hancock says: "I felt there must be an answer to this." There certainly is; but there is no reason why we should not enjoy both sorts, and this "account of real happenings" has the virtue of a photograph that has not been touched up.

TWO CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

THERE is little in common between *Paintings and Drawings*, by Gregorio Prieto, and *Paintings*, by Felix Kelly (The Falcon Press, 10s. 6d. each) beyond the fact that both these contemporary artists have come to England from overseas. Señor Prieto had made his name in Spain, his native country, before settling here, but living in England he had both broadened and altered the direction of his interests, which began with a romantic nostalgia for a pagan classic world. The poetic element is still dominant in his work, but he is also capable of portrait studies admirable for their realism and insight into character. Few living artists have achieved such subtle economy of statement and exquisitely sensitive line as many of the drawings in this collection show. Mr. Kelly comes from New Zealand, and his considerable talent has been devoted chiefly to paintings of English country houses. The 18th-century topographical artists are the basis of his work, in which school occur of such widely different influences as Rex Whistler, Paul Nash and the *surrealists*, Dalí. The dead tree, the decaying urn, broken ironwork, rusting wires are the properties on which Mr. Kelly relies overmuch to evoke a mood. But a beautiful drawing of Ferry House shows how insensitively to his work these fashionable accessories are. His *Markenfield Hall* is a remarkably successful essay in the manner of J. C. Buckler, while *Ferry Wharf* shows him equally proficient in handling an Edward Wadsworth subject. Each book contains over 40 reproductions. C. L.

THE TRAINING OF HORSE AND MAN

IN *The Horse Rampant* (Hale, 21s.) Captain James J. Pearce offers what the student of equitation seldom gets—a practical and demonstrated syllabus for the education of the horse. This rather belies his title, for, we are told, the result is that "the horse is very docile indeed." Captain Pearce's scheme of training is thoroughly practical and based on sound principles and tried experience, and whoever follows it will not go wrong. One may question, however, whether it is as simple as he claims. The long-reining part is a complication omitted by many trainers and systems, and one may doubt whether with an average quiet horse and average trainer it is absolutely necessary. This small controversial point apart, the author is to be congratulated on the admirable simplicity and lucidity of his exposition. The photographs, and the few drawings, are a valuable feature of a well-produced book.

If Wishes Were Horses by E. V. A. Christy (Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.) deals somewhat discursively with the training of a riding-school instructor. While there is much commonsense and psychology scattered about among dissertations on a variety of subjects, there is a deal of irrelevant and misplaced emphasis which makes the book less valuable than the knowledge and experience of the author should warrant. C. E. G. H.

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FARMING NOTES

WHAT IS A MARGINAL FARM?

MANY farmers in England and Wales must have wondered how the Scotch define a marginal farm for the purposes of special assistance. I now see from a report issued by the Scottish Department of Agriculture that Scotland has been divided into six regions and surveyed to find out the numbers and types of marginal farms. They are defined generally as those which are not an economic success and include not only farms making a financial loss but those where profits must be considered inadequate. It is inherent deficiency in the land itself that counts. Some farmers may choose to farm even at a loss, but it should not be necessary for them to do so. Which side of the "marginal" line a farm falls will depend in large part on the scale of produce prices in relation to wages and other costs of production. In 1944, 9,800 farms in Scotland were listed as marginal; 34 per cent. in the Highlands; 23 per cent. in the North-East; 16 per cent. in the Central; 15 per cent. in the South-West; 7 per cent. in the Borders; and 5 per cent. in East Scotland. Special payments to these farms under the three schemes, providing for marginal production grants (1943-1944), the hill sheep subsidy (1943), and the hill cattle subsidy (1943), amounted to over £1,000,000, the hill sheep subsidy being the most important in the Highlands. The subsidies averaged £163 per £100 rent, and the Board of Agriculture comments that this high rate of subsidy appears to be necessary to maintain most of these farms in production and thus indicates the bad economic position of the crops. Indeed, the subsidies not only pay for the rent, but make a substantial contribution to other costs.

The Fertile South

IN contrast to the dismal story from these marginal farms, we have the much more satisfying financial results published by Mr. James Wylie, of Wye College, Kent, for a selection of corn-growing farms in Kent, Surrey, East and West Sussex. The period covered by this report, which can be obtained at price 3s. from Wye College, is 1940-45, and the average profits shown are: Wheat, 26 6s. 4d. an acre; barley, 213 15s. 9d.; and oats, 22 18s. 9d. These are the figures before "locking" interest on capital and managerial salary. Mr. Wylie stresses that the standard of managerial efficiency is certainly considerably above the average, and that the financial success of the co-operating farms has been due to high yields per acre. He defines good husbandry as "the proper appreciation of what each farm is capable of producing assuming that it is properly cultivated and manured, is sown with the most suitable variety and is harvested without avoidable waste." Some of these farms were not reputed to be good farms until they were taken over by their present occupiers, who were ready to give the land a fair chance before condemning it as fit only for good poor or moderate crops. Mr. Wylie assures us that the good results were not obtained on farms with superior soil, farm buildings and outlay. It was the managerial technical ability of these farmers that was superior. Would they make as good showing in Highland crofting countries?

Attestation

M. R. G. J. CURTIS, a leading light M.V. in the British Friesian Cattle Society, declares in the country's current journal that the importance of attestation cannot be overestimated. Apart from the additional 4d. a gallon which the Government pay for Attested milk, owners of Attested

herds have the advantage of an increased life from their animals, and economical milk production is further improved. Mr. Curtis says that it took him rather less than three years to get his Attested licence. There are still many non-Attested animals of the British Friesian breed, and other herd owners should find encouragement in the example which Mr. Curtis, as the Society's President for the past three years, has set. Some of the Show Societies now limit entries to animals from Attested herds, and the British Friesian breed cannot afford to miss the chance of displaying its qualities in the show-yard.

Beef From Dairy Herds

DETAILS are now given of the Ministry of Agriculture's plan to get more beef cattle bred in dairy herds. Free artificial insemination services are to be given at the official A.I. centres, but in order to minimise the risk of unsuitable calves being reared as dairy replacements, the free service is available only from bulls of beef breeds that colour-mark their calves; that is, Hereford, Aberdeen Angus and Galloway. The Ministry, while admitting that other beef breeds would do as well, is anxious that the dairy side of the livestock industry should be properly protected against the introduction of unsuitable stock which cannot be readily recognised. The free beef service is described as primarily a means of ensuring the "salvaging" and the valuable use of the progeny of the low yielding dairy cow in the present emergency. It is not intended that beef bulls shall be used on the higher yielding dairy cows to the detriment of milk production, and we are promised that steps will be taken to ensure that the scheme is used strictly for the purpose for which it is intended. A farmer's milk yields may be high enough to warrant the authorities insisting, if he wants the A.I. service, that he should breed only the most suitable for beef production. These A.I. centres are mainly in the dairying districts, and, as they are intended to assist the small man who cannot afford a good dairy bull for himself, it is to me folly to introduce this confusion. Is it not just as meritorious to persist in a breeding policy that will raise the average yield per cow for persistent use of good bulls? If there are to be free services they should be provided all round.

Grass-Drying Developments

I SEE that the farmers' co-operative societies are hoping to take a hand in running grass-drying associations on the lines which have proved successful under the Milk Board's auspices at Thornbury in Gloucestershire. The N.F.U. is urging the societies to set up a grass-drying service for their members. This is a sound idea. There is no question that many small farmers in the grass areas could be greatly helped in the provision of high-quality winter food for their dairy cows if they could get some of their surplus summer grass dried economically. Will the Ministry of Agriculture be able to induce Sir Stafford Cripps to allocate the necessary steel for the construction of more drying plants? Agriculture has been promised 2 per cent. of the country's steel output. This will not go far. In my district it is impossible to get an allocation of steel for the roof trusses of a cowhouse until December, 1948. CINCINNATUS.

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EIGHT stone one-storeyed huts stand in a row in the grounds of a Flintshire residence known as Pentreobryn, near Mold. They are contemporary with the early 17th-century house, which is now to be let through the agency of Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, on behalf of Mrs. Pennant Lloyd. An inscription, of comparatively recent date, states that the huts, or "lletau" as they are called, "were erected by Mr. Edward Lloyd when he built the house of Pentreobryn. After the suppression of the monasteries there were no resting-places for the poor moving from one place to another." A warden looked after the huts and he had a two-storeyed dwelling adjoining them.

A PRIVATE "CASUAL WARD"

VARIOUS conjectures have been made concerning the reason for building the huts. Were they to accommodate tramps on the main road from Shrewsbury through Oswestry to Wrexham? Were they for all comers, including the "roughs and vagabonds" and "sturdy beggars" mentioned in the early Poor Laws? Perhaps the founder of the lletau preferred to house casual wayfarers in premises that were supervised and self-contained rather than find them camping-out in his shrubberies. Other examples of free lodging formerly available for wayfarers can be cited: notably, the Rochester hostel, founded by Richard Watts in 1579 "for six poor travellers who not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis for one night, lodging, entertainment and fourpence each." Pentreobryn contains part of an ancient "ly-sher" or screen, which it is thought may have originally served to display offerings of food for wayfarers. Old as the house is, it exhibits parts that are even older, in fact a century earlier than the 1546 inscribed on one of the overmantels. An article on the property appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of October 15, 1943.

THE MINERAL WATER OF
BUILTH

PARK WELLS estate, Builth, has been sold under the hammer for £6,800 by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff. This Brecon property yields a mineral water rich in chalybeate, salines and sulphur, and it has been said of the springs that "the saline waters of Park Wells, though they lack the aeration of many continental wells, claim affinity with the waters of Homburg and Kissingen, and in addition they contain measurable quantities of lithium."

TENANTS' £130,000
PURCHASES

LORD HOTSFIELD'S Silden estate, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 5,885 acres, was to have been submitted in lot to an auction, lasting two days, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. However, the tenants held a conference with the agents and other representatives of the vendor, and private negotiation resulted in the sale, on September 23, 24, and 25, of lots for approximately £130,000. Consequently it has been possible to restrict public competition to a single day, and this has taken place at Skipton.

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY
AND FARMS

AT their Arlington Street Auction Hall Messrs. Hampton and Sons have sold The Manor House, Wendover, Buckinghamshire, with 22 acres and they have privately sold Spring Grove, a freehold of 7 acres at Marden, in mid-Kent. For £9,050 they have

disposed of Fir Tree Farm, 75 acres, at Eastleigh, near Southampton, as well as a small enclosure of woodland for £740. The modern house and 42 acres, at Englefield Green, Surrey, known as Tower Green Farm, has changed hands, the joint agents with Messrs. Hampton and Sons being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Sir Alexander Grogg's Northwood house and grounds known as Frith Grange has been sold before the auction at Arlington Street.

AN ASHDOWN FOREST SALE

CHELWOOD CORNER, a modern house and 514 acres, on the fringe of Ashdown Forest, Sussex, eight miles from both Rye Grinstead and Hayward's Heath, has been sold, partly before and partly since the auction, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and Messrs. Turner, Rudge and Turner. Other sales by the former firm include: Highlands, a modern house and 135 acres at Bolney, near Hayward's Heath; a Berkhamsfield, Hertfordshire, freehold of 30 acres, called Westbrook Hay, Bourne End, with Messrs. Osborn and Mercer; and at Egham, Surrey, Eastley End, Thorpe, a Georgian house and 8 acres, for £25,000.

Baydon Manor, 3,000 acres, in Wiltshire, between Swindon and Hungerford, will be submitted at Newbury, on November 19 by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Thake and Paginton.

The Duke of Marlborough formerly owned a now extinct farm at Carterton, in Oxfordshire. It is the home of the Elmwood herd of pedigree British Friesians. The farm has a two-fold stock of 110 cows, 10 to 350 acres. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to offer it by auction. The same firm, with Messrs. Geering and Colyer, is to sell Ranworth Manor, a residence and 10 acres at Dornman Park, Surrey, for Commander Graham White, R.N.

ULTRA-MODERN SEASIDE
FREEHOLD

WHAT is described by Messrs. Fox and Sons as an "ultra-modern" house on West Parade, West Worthing, Sussex, has been sold by them for £9,000. It is called Pelham, and is of brick with a white or cream cement facing a flat, asphalted roof. One of its characteristics is vast expanse of window and balconies. The firm accepted, on behalf of clients, £29,500 for three sets of premises at 10, 11 and 12 Tudor Buildings, Above Bar Street, held on lease for 99 years from 1932 at a ground rent of £178 a year, the site owners being the West Worthing Corporation. The sale is a reminder of the expediency, where practicable, of having a leasehold redemption policy. The buyer of this development takes the benefit of six policies, under which, for a yearly premium of £46, he will receive £29,000 in 2007, and the present surrender value exceeds £1,000. On Eastington estate, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, has been offered by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Hobbs and Chambers, and the house and 135 acres privately sold before auction, for Mrs. P. G. MacLay. Birches estate, 73 acres, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, has been sold as a whole for £10,000, by Messrs. Bright Willis and Son.

The Dower Countess of Lindsey's executors have privately sold No. 99, Park Mayfair. It is held on a direct lease from the Duke of Westminster for 90 years from 1913. Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff negotiated the sale.

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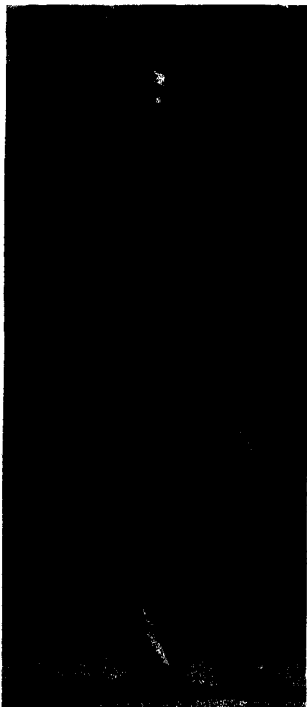
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Skirts

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As immensely wide skirt gathered to a tight bodice. Shoulders and hips are unpadded. The material is beige jersey. The dress from Matti.

(Left) Slim fitted tailored coats are still being shown. This one from Creed is in leaf green smooth cloth, faced, piped and buttoned with golden beige.

(Right) Creed has lengthened his skirts and shortened his jackets slightly. Note the mitered effect on the pockets, the unpadded pleats in the full skirt. Togue by Plassot and Pavy.

Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

THERE is a great latitude of choice in the winter fashions, and most of the day clothes are easy to wear and simple in outline. The full-skirted dresses and coats with their fitting bodices, which are made without any padding at all on the shoulders, look extremely young and gay. At the same time the redingote and the slim tailored frock are shown and look most elegant in the firmer textured woollens of the suiting and whipcord family. The dresses generally are cut with the suspicion of a petgop skirt achieved by very slight drapery, tucks or pockets slung from the waist. Silk frocks on the same slender lines have fullness draped over to the hips to a bustle effect at the back.

Colours for these winter ensembles are the metallic shades of brown and grey, dark greens and black, and they are shown with contrasting coloured hats, often trimmed with feathers in two or three more. A bronze ensemble will have a golden beige hat with feathers in copper, green and yellow; a dark olive green will be set off with a dusty pink toque with shaded feather ear-pads in two or three pastel tones. Hemlines are down by a couple of inches, but the exaggerated length

(Continued on page 848)





The Newest Suit Silhouettes

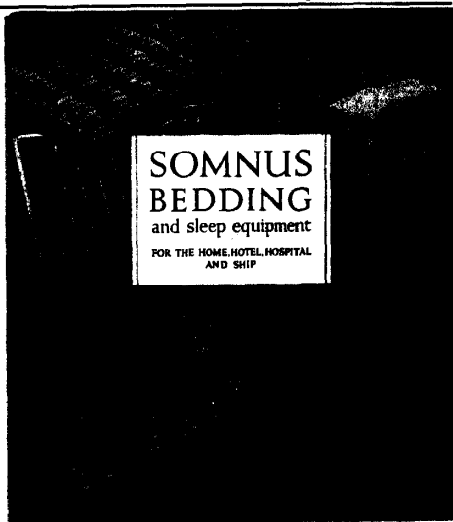
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THE BEDDING HOUSE OF RHODES
LEEDS William Rhodes, Ltd. NOTTINGHAM

rearing the ankles is seen in only a few isolated cases in London. The fitted coats in gaberdine, whipcord and Bedford cord, and the fuller ones in velours trimmed with fur or broad, dominate the winter styles, for it is the coat that must decide the length and outline of your winter dress.

In the Dorville collection of clothes which will be on sale in the early part of next year the longer skirt, tight bodice and soft shoulder-line indicate the silhouette of next year. Hips are rounded on everything, suit jackets double-breasted, closely fitted with natural shoulder lines, the basques stiffened under the pockets and cut away in curves over the tight skirts. A superb coat in gaberdine follows the same waisted line and is a good coat for a slim, tall woman. The coat is mid-calf length, that is about fourteen and a half inches from the ground, double-breasted with tight sleeves buttoned at the wrist and seams curving from the armpits in front making an hour-glass line at the waist that continues to the hem of the flared skirt. A jacket, considerably shorter than last season, in sky blue cloth, has its basque cut with gores that jut out over a pencil-slim black skirt.

CUFFED sleeves ending just below the elbow were shown on woollen dresses in bright clear blues and greens and also on the dresses in striped men's shirting, butcher blue and white, for next summer. A fine cotton with a design of hearts in pale blue or pink on a white ground with the outline traced in black is featured for a day dress with a wide skirt and a bodice with the raglan sleeves, the sloping shoulders and a Peter Pan collar that we see in pictures of our great aunts. The design is tiny and resembles that on print dresses worn by Edwardian maids with its well-covered ground and neat small diamond pattern. This is a very easy dress with its swathed waistband and full gored skirt and is to be available in the higher priced Utility range. The same



The dress under the coat on the previous page is slim as a reed and is green with beige buttons, button-holes and piping

cotton makes an ankle-length dance frock with a wide skirt, stiffened at the hips and hemline and with swathed waistband. The tiny boned bodice with a fichu framing the bare shoulders is most becoming. As always, there is a superb tweed suit in the most herring-bone design in tones of brown that Dorville always likes so well. The formula is the same, less emphatic to suit the fabric—a skirt, only slightly longer than last year and gored, the jacket with a curving basque, but only slightly so. By skilful cutting the designer can be lengthened by using a fraction more material than for the shorter ones.

In the Rahvis collection the suits are more exaggerated but still very wearable, and the effect is achieved without an excessive use of material. The jackets are nipped at the tiny waist with basques and flaps below giving a bulky look to the hips. The skirt underneath is plain and tight and mid-calf length. Materials are dark grey worsted and a cloth that looks like a beige whipcord but is softer in texture. Afternoon dresses in this collection are tight and slim, mid-calf length with drapery in front or at the back on the neckline, either as a bustle, or forming a pouch like a kangaroo. Often the short cap sleeves and the curve of the neckline are encrusted with sequins or beads to tone. A lovely evening dress in rose pink faille has bare shoulders, a tight-boned bodice, a long, tight skirt slit in the centre front. The hem and the bodice are decorated with a band of black jet embroidery and there are elbow-length pink gloves also trimmed with jet at the elbow. A fringed jet choker collar makes the finishing touch.

Very becoming toques and bonnets were shown with the Rahvis clothes. The mannequins drew their hair up to a bang in front and the bonnets or toques rested on top and were pinned on at the back, where the hair was short. The bonnets had zipped bags and gloves to match.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

EST. 1863

The First Cigar

for the best days

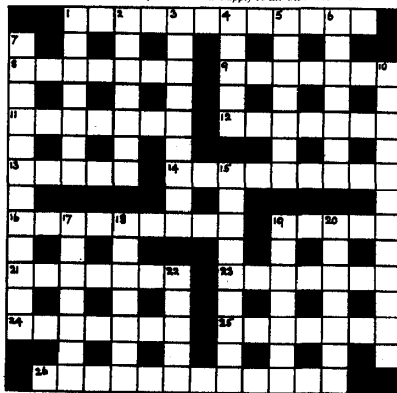
Don Garcia

FINE

CROSSWORD No. 924

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 924, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, October 30, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 923: The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of October 17, will be announced next week.
ACROSS.—1, Conspirator; 9, Ounce; 10, Chamelion; 11, Ally; 12, Surge; 13, Jude; 18, Endow; 17, Enacts; 19, Reefed; 20, Khaki; 21, Arty; 23, Peace; 24, Adam; 27, Garbaid; 28, Linnin; 29, Earth and air.
DOWN.—1, Conclude; 2, Need; 3, Picture of health; 4, Rearguard action; 5, Toes; 6, Rueful; 7, Royal Exchange; 8, Entertainment; 14 and 15, Sweepstake; 16, Pardoner; 21, Sterne; 25, Ebor; 26, Alma.

- 1, Charles apartment? (8, 4)
8, Cuckoo (7)
9, Of three-dimensional form (7)
11, How attractive to make a successful bet? (7)
12, Cattle-shed (7)
13, "The lilies and ——— were all awake; ——— they sighed for the dawn and then."
—(Emerson) (5)
14, A 20 down dish (9)
15, A German spa and what it offers to those tired of it all (5, 6)
19, Carrier of arms and missiles (5)
21, Let slip (7)
23, Such is the word that does the work (7)
24, It takes a red lot to make an informer (7)
25, Taken from the plate but not to eat (7)
26, Not the same thing as a rose-tree although that is its derivation (12)

DOWN

- 1, They are put on after a break (7)
2, The beginning of 12 comes to rest (7)
3, Press dial (anagr.) (9)
4, Head supports (8)
5, Contact the bishop familiarly? What a foolish thing to say! (7)
6, You can only see yours in a glass (7)
7, Not by the same author as *The Voyage Out* (7, 5)
10, This is reached at the end of the voyage (7, 5)
15, 'The first items to be seen in this museum are a tree and a little animal (8)
17, A strong man's undoing (7)
18, Demanded and got (7)
19, Jacket for the philosopher (7)
20, Tail-twisting Scot assumes another nationality (7)
22, Among other odd monarchs he was one (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 922 is

Mrs. M. H. Cheetham,

The Liberty,
Wells,
Somerset.

NEW WOOL MIXTURE
in two weights < dress and suit



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STAMPED ON
THE REVERSE

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36" wide, 3 coupons per yard

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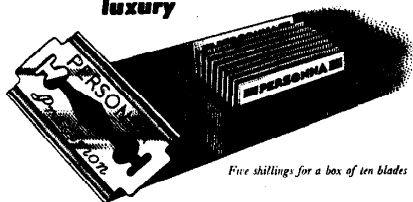


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the kindest powder in the world.

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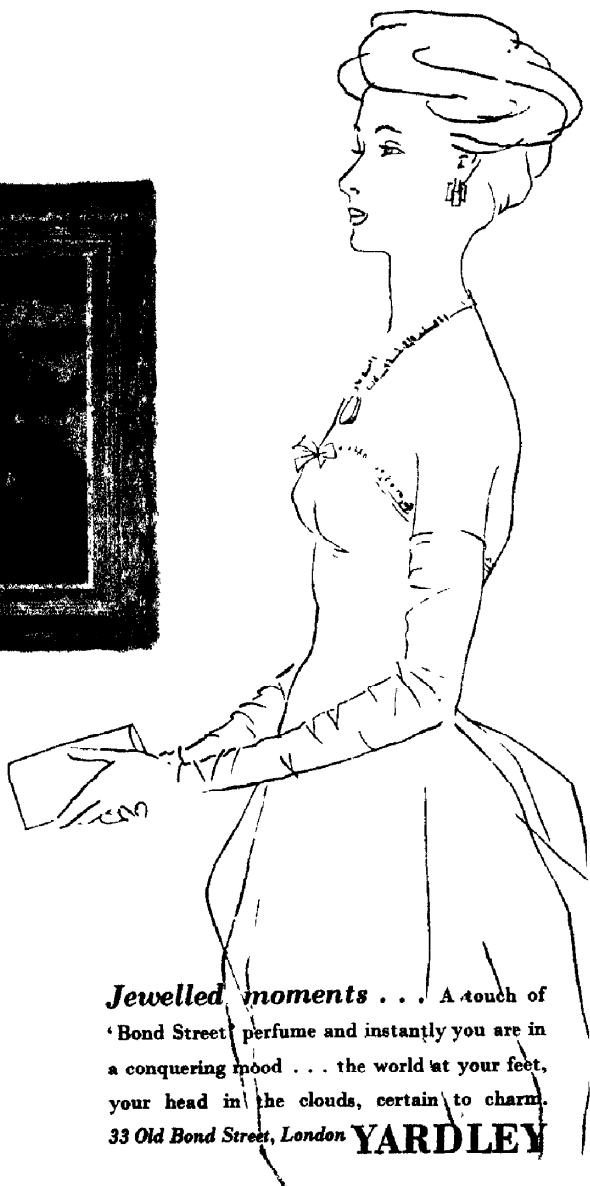
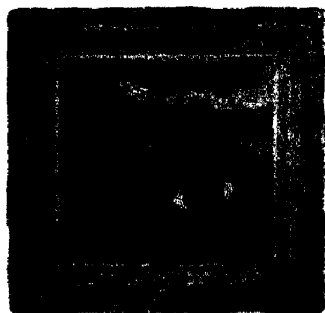
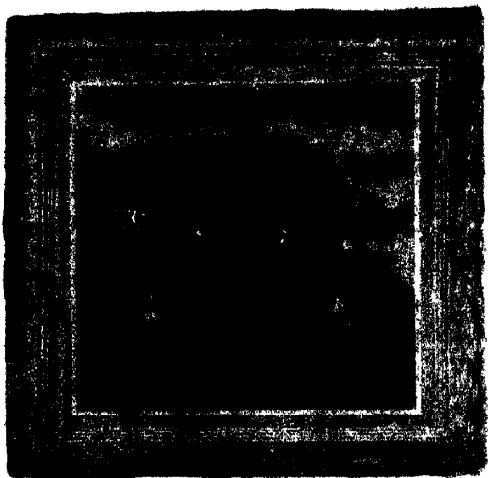
FRENCH ALMONDS

by *Cravens*
OF YORK

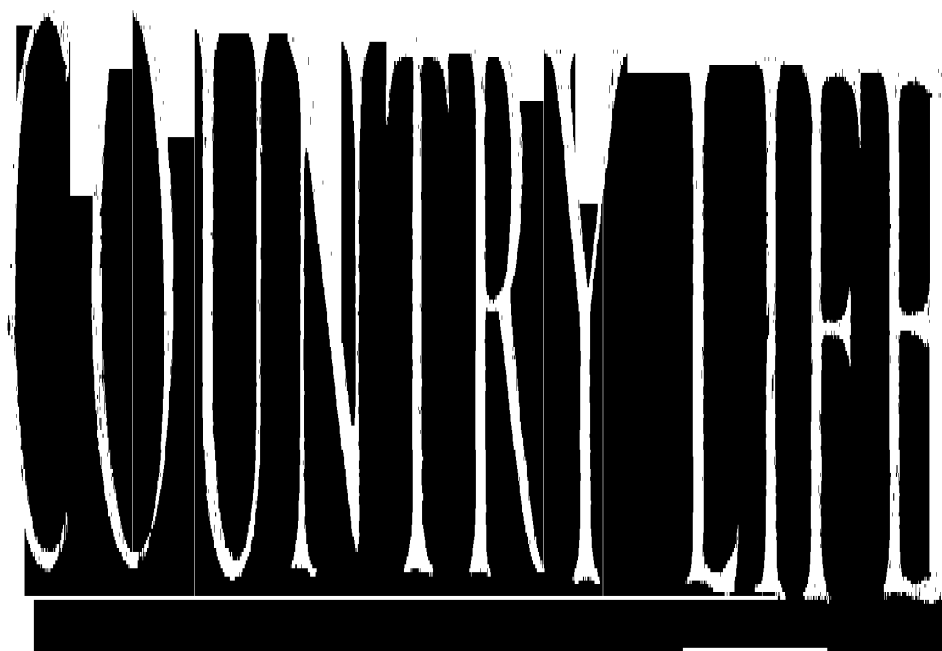
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a conquering mood . . . the world at your feet,
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2650

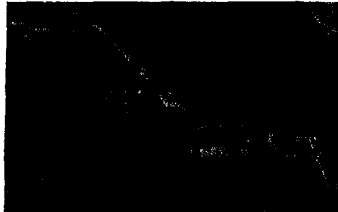
OCTOBER 31, 1947

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BRABOEUF MANOR, GUILDFORD



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Carefully restored and modernised and containing a wealth of the original 16th-century oak panelling. The Residence is in good order throughout.

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 principal bedrooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, ample domestic offices.

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Three good cottages.

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Seven important stock, tillage
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Also Membury House with
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The whole forming a first-class pheasant and partridge shoot.

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Auctioneers: Messrs. THAKE & PAGINTON, Newbury, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars and plan price 2/6.)



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Re Mrs. F. E. Hamilton Gordon, deceased.

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THE FAVOURITE RESORTS OF RAPALLO AND SANTA MARGHERETTA
Overlooking the Mediterranean, with magnificent views



THE VILLA, RIGHT FOREGROUND THE COTTAGE, LEFT

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Twenty-five rooms, 4 w.c.s with wash basins, 3 bath-

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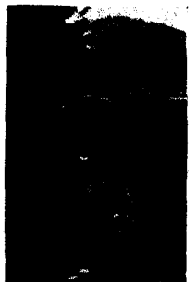
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Venue: Somerset County Council.

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Solicitors: Messrs. HOWES PERCIVAL & SUDGE, Twoaster and Northampton. Particulars of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel. 3315-6).

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GARAGE, STABLING AND 8 COTTAGES with other outbuildings.

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Compact offices. Charming small garden.

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AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

On one floor, facing south, with fine view.



Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, staff annexe.

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Central heating.

Garage, stabling, cottages, secondary residence.

Beautifully wooded grounds with swimming pool.

Recently renovated by present owner.

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A MEDIUM-SIZED GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE



Seven best bedrooms, reception, 5 bathrooms, staff rooms, 4 reception rooms.

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Well-timbered grounds with trout fishing.

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Hard and grass tennis courts. Dutch, Tudor and flower gardens.

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A first-class Dairy and Stock Farm of

350 Acres

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Exceptionally good stone-built Farmbuildings, including cowhouse for over 60, with tubular fittings and water bowls, stabling for 12, large barn with corn-drying and mixing plant, 5 stock yards, extensive pigsties with accommodation for 600, etc.

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Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

View by appointment only. Particulars 1/.

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3 miles from Evesham.

BROOK HOUSE, CROPTHORNE

A country residence of

medium size.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, sun-

pariet and loggia, 5 prin-

cipal beds, 3 servants' bed,

3 bath, compact offices.

Central heating, main elec-

tricity, drainage. Heated

garage and other useful out-

buildings. Chauffeur's bus-

galow. Gardener's cottage,

cricket and well-kept lawns,

ground with kitchen gar-

den, orchard and paddock,

good footpath River Avon.

About 2½ acres. Freehold.

For Sale by Auction at the Rose and Crown Hotel, Evesham, on Monday, November 24, at 4 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. LEE, CROWDER & CO., 18, Newhall Street, Birmingham 5.

Auctioneers: Messrs. R. U. RICHMOND & SONS, Evesham, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, Particulars 1/.

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Hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, usual offices. Main electric light, good water supply, modern drainage. Telephone. Garage for 3. Modern lounge, living room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bathroom. Attractive garden including rocky,illy pond, kitchen garden, fruit trees and two fids.

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(Established 1882)

1, STATION ROAD, READING: 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

FRESHLY IN THE MARKET.

IN A PEACEFUL UNSPOILT COUNTRY DISTRICT

(yet not isolated) within 8 miles of Reading and 5 miles of Wokingham (electric S.R. to Waterlo). Distinctly 10 miles. Hunting with the North and South Herts.

A LOVELY OLD-WORLD COUNTRY HOUSE OF QUEEN ANNE PERIOD

with the following accommodation, all on two floors:

Lounge hall (32 ft. x 15 ft.), study (26 ft. x 15 ft.), dining room (26 ft. x 14 ft.), a fine drawing room (27 ft. x 20 ft.). Good domestic offices, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, cloakroom.

Own electric light (already wired for main, available very soon). Central heating.



Strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, Reading.

Own water supply. Main water available.

Modern drainage.

Garage for 2 or 3 cars. Stabling. Excellent

Modern Cottage.

Richly Timbered Garden and Grounds,

Including a Hard Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn.

Heathland Land intersected by paths, etc.

In all 12 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Regent 2011 (2 lines)

Regent 2886

44 ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

A VERY RARE OPPORTUNITY HAS JUST OCCURRED TO PURCHASE

A SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE IN A PARK

Only 23 miles from Westminster, and if necessary suitable for use as a small hotel. In a very healthy part near a good village, shops and buses.

THIS EXCELLENT SMALL ESTATE has been exceptionally well maintained and is in first-class order.

It is compact, easily run and has all the essential and desirable features of an outstandingly attractive, complete and comfortable country home.

The house contains fine lounge hall, 3 well-proportioned reception rooms (parquet floors), 8-10 bedrooms (7 baths), 4 bathrooms.



COMPLETE CENTRAL HEATING.

MAIN ELECTRICITY. "AGA" COOKER.

AMPLE FITTED CUPBOARDS.

Garage for 3. Capital stabling and other outbuildings.

THREE COTTAGES.

Lovely gardens, walled kitchen garden.

Finely timbered parkland, in all 27 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE EXCEPT ONE COTTAGE AND 2½ ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD £19,500.

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (Regent 6012).

Regent
4904

OSBORN & MERCER

MR. ALSEMANE ST.,
FROGADILL, WEA

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS

Delightfully situated high up, commanding magnificent views
and within easy driving reach of London.AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE
in first-class decorative condition, well planned and
quite up to date.Hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths.
All main services. Central heating.TWO BRICK-BUILT GARAGES WITH SPLENDID
FLAT OVER.
Extensive grounds with orchard, kitchen garden & grass
tennis court, hard court (under reurfacing) the whole
extending to

ABOUT 2 ACRES

PRICE FRESHOLD ONLY £6,950

Quick sale desired on owner going abroad
Inspected and highly recommended by the Owner's
Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 928)

NORTHANTS

Delightfully situated in the centre of the Fyfeley country

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE DATED 1789

ADJOINING AN OLD WORLD VILLAGE

Three reception rooms, 11-12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms
Main Electricity and Drainage. Stabling.
Five cottages (two with possession)CHARMING LAKE OF ABOUT 2 ACRES
Well timbered matured gardens, kitchen garden, grassland
etc. in all.

ABOUT 36 ACRES

FOR SALE FRESHOLD

Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 987)

WEST SOMERSET

In the heart of Somerset, occupying a unique situation facing
down to several small known beauty spots.AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL
RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL
ESTATE

CAPITAL MODERN RESIDENCE

with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, attic rooms

Two cottages, stabling, farm buildings
Parklike grounds, ornamental gardens, bathing pool,
pasture etc.

ABOUT 180 ACRES

One mile of first-class fishing

Moderate price Freshhold

Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 842)

SURREY, NEAR FARNHAM

In a lovely situation in the glorious pine and heather country
close to several small known beauty spots.A SPLENDID MODERN RESIDENCE
brick built with tiled roof and having south west
aspect.Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 2 bedrooms (all with fitted
bathes h and c) & 2 bathrooms
All main services. Central heating.First double garage.
The delightful grounds are inexpensive to maintain, b i g
principally 1st and heather and they extend in all

ABOUT 4 ACRES

PRICE FRESHOLD ONLY £5,750

Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 970)

WEST SUSSEX

On the Selwyn peninsula about 6 1/2 miles from Chichester and
served by excellent service of buses

A DELIGHTFUL SMALL BUNGALOW

having an extremely attractive appearance with a
heavily thatched roof.Large central lounge about 21 feet square, 3 bedrooms (one
having fitted basin h and c), modern bathroom, sun lounge.Company, electricity and water. Double garage.
Gardens and lawn ample in character and extending to

ABOUT 1 ACRE

PRICE FRESHOLD ONLY £3,500

Sole Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (M 3478)

FAVOURITE SURREY DISTRICT

Splendidly situated about a mile from the station and near
to Green Lane and other bus servicesAN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE
Easy to run. Facing south and approached from a
private road.Three reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms,
bathrooms.All main services. Large garage.
Matured gardens, attractively disposed and having a fine
variety of fruit-trees, fruit trees in all.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

FOR SALE FRESHOLD £7,000

Agents OSBORN & MERCER as above (17 982)

3 MOUNT ST
LONDON W1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Greenwich
1033-53

SOUTH HERTS—MIDDLESEX BORDERS

Ten miles north of Town on high ground with fine southern views. Unique position
without parallel within a similar distance of London.A SMALL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY OF SPECIAL
APPEAL TO A CITY MAN

THE DARLANDS, TOTTERIDGE LANE, TOTTERIDGE

About 1 mile station. On bus route. Only 30 minutes drive from Town.

A SUPERBLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Designed by an eminent architect and erected about 17 years ago regardless of expense
in mellowed red brick with white roof. Labour saving in every detail with accommo-

dation on the floors only.

EIGHT BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, 4 RECEPTION AND
COVERED LOUNGE, COMPLETION AND UP TO DATE OFFICES.
THE APPOINTMENTS THROUGHOUT AND PARCELING DOORS FLOORS
ETC. ALL IN PERFECT STATE.

FORMING A HOME OF CHARM AND PERFECTION

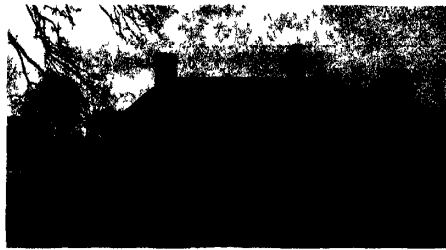
All main services. Central 1st class and domestic hot water (11 m m). Fine garage
(4) and flat over at 1st-rate 1st class cottage arranged for 1 car & courtyard.

THE GARDENS OF DELIGHTFUL CHARM

With broad and stone set foot terrace and paths. Rose at 1st water garden. Productive
kitchen garden and woodland 1 walks with fine timber sloping gently down to the
parkland as a d lake on south river boundary.

IN ALL ABOUT 26 ACRES. ALL IN HAND

FRESHOLD FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY OR AUCTION LATER



Full details, plan and permit to view of Owner & Agents to RALPH PAY & TAYLOR as above

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central
9344/6/7Established 1780
AUCTIONEERS' CHARTERED SURVEYORS' LAND AGENTS
29 FLEET STREET LONDON EC4Telegram:
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BERKSHIRE

SERVICE FLATS

AT

SOUTH HILL PARK, BRACKNELL

A SELF-CONTAINED SERVICE FLAT CONTAINING
1 RECEPTION ROOM, 2 BEDROOMS BATHROOM AND
KITCHEN WILL SHORTLY BECOME AVAILABLETHESE ATTRACTIVE FLATS WITH MODERN
AMENITIES ARE SITUATED IN SPACIOUS GROUNDS
AND PARK154, BROMPTON ROAD
LONDON, S.W.2NEAR Station Wotton 30 miles
London. Splendid fully fitted
Farm house and service. Near dairy
residence, 6 bed (2 good baths h and c),
central heating, electric phone, new
gardens, excellent buildings, 1750
four cottages. Possession. Freshhold.
Sole agents.WIMBORNE, Dorsetshire, Chelmsford
Basing and Paulley Priors, nearly 40
acres. Rich land. Good farmhouse.
Excellent buildings. Main sale, main
water. Possession. Freshhold. Only
£4,500. Retail milk road, also live and
dead stock (optional). Certain to be sold
quickly. View at once to secure sole
agents.SOMERSET, nr Minehead and Buss-
ton. Periodically attractive, well-planned
and profitable Dairy Farm about 110
acres, rich pasture. Good dairyman's place
single period country house, 3 rec., 7 bed,
bath, excellent buildings, cottage.
Possession. Freshhold.DEVON, nr Cheltenham, Black
Farm, 200 acres, well watered level
fine. Roomy farmhouse. Excellent
buildings, 1750. Freshhold. Possession.
Only £2,500. Bargain.TAUNTON, nr Tiverton, 4. Splendid
1750 Farm, nearly 200 acres. First-class
over 1000 superior farmhouse & 6 bed, bath,
1st class. Excellent buildings. Cottage.
Possession. Freshhold.EXETER (4 miles). One of the very best
red land well Farm, 140 acres (mostly
pasture) exceptionally well watered. Good
routy farmhouse, single buildings, 1750
25 cottages (11 with solarium). Free-
hold possession, £10,000. Sole agents.N. Plymouth Dairy and Mixed Farm
100 acres. Good farmhouse single built
house, 1750. Possession. Freshhold.
Only £2,500. Sole agents.WIMBORNE. One of the finest fully
fitted Dairy Farm, 200 acres.
Period residence modernized. The build-
ings, 1750. Also retail milk business
of long standing selling over 200 gals
daily. Excellent. Freshhold, as going
concern. Sole agents.CENTRAL Dairy Farm and Guest
House. Grand position, sea views
at around 20. Central 10 acres. Over-
built farmhouse, 6 bed, bath, elec. h.
Excellent buildings. Freshhold or with
live and dead stock, 1st class bull 16
head of cattle, poultry, pigs, etc. to take
over at once. View quick.NEAR Banbury. Charming 17th
century house. Full of oak and
period features. Completely modernized.
Perfect repair. Lounge hall, 2 rec., 4
bed, bath, electric. Excellent modernized
cattle, electric drainage, excellent water
garden & cart, stabling, old gardens are
new. Delightful position in a lovely old
village absolutely superb. Freshhold.
With Possession £2,500.Kensington
8128-9

Grosvenor 1853

(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Robert Place, Eaton Sq.,
West Middle St.,
Belgrave St.,
W.1
Westminster, S.W.1

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Ten minutes main line station. Daily reach of London (45 mins.). 500 ft. up, with delightful views.

An attractive Modern Residence containing: Hall, drawing room (25 ft. 6 in. x 15 ft.), dining room, (with panelled walls), morning room, kitchen, etc., a bedroom, 3 bathrooms, central heating throughout. Co. gas and electricity, main water, modern drainage system. Garage for 3 cars. Gardens. Hard tennis court. Orchard, paddock, in all nearly 3 acres

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above. (A. 4584)

LOVELY UNPOISONED SUSSEX

BEAUTIFUL SMALL MOATED MANOR HOUSE AND 80-ACRE STUD FARM WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Restored and modernised, but retaining period features and wealth of old oak. Four bed., 3 bath, 3 rec. rooms, and oak hall entrance (or separate flat) of 5 rooms and 2 bathrooms (more accommodation for conversion if required). Main water, e.s., central heating, drainage. Garages. Two modern cottages. Farm buildings including 25 modern horse boxes and 2 fine covered yards. Pasture land, old world garden. Arable, 100 acres pasture. 800 ACRES

Inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.3602)

10, ARCADE STREET,
1st FLOOR
LONDON E8 4BA

WOODCOCKS

30, ST. GEORGE STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE, W.1
Mayfair S411

N. W. EBBES (Saffron Walden 3 miles London 47). **CHARMING XVIII-CENTURY RESIDENCE**, completely rural, 350 ft. up, restored by architect. Three reception, 4-6 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity, water. Central heating. Delightful garden, including orchard, about 6 ACRES. Cottages. **FREEHOLD £7,500**.—Reply Ipswich Office.

E. SUFFOLK (near run Aldeburgh). **GENTLEMAN'S BUNGALOW-STYLE RESIDENCE**, superbly built and of most pleasing design. Two reception, main & sitting room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Extra large garage. Well-stocked garden, orchard, paddock, about 8 ACRES. An exceptional property. **FREEHOLD £6,000**.—Reply Ipswich Office.

High up with delightful rural views.

WESTERHAM, KENT. Close village and station overlooking Common. **DELIGHTFUL MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER**. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 principal, 4 other bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, model kitchen, etc., excellent central heating; all main. Beautiful undulating grounds 8 ACRES. Modern cottage, Garage 2 cars, stabling 3. Possession. **FREEHOLD £14,000**.—Inspected and recommended, Woodcocks, London Office.

High up in rural surroundings. **EPSON, CLOSE DOWN**. One mile town. **ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE**. 5 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; all main. Delightful garden and grounds 4 ACRES. Large double garage, warden's cottage. **FREEHOLD £12,000 OR 10% OFFER**.—Inspected and recommended, WOODCOCKS, London Office.

By Auction November 25 (tender previously sold). **BROXTON, CLOSE DOWN, KENT**. 11 miles Swanley Junction station. **VALUABLE GLASSHOUSE (7,000 sq. ft.)**. **MURPHY**. Detached modern house, 2 reception, 3 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 600 sq. ft. rich luxury market garden, etc. to be taken going concern. Early possession. **FREEHOLD**, valuable equipment and growing stock.—Particulars: WOODCOCKS, London Office.

In charming typical Chiltern village. **OXON VILLAGE**. Close Hall Station. Prices Rishers 6 miles. **DETACHED RESIDENCE**. Lounge hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Well-stocked garden, Main electricity, garden and paddock 3 ACRES. Two big lawns, stabling, etc. Suitable pigs and poultry. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £5,750**.—Inspected, WOODCOCKS, London Office.

With private sandy beach. Wonderful seascapes view.

ST. AUUSTEL, CORNWALL. 14 miles main line station. Small Residential Farm. **GENTLEMAN'S FINE TURESCUE RESIDENCE**. Three reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water. 28 ACRES including freshwater. MODERN COTTAGE. Large stone barn, ample outbuildings. Possession (except 17 acres). **FREEHOLD**. Would sell principal residence and 2 acres only.—WOODCOCKS, London Office.

WANTED

WEST SUSSEX. Gentleman seeks Country Residence with 10-20 ACRES, 6-8 bedrooms, medium garden. Will pay £18,000-£20,000.—Mark envelopes "Westworth", Woodcocks, 30, St. George Street, W.1.

NORTH COUNTRY MAN seeks property close to or on the coast with deep water anchorage (actual estuary frontage a great attraction). Bizarre house not required but water light, etc., greatly appreciated. Anything from 40-800 ACRES considered; price limit £20,000.—Write: "Yacht", c/o WOODCOCKS, 30, St. George Street, London, W.1.

RESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

(Grosvenor 2561) Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

DEVON. 11 miles main line station; 600 ft. up. **CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE** in good order and with main electricity and Race course; telephone. Three reception, 3 bath, 5 bedrooms, garage, stables, garden's cottage. Charming grounds, rock and kitchen garden, vinery, etc. 11 ACRES. **£6,000 FREEHOLD**.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (7-2527)

SUSSEX. HOUR LONDON. Outskirts of village. **CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE** in excellent order and recently modernised throughout; carriage drive. Hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, 7-10 bedrooms. All main services. Telephone. Electric central heating. Double garage, stable, excellent flat. Delightful garden with variety of flowering shrubs, tennis and other lawns, well garden, kitchen garden and paddock, 41 ACRES. Strongly recommended.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street. (25-342)

BLETCHLEY JUNCTION (L.M.S.) 21 miles. CHARMING MODERN RED BRICK AND TILED VILLAGE HOUSE. Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms. All main services. Central heating. Telephone. Swimming pool. Well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard and paddock. 4 ACRES. **£6,000 FREEHOLD**. VACANT POSSESSION.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (25-028)

17th-CENTURY STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE COTSWOLDS, 8 miles Higham Junction. 450 ft. up in lovely old village. **PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE** with stone-tiled roof. Lounge hall, 3 reception, studio, 2 bath, 5-6 bed. Main electricity and drainage. Telephone. Swimming pool, horse boxes. Small house (h. and c.). Grounds 4 ACRES bounded by river Windrush, affording fishing. **POSSESSION IN SPRING**.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17-250)

COTSWOLDS

TO BE LET

UNFURNISHED **ERWORTH PARK**, standing on high ground near Birdlip, close to Woodstock, Oxfordshire, and stoned. Three-four reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 secondary bedrooms. Central heating. Electricity. Cottages. In all 30 ACRES. Rent £250 per annum. Orders to view must be obtained before viewing the above.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

Charming Manor House within easy reach of Cirencester, Cheltenham, Gloucester and Stroud, and standing in beautiful grounds and woodland. Three-four reception rooms, 5-6 bedrooms. Central heating. Electricity. Outbuildings. Cottages.

Nominal Rent accepted from careful Tenants.

DAVIS, CHAMPION & PAYNE

Est. 1772.

Stroud, Glos.

Tel. 674/8

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

17, BLAUGRAVE STREET, READING. Telex 2920 & 4112.

TILSWORTH HOUSE, NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

FORMERLY A LATE 18th-CENTURY RECTORY, carefully modernised and in excellent order. Beautifully situated (but not isolated) on high ground commanding extensive views of the Vale of Aylesbury. 11 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 sitting rooms, 2 reception rooms, 2 offices, 5 bedrooms, also dressing room, modern basin, h. and c., 2 well-tiled bathrooms. 100 ft. electricity and water. Central heating throughout. Garage, and well-kept old-world garden, with VACANT POSSESSION OF the above.

Also 2 bedrooms, 4 lounge boxes and paddock. **LET AT £150 PER ANNUM UNTIL 1948**. 11 ft. about 1/4 ACRES. **FREEHOLD. FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION IN NOVEMBER NEXT** by Wellesley Smith & Co. (as above).

11 ACRES BEACONFIELD, Bucks. in woodland setting. **SUCCESSOR N HOUSE** in first-rate order, with lounge hall, cloak, 3 sitting, 6 bedrooms, 3 baths. Main services. Central heating. Splendid cottage, garage, etc. About **£10,000. FREEHOLD. £5,750**.

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD TO GUILDFORD. Oak panelling, beams and floor. 3 sitting, cloak, 5 bedrooms (2 with basins), bath. Main services. Part outbuilding. Garage 2 cars. Man's room. About 1/2 ACRES. **FREEHOLD. £7,500**. Wellesley Smith & Co. as above.

Wallington 2006
(4 lines)

MOORE & CO.,

CARSHALTON

Auctioneers and Surveyors

KESTON PARK, KENT

In a perfectly secluded and quiet situation in a private park, yet within very easy walking distance of town, Green Lane station and shops.

A HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY WITH EVERY POSSIBLE LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE

Inspected by the Agents and highly recommended.

Very spacious accommodation affording 8 large bedrooms, 2 reception (one 14 ft. x 11 ft.), square hall with cloakroom, perfect kitchen, luxury bathroom.

Features include extensive oak joinery including oak beams, stained oak doors, window frames, etc.

Erected in 1937 by an architect for his own occupation.

Beautiful garden. Detached garage. Afternoons.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION. PRICE 100,000. FREEHOLD

Details from Sole Selling Agents: W. E. MOORE & CO., Carshalton, as above. (Folio 4211)

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Overseas £131 (8 lines)
Established 1875

WOLDINGHAM, SURREY

Station ½ mile.

Unique position standing high, 550 ft. above sea level.

Glorious views over a wide expanse of wooded and undulating country.

Eight bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiards room, compact domestic offices.

All main services. Cottage. Garage.

3¼ ACRES OR 7¼ ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,500 OR £13,500

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

KINGS ROAD, WINDSOR

Station Windsor 1 mile.

ATTRACTIVE FAVOURABLE SITUATE FAMILY RESIDENCE

Eleven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

Central heating. All main services.

Attractive gardens and grounds.

ABOUT 2 ACRES

LEASEHOLD FOR SALE £9,500

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

PETHAM, NEAR CANTERBURY, KENT

QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

SMALL PRODUCTIVE FARM

Five bedrooms, 2 reception rooms.

Company's water and electricity. Central heating.

Attractive gardens. Outbuildings.

ABOUT 28 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £8,500

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.
(Regent 6885)

HERTS

Within 12 miles of the West End, overlooking a golf course.

A MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE

Situate in beautiful gardens and woodland extending to

NEARLY 6 ACRES.

Accommodation on two floors only includes: very fine lounge hall, drawing-room, dining-room, library, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. EFFICIENT CENTRAL HEATING.

Fine garage for 3 or 4 cars. Cottage with sitting-room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchenette.

A CHOICE PROPERTY RECOMMENDED BY MAPLE & CO. FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICE.



F. L. MERCER & CO.

Regent 8481

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

"A LITTLE SUSSEX GEM"

Lonely Ashdown Forest district.



Architect designed and of extraordinary charm. Oak floors, doors, staircase, etc. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms (one 24 ft. x 14 ft.), 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main services. Central heating. Large artistic garage.

Landscape garden, fruit, wood 1½ miles.

1 ACRE. PRICE FREEHOLD £8,750

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

WINCHESTER, HANTS

Walking distance station, golf and buses.



A delightful Modern House in a secluded but not isolated position. Architect designed, picturesque and easy to run. Hall and cloakroom, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main services. Large garage. Matured garden, orchard and paddock.

2½ ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

WEST SURREY VILLAGE GREEN

King's reach Oldfield. On bus route.



A 17th-century gem. Picturesque elevations and period features. Modernised and in perfect order. Two reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main services. Large garage.

Pretty garden with fruit trees.

½ ACRE. PRICE FREEHOLD £7,750

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

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RINGWOOD (Tel. 811) and BRANCHES

NEW FOREST

Ringwood 2½ miles.

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY PROPERTY

occupying a splendid high site commanding charming forest and valley scenery. Seven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms. Main water and electricity. Septic drainage. Outgoing (for 5). Stabling. Charming gardens inexpensive of upkeep and

11 ACRES. POSSESSION

RINGWOOD

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD GUEST HOUSE

(formerly Old Mill House), with river intersecting grounds, affording scope for expansion. Twelve bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main services. Cottage. Substantial mill buildings (suitable conversion). Grounds about 1¼ ACRES

May be purchased as going concern or private residence.

NEAR SEASIDE

CHARMING MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Four bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Main services. Grounds of about ¼ ACRE with best tennis court.

POSSESSION

NEW FOREST

Ringwood 1½ miles.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY PROPERTY ON HIGH SITE

Four bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Main water and electricity. Garage. Grounds of about 8½ ACRES with paddock.

POSSESSION

Hawthurst,
Kent

GEERING & COLYER

Telephone:
Hawthurst 818

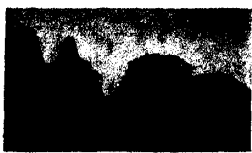
and at ARBFORD, KENT: RYE, HEATHFIELD and WADHURST, SUSSEX.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS

Eight miles Rye, 10 miles Hastings. 300 ft. above sea level. Glorious panoramic views.

FINE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE, 400 ACRES PICTURESQUE COTSWOLD-STYLE RESIDENCE

Lounge 27 ft. square with stone fireplace, dining room, fine sitting room or studio 25 ft. x 18 ft., 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen and office. Electric light and heat. Good water supply and drainage. Telephone. Fine old barn and out. Delightful gardens and orchard. Shooting lodge, range of buildings, cottage, two well-kept farms and 2 cottages. "Alureds" Northern. Auction at Rye on November 15, or privately.



Interested particulars of Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. ALFRED J. BURROWS, CLARENCE, WIFE & SONS, Ashford and Cranbrook, Kent; Messrs. GEORGE A. COLYER, Hawthurst and Ashford, Kent; Rye, Heathfield and Wadhurst, Sussex.

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WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1461

RURAL BUCKS. 24 MILES LONDON

Between Beaconsfield and Windsor. On edge of small village, bus route to main line station. London half an hour.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE



Lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating (oil-burning) throughout. Garage.

Stabling. Two old-world cottages. Delightful gardens with hard court.

Kitchen garden, etc.

An ideal home for the business man.

£12,500 WITH 2½ ACRES

Sole Agents: Wilson & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

HERTFORDSHIRE. 20 MILES LONDON

AN IDEAL PROPERTY FOR INSTITUTION OR COUNTRY CLUB.

18th-CENTURY RESIDENCE

In the centre of a finely timbered park.

Lounge hall, billiards, 5 reception rooms, 11 principal and ample secondary and staff bedrooms, 8 bathrooms. Main services.

Central heating. Trout fishing in river running through the estate. Swimming pool. Squash court.

Ball's house. Five cottages. Three flats. Home farm in hand.

FOR SALE WITH 175 ACRES

Agents: Wilson & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

HOVE
4056

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Picture-perfect low built house with timbered elevation.

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IN NATURAL WOODLAND, NR. IGHTHAM, KENT
A GENTLEMAN'S COMPACT RESIDENCE

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AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE
OF 1,335 ACRES
IMPORTANT RESIDENCE



THE RESIDENCE

Hall, 5 reception rooms, 8 principal;
10 secondary, and 6 staff bedrooms;
5 bathrooms, modernised offices.

CENTRAL HEATING.
COMPANY'S ELECTRICITY.

TWIS LOUNGES.

HUNTING STABLES.

SQUASH COURT. 31 ACRES

Two farms, 323 and 369 ACRES,

with modern buildings.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

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MODERN RESIDENCE.

ALL WITH VACANT

POSSESSION.



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Four farms from 73 to 376 ACRES. Six cottages. Accommodation land.

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in lots, unless sold privately, at Leicester on November 12, 1947.

Auctioneers: SHAKESPEAR, MORTON & GRAM, 17, Wellington Street, Leicester. KNIGHT & CO., 14, Cromwell Place, South Kensington, S.W.7. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. Particulars, price &c.

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Valley of the Itchen near Winchester.



LOVELY RED BRICK QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

With about 200 yards of
balcony in the garden.
Lounge hall, 4 reception,
10 bed and 2 dressing.
5 bath, suite of 5 rooms and
bedroom.

Central heating. Main ser-
vices. Two outcrops.
Chaucer's flat.

Walled garden and kitchen
garden. Pasture land.

About 18 ACRES

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) at Winchester on Nov. 11, 1947.

Auctioneers: HARDING & HARDING, Midland Bank Chambers, Winchester; JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

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20 miles Exeter.

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In spotless condition.

With 14 ACRES

Your Cottage
and buildings for small
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Three reception and garden
room: 7½ bed. (chairs in
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Complete central heating;
Rear cooker, etc. Excep-
tional self-supporting garden.



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1½ miles from Sturley Station (Main line Waterloo-Exeter) 4 miles from Shaftesbury, 20 miles from Salisbury.

TO LET UNFURNISHED SEDGEHILL MANOR

ATTRACTIVE OLD FAMILY MANOR HOUSE

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 principal
bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, servants' bedrooms,
ample domestic offices.



Stabling with groom's accommodation.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.

4½ ACRES

RENTAL £200 PER ANNUM

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700 (3 lines)

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HIGH UP, IN THE CENTRE OF A SHOWN FOREST, with unrivalled views. **OLD-WORLD COTTAGE-STYLE RESIDENCE**, 6½ beds, 5 bath, 2-3 reception. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage 3 cars and **EXCELLENT OUTBUILDING**. Parquet flooring; wash basins in bedrooms. Close to village. Recommended by the agents, as above, at £28,000, with **VACANT POSSESSION**, and to include a beautifully maintained garden and paddock, in all 2 ACRES.

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SUSSEX. Within easy distance main-line station, 30 minutes from **PICTURE-SCAPE OLD STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE** in park, farm and woodlands of nearly 100 ACRES. About 10 bed and dressing-rooms, 3 bath, fine suite of reception rooms. Electric light. Long drive approach. Lodge and several outcrops. Lovely old grounds. Farmhouse and extensive buildings. **PRICE £28,000 OR WOULD BE SOLD WITH LESS LAND**. Strongly recommended by Jarvis & Co., as above.

WANTED URGENTLY, IN KENT, SUSSEX, OR HANTS. A Farm with 100 or more acres for an Abbeyside hotel, and a house with 6-7 bedrooms, with vacant possession. Price up to £25,000. Liberty properties will be inspected immediately. In the same area, and for a similar purpose, an Estate with 100-200 ACRES, and an 8-bedded house, is being sought urgently. Price up to £20,000.—Replies to JARVIS & CO., as above.

SUNNINGDALE CHANCELLORS & CO. (Tel. A901 2 & 64) **ANCUT**
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IN THE MARKET FOR THE FIRST TIME. SUNNINGDALE

High ground on famous golf links. Fine winter road Club House, station, shops, buses, etc.

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Strongly recommended by the Local Sole Agents: CHANCELLORS & CO., as above.

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On the outskirts of a village, 1 minute bus ride, 1 mile station (Waterloo 40 minutes).

Most attractive Detached Country Residence

In excellent repair throughout. Five bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, dining room, excellent offices. All main services. Central heating. Garage 2 cars. Charming grounds with tennis lawn, fine walled kitchen garden well stocked with peaches and other fruit trees, orchard, etc.—Homebush 2000. Freehold. Is all over ½ ACRE. Price Freehold £7,500. Apply: CHANCELLORS & CO., as above.

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WITH MAGNIFICENT UNINTERRUPTED PANORAMIC VIEWS OVER POOLE HARBOUR TO THE PURBECK HILLS
CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST POSITIONS ON THE SOUTH COAST
CANFORD CLIFFS, BOURNEMOUTH

Situated on high ground within a minute's walk from the water's edge

An exceptionally choice modern

Freehold Marine Residence

Seven bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, reception hall lounge and dining room, combined library morning room, sun lounge, billiard room, playroom, complete domestic offices, unique central heating system installed. All main services built in.

Beautifully laid out grounds including a hard tennis court.

The whole extending to an area of **ABOUT ONE ACRE**. Vacant Possession on completion of the purchase.

PRICE £28,000 FREEHOLD

The Valuable Furnishings can be purchased if desired

Auctioneers Messrs Fox & Sons, 44-52 Old Christchurch Road Bournemouth. Also at Southampton, Brighton and Worthing.

Of particular interest to Yachtsmen

SANDBANKS, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH

Occupying a magnificent position with gorgeous views over Poole Harbour to Bournemouth Island and the Purbeck Hills beyond. Within a few minutes' walk of a beautiful sandy beach. 5 miles from Bournemouth and Poole.



The magnificently situated and beautifully appointed Modern Freehold Residence

"SUMA" BANKS ROAD, SANDBANKS

Five bedrooms, 5 bath rooms, lounge, dining room, study, view from kitchen and compact domestic offices.

Central heating. All public services. Built in garage. Small attractive garden. Vacant Possession on completion of the purchase.

To be sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Minton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, November 13, 1947, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately). Solicitors: Messrs TULLY & LITTLE, Church Chambers, St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth. Auctioneers: Messrs Fox & Sons, 44-52 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

WORTHING OUTSKIRTS

Occupying a magnificent position on high ground commanding glorious views of the sea and surrounding countryside.

The exceptionally attractive Detached Freehold modern Tudor-style Residence "HADLEIGH," HIGH SALVINGTON



Eight bedrooms, bath room, 3 reception rooms, compact domestic offices, cloakroom. Double garage.

Well maintained grounds with ornamental pond, lawn, rockeries and kitchen garden extending to about 2 ACRES.

Vacant Possession

To be sold by Auction (unless previously sold) at the Stays Hotel, Worthing, on Wednesday, December 16, 1947.

Solicitor: Mr. G. HILLARY KNIGHT, 100, 5 High Street, Worthing. Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 41 Chapel Road, Worthing. Tel. 0120 (2 lines).

By direction of the Trustees

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Situated about 1½ miles from Ryde with excellent boat service to Portsmouth, whence London is easily reached by express train

SEAGROVE ESTATE

Comprising a section of the picturesque seaside resort of Seaview including the moderate sized mansion known as "Seagrove" possessing remarkably fine views over the hillside and standing in a miniature park of about 17 ACRES. Home farm of about 55 acres. The fully licensed Pier Hotel of 66 bedrooms with vacant possession.

Freehold ground rents secured on excellent Residential and Commercial Properties. Rack rents. Two houses capable of conversion to week-end cottages. Excellent cottages with vacant possession. Block of well wooded land. Building site. Beach, bathing, air park and boating rights and

THE UNIQUE CHAIN PIER

Total actual income £275 per annum. VACANT POSSESSION of Main Residence, Pier Hotel, one Cottage, one Seafront, Chain Pier, and Car Parking Rights.

To be offered for Sale by Auction, in one or several Lots, at Kimbelle Cafe, Osborne Road, Southsea, on Thursday, November 28, 1947, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs FARRER, Market Street, Ryde. Auctioneers: Messrs Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

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(12 BRANCH OFFICES)

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TALBOT WOODS, BOURNEMOUTH

The choice and well-conditioned modern Freehold Residence

"BUNNYCOURT," 24, GLENFERNES AVENUE

Having private access to Muriel Park Golf Course

Seven bedrooms (4, and 2, and 1), bathroom, 3 bath rooms, lounge hall, cloak room, 3 reception rooms, sun lounge, combined sitting room, complete domestic offices. Heated garage to accommodate 3 cars. Heated greenhouse. Hand some tennis pavilion and recreation room. Summer house.

Delightful garden and grounds of about 1 ACRE.

Vacant Possession on completion of the purchase.

To be sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Minton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, November 27, 1947, at 2 p.m. (unless previously sold privately). Solicitors: A. H. EVANS Esq., Dalmer House, Pandley Street, Birmingham. Auctioneers: Messrs Fox & Sons, 44-52 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

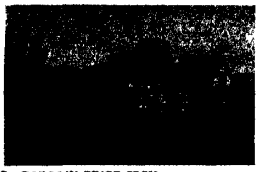
NEAR LYMINGTON, HAMPSHIRE

In a quiet but not isolated position with in about 500 yards of the Seaside shore Commanding extensive views to the Isle of Wight

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE soundly constructed and fitted with modern comforts and conveniences.

Five bedrooms (3 fitted beds, 1 and 2, and 1), bathroom, 3 reception rooms, sun lounge, kitchen and good office. Electric lighting plant. Air cooler. Kerosene cottage. Large garage. Green house, outbuildings. Delightfully situated grounds pleasantly laid out with lawns, flower borders, ornamental trees and shrubs, very productive kitchen garden, fruit trees and bushes, small stream and water garden. The whole extends to an area of about 1½ ACRES.

1½ ACRES. BARGAIN PRICE £7,500. Held on lease having an unexpired term of 99 years at a ground rent of £50 per annum. VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF PURCHASE. For further particulars, apply Fox & Sons, 44-52 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.



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Handy for village Five miles market town

17th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE

c.2



Modernised and in faultless order throughout.
Three reception rooms - 2 bedrooms 2 bathrooms - maid's sitting room - bath water and electricity.
Central heating. Aga-cooker. Fitted basins in bedrooms. Garage. Stabling.
Two fine old barns. Garden and paddock about

3½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £11,000 VACANT POSSESSION

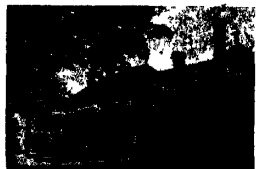
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BARNWOOD, ESHER CLOSE, ESHER, SURREY

c.2

Practically adjoining golf links

MODERN COPY OF AN OLD ENGLISH HOUSE



Three reception rooms - 2 bedrooms - 2 bathrooms - maid's sitting room - bath water and electricity.
Central heating. Aga-cooker. Fitted basins in bedrooms. Garage. Stabling.
Two fine old barns. Garden and paddock about

¾ ACRE

Freehold for Sale Privately, or by Auction December 2 next

VACANT POSSESSION

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FAVOURITE PART OF HERTS

c.4

Surrounded by the Green Belt 1 mile from state 500 ft up beautiful surroundings

FASCINATING LONG LOW HOUSE



Built regard as of a cavity walls, polished oak floors, every convenience. Hall, 3 large reception rooms and flower room. 6-7 bedrooms with bathrooms and 2 old 2 bath rooms arranged as suit. Model domestic offices. Central heating. Independent hot water. Electric light and 110V water and main drainage. Double garage. Two work shops. A lodge with 4 rooms.

Beautifully matured grounds with evergreen and flowering shrubs wide lawns herbaceous borders kitchen garden paddock etc.

IN ALL 6 ACRES

The Property has been well maintained and is in apple pie order

MODERATE PRICE FOR FREEHOLD

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GLEN ANDRED, LYME REGIS, DORSET

c.3

A MODERN RESIDENCE

Facing south with sea and country views



Three reception rooms 5 bedrooms 2 bathrooms
Main services
Garage and out-buildings
Productive garden and 2 paddocks
In all about 3½ ACRES

FREEHOLD. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE

c.4

Wonderful views close to village

PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE

Hall 3 good reception rooms 2 bedrooms (2 and 1) 2 a water electric light and power (central heating)
Garage and useful out-buildings
Attractive grounds lawns kitchen garden orchard paddock

In all nearly 3 ACRES



£20,000 FREEHOLD

Recommended by HARRODS LTD. 34-36 Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel. Kensington 1490 Extra 800)

BERKS AND WILTS BORDERS

c.4

Ready for the Downs in one of the most beautiful parts of the Vale of the White Horse

FASCINATING 18th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE

with stone roof reception rooms 2 bedrooms 2 bathrooms complete offices
Excellent water
Electric light
Garage for 2 cars
Stabling for 4
Greenhouse and cottage



Old walled garden partly walled in place of a border well stocked kitchen garden, fruit tree as paddock etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 3½ ACRES

ONLY £6,500 FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD. 34-36 Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel. Kensington 1490 Extra 800)

LOVELY OLD TUDOR HOUSE

c.1

In Essex and Suffolk borders short distance from the coast

A HOUSE OF GREAT CHARACTER

with many features and 2 two doors only
1st oak panelled reception rooms 6 bedrooms modern bathroom
Main electric light and power. Own water supply. Cesspool drainage.
Garage greenhouse and outhouses



Fascinating old world garden of over

HALF AN ACRE

Must be seen to be appreciated

PRICE £9,500 FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

Womersley & Co. Mount Bures Hall, Bures, Essex and HARRODS LTD. 34-36 Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel. Kensington 1490 Extra 800)

TUDOR MANOR HOUSE IN BERKS

c.3

Lovely situation within easy daily reach of London.

ONLY £14,000

With cottage and lovely grounds of 7½ ACRES

The residence contains 4 reception rooms and 1 library. 2 bedrooms and 4 principal bedrooms 2 bathroom bedrooms with bathrooms 2 staff bedrooms 6 bathrooms
C/o services Central heating



Fine 14th-century barn converted for entertaining

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

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The Burberry has protected explorers in the Arctic and less venturesome beings through the rigours of climates throughout the world.

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THE WORLD'S BEST
WEATHERPROOF

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The sign of The Black Horse hung in Lombard Street in the days when Mr. Pepys "kept his running cash" there and found material for the diary that has made him immortal.

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look after your
interests

As the character of Mr. Pepys is written into his diary, so the character of this great Banking House is written into every transaction that has extended its reputation with the passing of time. We see it as our duty so to conduct the affairs of Lloyds Bank that the verdict of the future will endorse our actions as worthy of our past.



Tested and proved in every climate and condition, and treasured by millions throughout the world, here is the incomparable Parker "51." Elegant in appearance, satisfying to the most exacting taste, and gracious in writing, here is a pen that kindles the admiration of everyone who sees it.

Touch the point to paper and it writes unflinchingly—the patented ink-trap controls an even flow. Fused to its unique tubular nib of 14-ct. gold is a ball of osmium, micro-polished to jewel smoothness and graded to suit individual handwriting. Hooded against dirt and damage, all vital parts are protected.

The precision-fit cap of gleaming Lustraloy slips on securely without twisting. The patented filler is hidden within the barrel.

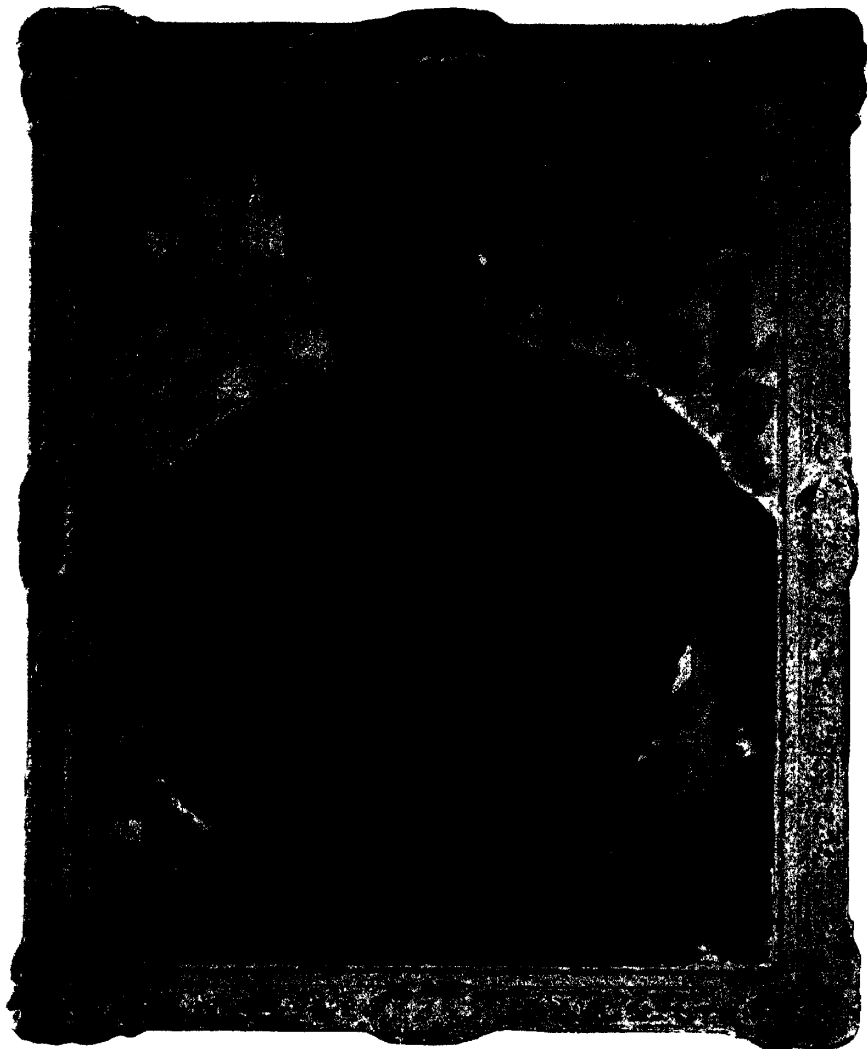
In Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue, and Cordovan Brown. 62/6 (plus purchase tax 13/11).

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LTD, RUSH HOUSE, LONDON W.C.2



MAXIMUM PRICES: 3 PER BOTTLE, HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



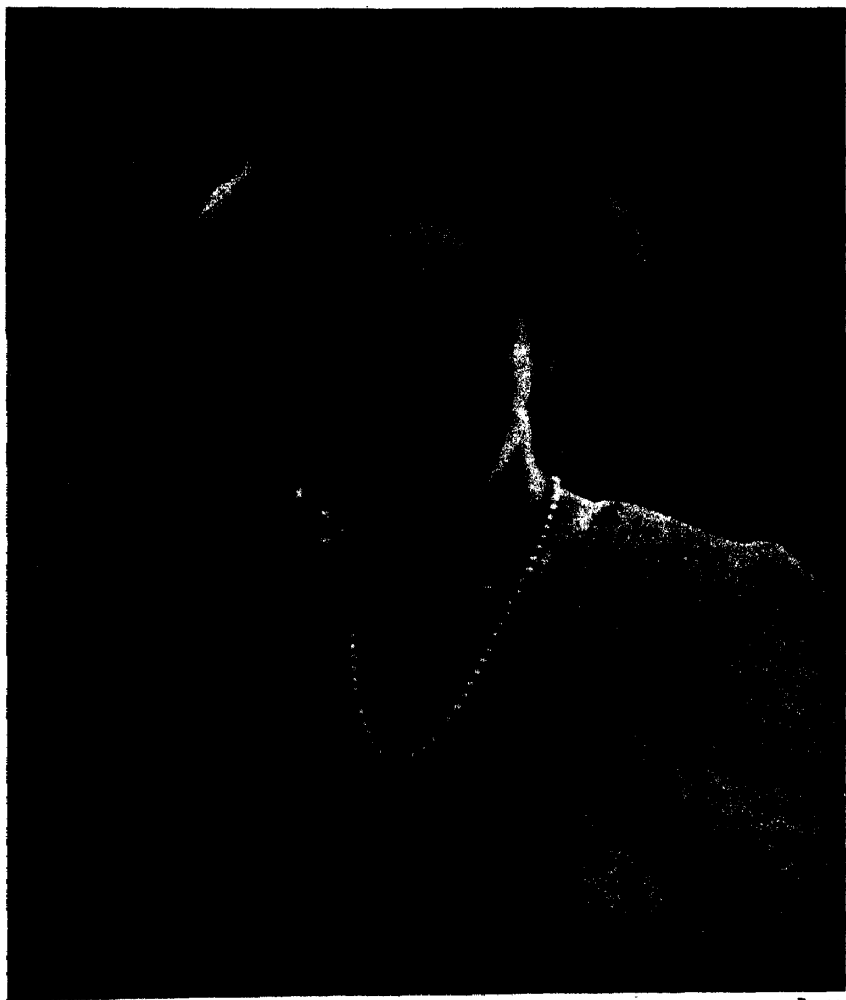

BRAEMAR
KNITWEAR

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12/87

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CII No. 2650

OCTOBER 31, 1947



BALLOU

MISS SHENA DIANA AITCHISON

Miss Shena Diana Aitchison is the daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Aitchison, of Coupland Castle, Wooler, Northumberland

COUNTRY LIFE

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LOCAL DEMOCRACY

MR. HERBERT MORRISON began his political career in local government, and it is perhaps less surprising than it seems that a prominent member of an Administration whose every legislative measure nationalises or centralises something should sigh for the refreshing realism and directness of the life of the parish "compared with what we have to face in Whitehall." It is only a step further for the Minister to remind himself that one of the best ways of keeping under democratic surveillance that bureaucratic tyranny which centralised administration always threatens is to take advantage of the fact that, whether they wish it or no, every adult citizen has now been given a direct responsibility in directing and controlling our communal life through his local council as well as his more remote responsibility through Mr. Morrison was speaking at the first national conference of parish councils, who represent a branch of government which has, generally speaking, not been flourishing on democratic lines for some time past. But it is the fundamental type of communal authority, and if Mr. Morrison (and many another) wishes to "knock some stuffing into" our local government system the reform of parish government is a good place to begin. The very existence of the national conference itself shows how anxious our smallest unit of government is to be revitalised.

There is no doubt room for a good deal of reform in parochial government. The citizen as a whole was the subject, during the war years, of a careful enquiry by a skilled committee experienced at all levels of local government, and there seems to be general agreement that certain weaknesses and handicaps must be removed. Obvious matters for review are the method of election by short-handed, over-restricted powers of the Councils, and the lack of coherency in their relations with the district councils. A rural parish with the usual proportion of population to rateable value can handle only a very small sum, though the outlay of the rates is by no means the end of the council's duties, and some small parishes have by intelligent local planning and working through the higher local authorities obtained many improvements which would have been impossible for a parish where no council existed. Obviously it should be obligatory on all parishes to elect a council, and much might then be done to maintain and regularise the contacts between the district councils and their constituent parish councils. To-day, parish councils frequently have among their number four or five district councillors; others may have one or none, for district councillors need not belong to the councils of the parishes they officially represent. The lack of direct liaison leads to an ill-informed and therefore apathetic community of parish ratepayers who

are startled into a sense of irritation and frustration only when presented with such measures as a housing programme ordained from above.

It is the same apathy, arising from lack of real information, which stultifies the local electors and ratepayers at a higher level, and there is much to be done in the way of effective publicity. Citizens must be encouraged to attend the meetings of their local authority, and the Press in particular must be treated in a far more confidential and less haphazard way. Many

MEMORY SYNTHESIS

*How strange that you have hearts that beat
And memories that survive
Through fifty years, yet feel no awe
To find ourselves alive.*

*In Buxton on a burning day
Beside an awning'd shop,
A nursemaid and a little boy
Shave hurrying people stop.*

*The Duke of York and his young bride
(She is Queen Mary now)
Drove past us, and the small boy learn'd
To doff his cap, and bow.*

*And there's another burning day
When through a gabled street
Stole meadow-fragrance and the smell
Of farm-yards, hot and sweet.*

*Oh, how we curysed or uncaped,
We country lads and girls,
When the great Virgin Queen rode by
In pomp of silk and pearls.*

CLIFFORD RAY

local government bodies, as is well known, hedge themselves about with secrecy and particularly make a practice of going into committee in order to discuss behind closed doors unexpected or inconvenient questions—a practice specifically forbidden to county and borough councils by the Act of 1888. Apart from the need for informed electors to be freed for ratepayers with a sense of responsibility for the way in which their own money is spent. It is often said to-day that it makes no difference whether the cost of local improvements and administrations is borne by the taxpayer or the ratepayer. It all comes out of the same pocket. That is the crucial danger. What sort of "authority" is an authority spending only national subsidies on nationally controlled services?

KING GEORGE V'S MEMORIAL

QUEEN MARY'S presence at the unveiling by the King of the statue to his father at the east end of Westminster Abbey gave particular gravity to an occasion rendered moving enough by the catastrophes which have been responsible for the ten years' delay in the memorial's realisation. Even now it wants the parapet designed to enclose the site, and the adjacent house in Old Palace Yard—over the demolition of which there was so much controversy—standing. Nevertheless, the memorial's position is effective and appropriate. Sir William Reid Dick's statue is extremely competent, its strong simplified treatment standing up well to the Gothic background—though it owes something also to the foliage of two plane trees immediately behind. But the placing of the figure on the extreme front edge of the pedestal is questionable. In profile, the depth of the latter and the long curve of the robe at the back accentuate this uncomfortable pose. In the earlier model the robe's vertical folds merged into the pedestal without the unbalanced impression now given.

SIR ALBERT HOWARD

THE death of Sir Albert Howard means the loss of one whose enthusiasm for his job, for his subject, and for what he firmly believed to be the essential interests of agriculture was stimulating and infectious—critics of some of the doctrines he came to hold might say too infectious. But, though one may justly deplore, at a time when increased production is so necessary to the physical, social and political health

of the world, the propagation of unfounded beliefs about the harmful effects of inorganic fertilisers, there can be no doubt as to the practical success of his philosophy on "natural" organic fertility as he applied it in Central India, or of the need for cultivators to keep constantly in mind the fact that maintaining the productivity and health of the soil is a botanical as well as a chemical problem. Sir Albert, who was primarily a biologist, saw life in terms of an organic cycle of growth and decay in which substances not products of that cycle are intruders. But he never carried out on an adequate scale the field experiments which alone could have justified his contention that additions of the major plant foods—speaking in terms of chemical elements—poison the soil. Those who did so investigate the matter have come to the very different conclusion that plant growth may be influenced, in specific cases, both by deficiency and by excess of certain elements in the soil; also, that it is possible to redress the balance when deficiency occurs, by the addition of the necessary elements in inorganic form, and that quite without effect on "poisoning" by substances derived from outside the "organic cycle."

GOODINGS

WHEN we bought the Goodings estate in Berkshire five years ago we had high hopes of being able to render some service to agriculture. There was a need then, as there is still, for centres capable of carrying a stage further the excellent work of small experimental farms, and which lent themselves to the testing of new methods, implements, and crop varieties under actual farming conditions, where profit was not the primary motive. Within the severe limits imposed on us by war-time regulations we have done what we could. We have greatly improved our running farm buildings, built up a thriving dairy herd, and tried out and reported on various machines sent to us by manufacturers and distributors. Also we prepared the ground in the spring for an extensive addition to our buildings—barns, cow-houses, milking parlour, and so on—but in spite of constant efforts we were unable to get the necessary materials with which to build. Now the Government's recently announced plan for agriculture confronts us with new problems. Although everyone recognises the necessity for the plan, for us it means the continuance of controls for at least a further five years, making ten years in all, and what must be regarded as an indefinite postponement of our real objective. It is inevitable, with our intention to become simply primary producers. With great regret, therefore, we have arranged to sell the estate, but we are glad to add that it has been sold to a neighbouring farmer, and we like to think that what we have done to raise it to the level of a Grade A farm will play a modest part in the drive for increased food production.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

MANY years ago a famous Cambridge coach who had gone to coach the Oxford crew declared in a typical passage that he was not contending for one side against the other, but for the art of eight-oared rowing, that art which had once enabled Cambridge to inscribe its banner *Idem est Thamesi triumphat, Anglia in certamen provocata, Granis incribitur*. Since those days many distinguished oarsmen from both universities have with a similar impartiality and a similar ambition coached crews of the opposite side, but never before has one of them coached both crews for the same rowing year. In the past a great Cambridge oarsman of the name Mr. Peter Haig Thomas, has undertaken this tremendous and unprecedented task, and not only will he coach both crews, but he will, it is said, help with both sets of trial eights as well. So among all the watchers of the boat race next spring there will presumably be one man who will regard the result with a perfectly placid pulse. Perhaps having done his very best for both sides, Mr. Thomas may in his secret heart want Cambridge to win, but at least he will not be able to say so. It is a gallant experiment and an interesting one too, for we shall see how far it is possible for one man to mould two separate eights to the same ideal of form.

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE HANGMAN, COMBE MARTIN, DEVON

G. F. Meacher

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

RECENTLY, in view of the festival of Christmas, which lies just below the horizon, and on the principle of laying in supplies before the ugly rush starts, I interviewed the auctioneer at a local market and told him to buy for me a couple of geese that I had examined with a critical and hungry eye. Later in the day, when I returned to the town to collect my purchase, I was amazed, shocked and distressed to find that I had bought them as stock birds. My amazement was caused by the thought that anyone, seller, bidders or auctioneer, should have mistaken these particular geese for stock birds, my shock was due to the price I had to pay for them, and my distress was due to the thought that I had broken, or should have to break, the law of the land.

We are constantly being reminded of the necessity to increase the number of poultry in this country, but, from what I have seen at this market and others in the vicinity, I am not at all satisfied that those who are going to help the nation by adding to the existing stock are buying the best type of birds from which to breed. If one intends to increase one's stock, it is essential to obtain six-month-old pullets of some reliable strain, or young hens in a healthy condition, and the cock should not only be unrelated but should also be of excellent quality. All the birds I have seen in the markets recently have been the most obvious discards from poultry farms: unhealthy-looking pullets with scurvy, scruffy feathers, dear old hens with the pale wan faces of tired mothers who are long past their laying days and pens of scraggy young cockerels. Every single one of these exhibits is eagerly bought as a stock bird, and that does not augur well for the future poultry of this land.

IN the days when I was an administrator I learnt that one of the most futile things one could do was to pass an order which one could not enforce efficiently. I believe that all the auctioneers of the land send in returns of their poultry sales to the Ministry of Agriculture at St. Anne's-on-Sea, and that the Ministry have enforcement officers who occasionally call on buyers to learn what has happened to some special consignment of poultry bought six weeks or a month ago as stock birds. One presumes they are shown a pen of what one might call token poultry, which remain permanently in

reserve to figure as those that long since appeared on the plates of diners at hotels and restaurants, and so all is well officially. This system of control must cause an enormous waste of that most precious commodity, paper, and everyone knows how effective the results are. The only way to control the sale of birds in the markets would be for an enforcement officer (what a horrible title) to go down the pens selecting the birds that in his opinion are up to stock standard and can therefore be sold as such. This sounds all right, but the direct result of course would be that no more birds would come to the markets.

CUTTING from an Egyptian newspaper has brought back memories of days that are gone, and with it I obtained news of an old and quite remarkable friend of mine, who, despite the passage of years, seems to be the same inimitable character that he was when I was serving with him. The cutting gave an account of a fight between two tribal families in my little old home-town of El Arish in Sinai, and the affray, in keeping with the times, assumed far more serious proportions than such squabbles did in the past, since the members of the two hostile families, seizing cars and lorries, began mechanised warfare with indiscriminate shooting up and down the narrow streets. The police apparently failed to cope with the situation, whereas in other days five minutes' work with their truncheons would have settled the gravest family dispute for twelve months at least, and,

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER

We regret that no more orders can be accepted for the export edition of our Royal Wedding Number, to be published on November 28. As already announced, owing to the restriction of paper supplies, no additional copies can be printed for distribution at home.

after four people had been killed, a tank and some armoured cars from the Egyptian army had to go into action.

What interests and amuses me is that my dear old friend, Musty, was in it and playing his accustomed role of knowing all about the interior mechanism of machines with which he was not supposed to be acquainted. Musty, or to give him his full name and title, Shawish Mustafa el Heloo, is one of the light-car drivers of Sinai Province, and strictly speaking is expected to understand all about the running parts of only small cars and light lorries. But when the tank was called upon to enter the fray, the official driver of it had forgotten how the gears worked, whereupon Musty as usual stepped into the breach, or to be more exact the driver's seat, and covered himself with as much glory as one obtains from taking part in quelling a civil disturbance—in my experience generally nil.

MUSTY and I served together in the deserts for nearly twenty years in the days of the old tireless veterans of the early days of cars, and I always admired the way in which he improvised methods and spare parts to remedy the frequent breakdowns that occurred. If the electricity failed, he gave the coil box a hearty kick, which brought the voltage up immediately. Hairpins, which he borrowed from my wife, and lengths of telephone wire, were employed for more serious troubles, mashed dates were used to stop radiator and oil-sump leaks, and strips of the tail of his shirt, or preferably that of another man's, ensured the proper fitting of rubber radiator connections. Through the knowledge of aeroplanes he had acquired when unscrewing useful bits and pieces off a crashed machine in the desert he was able to achieve fame by putting into good working order a Lysander that had made a forced landing through engine trouble which the very senior occupants, an air-commodore and a group captain, were unable to rectify. In fact I have an idea that, if the atom bomb scientists are to arrive at anything that will be really useful to the civilised world, the team will not achieve very much until Musty joins them.

I HAVE recently acquired a cat, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that I have recently been acquired by a cat, since I had

nothing whatsoever to do with the taking over of myself and the occupation of the house in which I live. It was all carried out by higher authority. I have been very strictly brought up by a long line of autocratic Scottish terriers who one and all had strong views about the feline race, and who taught me that no self-respecting man ever mixed with cats, on the principle of the mother who told her children that they must not play with the gypsies in the wood. As the result of this I know very little about cats, since, except for one short dogless period in Egypt, I have never been allowed to have any relations with them. From my small experience of the species recently it seems that they have very determined views on every factor of normal life, know exactly what they want and one way and another possess those well-ordered minds that make for success in this uncertain world.

I was coming back from a walk in the evening, when a three-quarter-grown kitten, whom I had never seen before, charged out of the hedgerow and butted against my legs. It was quite obvious in her eyes that I was one of the most attractive men she had ever met—at least so she indicated—and I am sufficiently human to fall for that sort of thing, although I was by no means certain that I wanted a cat. She trotted at my heels to the gate, indulging

in one short burst of *joie de vivre* to celebrate our meeting when she shot up the trunk of a wayside oak, and on entering the house went straight to the kitchen, where she demanded food. Afterwards she carried out a thorough quartermaster's inspection of all the rooms and general lay-out of the house and, finding everything entirely satisfactory, has moved in permanently.

* * *

INASMUCH as I have been thoroughly disciplined by animal dictators all my life, I do not find the new order of things burdensome. Apparently everything that I do is carried out with reasonable efficiency, except the shutting up of the pens of chickens at night. This has now to be done under official supervision, with the small black cat preceding me by short rushes to the various poultry houses, and, considering the effect that the war has had on my memory, together with the awful disaster that is sure to occur if anything in the nature of an open door occurs, I am not at all certain that this direction by higher authority is not necessary.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT has called my attention to a recent Note in which I stated that there were a great number of drones feeding on

the late flowers this autumn. He states, and he is quite correct, that I was mistaken in thinking that they were drones from a hive, since the drone of the worker bee is a real "gasp," in that he is unable to find his own food and can only draw it in its "bottled" or "canned" stage from the comb. The insect that I saw and mistook for a drone was probably a drone-fly, and my ignorance is due to my failure to become a real bee man.

There are people in this world, a select few, to whom bees take instinctively, and there are others, the larger class to which I belong, who can never make the grade. I was given very clearly and painfully to understand this when I acquired my first hive in Egypt and took a young Arab gardener down to instruct him in the art of examining combs professionally. I, as instructor, seemed to attract the exasperated bees to a far greater extent than did the Arab, the pupil, and as the result I sustained over ten stings to his one.

After this inauspicious beginning the Arab, who it transpired was a real bee man in embryo, took over the entire management of the hive, while I, at a distance of not less than twenty yards, acted as shop steward, or whatever one calls the man who merely stands by and does no useful work.

IN THE WELSH MARCHES

By R. T. LANG

SHREWSBURY is happy in its site; by whichever road one leaves it one finds charm and interest. Well might Dr. Thrupp describe Shrewsbury as "the best situation for a school in England".

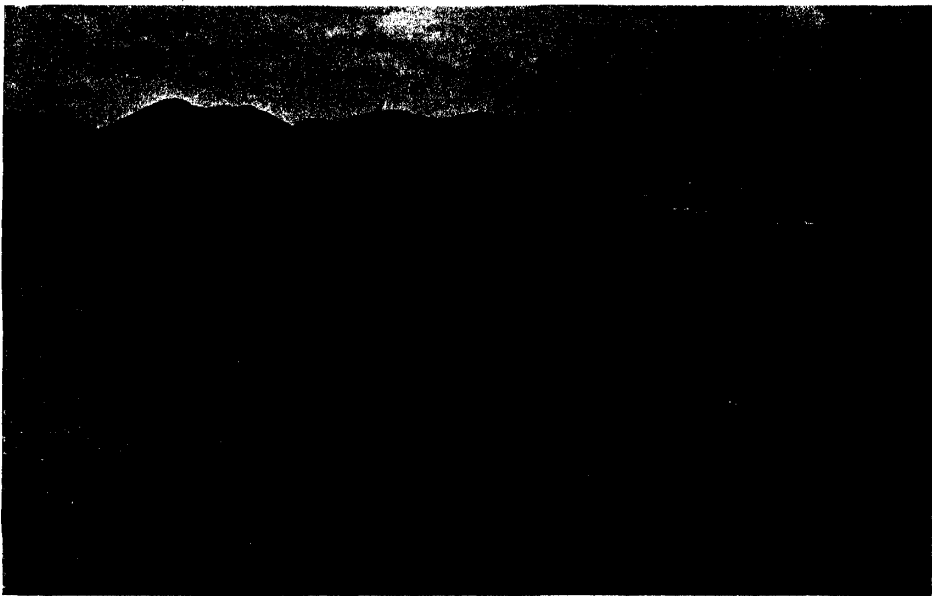
The main road south lives up to the reputation: Within a mile or two old-world scenes begin to assert themselves. The church in front of the village common at Bayston Hill blends with the 17th-century manor house and the ancient memory of The Bury, a British camp, on the left. Little old villages lie just off the road past Longnor Hall, which has guarded the highway

for 250 years, till the half-timbered houses of Leebotwood, with an inn almost 300 years old, are reached. The mound near the railway station may have been the site of a Saxon fort or a long barrow. Beyond it Caer Caradoc, on which Caractacus pitched his camp before his last stand against the Romans, comes into sight; to the right rises the originally volcanic Long Mynd (Fig. 1), once so dangerous in winter that Stretton fair was known as Dead Man's fair, because of the many who perished in the Long Mynd snows while travelling from it.

Then into Church Stretton (now by-passed

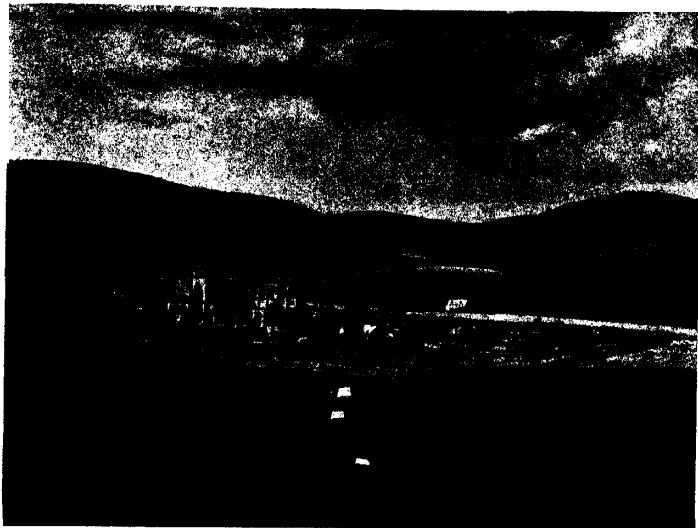
by a utilitarian road authority) a lovely centre to a delightful rambling district. There is a window in the church to Hesba Stretton, whose classic, *Jessica's First Prayer*, had a sale of no fewer than two million copies. Those were the days! Miss Sarah Smith, to give her real name, took her pseudonym from the village in which she lived. There is some excellent carving in the church, which goes back to 1100.

A sequence of risky turns explains the building of the by-pass, as the road winds through and beyond Little Stretton, beloved by Beatrice Harraden and Ian Maclaren, who wrote



1.—THE LONG MYND, ABOVE CHURCH STRETTON, SHROPSHIRE, WAS ONCE A VOLCANO

J. Dixon-Smith



2.—“BETTER THAN ANY MEDICINE FOR THE TIRED SPIRIT”: TINTERN ABBEY, IN THE WYE VALLEY

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush here. Then away through picturesque Craven Arms, with its extraordinary milestone, giving distances to places so far apart as Plymouth and Edinburgh. When Lord Clive was Recorder of Ludlow he experienced difficulty in travelling over uncharted roads, so he had this stone and others put up to help poor travellers. Just beyond it is one of the historic places of England, Stokesay Castle (Fig. 3), which was fortified in 1291 (before that it had been a Saxon manor house), the three-storeyed tower, 66 ft. high, is probably of that date. There is a handsome drawing-room, with a great carved oak chimney-piece and little windows from which the ladies could have the pleasure of looking down upon their lords feasting in the great banqueting-hall. The house was put into good order to receive the mother of Prince Rupert; for that it was “slighted” after the Civil War, and it has not been used since 1706. The 12th-15th-century church contains two lifesize figures representing the 17th-century conception of Moses and Aaron.

A lovely run, through a broad, wooded delfie, leads on to Saxon Bromfield, with “The Crawl” still existing as evidence of an ancient tale. A lovelorn maid had a stern father, who would help her marriage only to the extent of giving her as much land as she could crawl over between sunset and sunrise. So she donned leather clothes and crawled four miles in the allotted time, thus earning the needed dowry. Then past the lovely woods of Oakly, through Ludlow, which has been fully described in COUNTRY LIFE, over the Teme, up Ludlow Hill. It is an easy, pleasant road to and through Leominster (see COUNTRY LIFE, February 6, 1942) till, at the top of Dinmore Hill, one reaches a stone commemorating that the adjoining wood was bought, by public subscription, to celebrate the silver jubilee of George V and Queen Mary in 1935. The interesting chapel and manor of Dinmore lies $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles to the right, with the original cross and other memories of the Knights Hospitallers, whose county headquarters were here. Beyond the subsequent run down stands the square, massive tower of the Norman church of Wellington; two miles farther anyone who will turn into the church at Moreton-on-Lugg will find some of the most beautiful mosaics in the country. The 12th-century church of Holmer has six bells, one going back to 1410. Then comes the historic city of Hereford.

I remember passing through Hereford by train during an all-night journey during the war. The grey streak of morning light was just breaking through the sky. Before us lay the city, shrouded in mist, a perfect reproduction of the ghostly grace of Beaumont l'Eglise in Zola's *Dawn*. It was a picture that none of us who witnessed it will ever forget, so calm, so peaceful, to us who had just come from a bomb-shocked town.

Hereford has cleared away many of its old buildings, with the result that it is one of the cleanest and neatest of cathedral cities. Even the earthworks of the old castle have been transformed into a public walk, with a memorial to Lord Nelson. There are many Roman remains in the museum, but most interesting to the layman will be the collection of English costumes, one of the finest outside London, and the display of old farming implements. In the great library

in 1490, one proceeds for ten miles of hilly road to St. Weonards, where there is a most interesting 13th-century church. There is good glass of 1375-1400, a 15th-century screen, an old chest made from a single tree-trunk, a stoop carved as a human head and a quaint old wood carving of Abraham sacrificing Isaac. The mound to the south of the church is traditionally Roman; it was opened in 1855, when it was found to have been a burying-place, with signs of cremation. There are sharp hills, ending in an ascent and descent to Welsh Newton, a place of pilgrimage for all Roman Catholics. In the churchyard is a simple cross to “J. K., 22 Aug., 1679”, which marks the grave of Father John Kemble, the last Roman Catholic priest to be executed in this country for his faith. He asked his executioner for a pipe of tobacco and a cup of sack, which has caused the parting drink to

of 1,444 chained books in the strong, simple cathedral is the only complete copy in this country of William Caxton's *Golden Legend*; there are also fine misericords, carvings and venerable monuments, but the greatest treasure of all is the oldest map of the world in existence. Drawn about 1313, it shows a world surrounded by ocean, full of the grotesque figures that ancient cartographers loved. There are carvings by Grinling Gibbons in the 12th-century church of St. Peter, and fine Norman work and another chained library (256 books) in All Saints church, in which David Garrick was baptised. This library was dedicated by William Brewster, often wrongly stated to have been the Puritan of that name; actually, he was a doctor of physics, whose will is dated 1718. There are remains of an episcopal palace, down by the river, a Dominican friary and a preaching cross. Nell Gwyn's House, in Gwyne Street, is claimed as her birthplace, but Drury Lane, London, has a better claim. There are several almshouses, one of which, Coningsby Hospital, (Fig. 5) has an unusual but worthy dedication. It was founded in 1617, for “two of the most valuable characters in society, although generally the most neglected, the worn-out soldier and the superannuated faithful servant.”

Leaving the city by the Wye bridge (Fig. 4), first built in 1490, one proceeds for ten miles of hilly road to St. Weonards, where there is a most interesting 13th-century church. There is good glass of 1375-1400, a 15th-century screen, an old chest made from a single tree-trunk, a stoop carved as a human head and a quaint old wood carving of Abraham sacrificing Isaac. The mound to the south of the church is traditionally Roman; it was opened in 1855, when it was found to have been a burying-place, with signs of cremation. There are sharp hills, ending in an ascent and descent to Welsh Newton, a place of pilgrimage for all Roman Catholics. In the churchyard is a simple cross to “J. K., 22 Aug., 1679”, which marks the grave of Father John Kemble, the last Roman Catholic priest to be executed in this country for his faith. He asked his executioner for a pipe of tobacco and a cup of sack, which has caused the parting drink to



3.—STOKESAY CASTLE, WITH ITS THREE-STOREYED TOWER; ONE OF THE HISTORIC PLACES OF ENGLAND



E. W. Tattersall

4.—LOOKING ACROSS THE WYE AT HEREFORD TOWARDS THE CATHEDRAL

become known as the Kemble cup. The church itself is full of interest, with a Knights Templar chapel, an old stool which was probably a sanctuary stool, a Norman font, a 14th-century stone screen, a barrel roof, sedilia and trefoil pascina.

Then on through the exquisite Buckholt woods down to Monmouth (see *COUNTRY LIFE*, July 10, 1942) and leaving the town mostly to the right, continue down to the Wye bridge, to begin one of the most delightful runs in this country. The road follows the course of the Wye to Chepstow, in its 16 miles of voluptuous beauty it will challenge comparison with any other stretch of road in Great Britain. Cross the graceful, single-span Bigsweir Bridge, the only bridge between Monmouth and Chepstow, to Llandogo, where the Romans smelted iron. The white cottages dotting the hillside suit the placid charm of a valley filled with choice fruit trees, which produce a rare cider. The scene becomes more and more beautiful to little Tintern Parva,

at the end of which, by the roadside, some ivy covered walls are all that is left of the abbot's house of Tintern, which was destroyed by the Cromwellians.

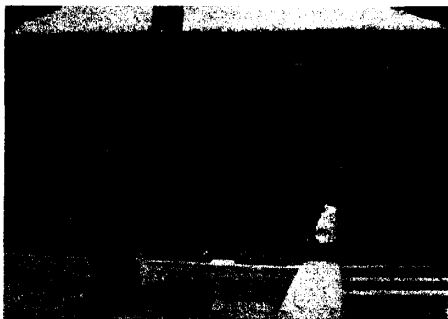
Round the corner the glorious picture of Tintern Abbey comes into view, with the river winding round the grey ruins. The atmosphere is one of gentle peace, with nothing to break it but the sound of some approaching car or the roar of a motor-cycle as the rider opens out to go up the hill. I have sat with a

pipe on the lawn of the hotel opposite, on a summer evening, content to let the world go on its ruthless way, listening to the silence and forgetting all the worries and annoyances of daily life.

Tintern (Fig. 2) is better than any medicine for the tired spirit. The abbey was founded in 1131; the church was built between 1270 and 1320. It was not one of the great abbeys, having never more than seventy monks. A ramble round this memory of other days is well worth the 6d. charged for admission. William Gilpin, however, gave a less pleasant picture of it. When he came here, in 1770, he found that "the people were literal beggars, living in small huts among the ruins, and subsisting on the alms of visitors." There is none of that now.

Three miles of more or less steady ascent takes one up past Moss Cottage, where it is worth while to stop to climb the steps to the finest view of the Wye, at Wynd Cliff. Eight hundred feet above the river, one looks down on the glistening Wye far below, with Chepstow Castle and the silvery streak of the Severn in view, backed by the Cotswold and Mendip Hills, a great shimmering panorama. Then down to the roundabout and the descent into Chepstow, originally the ancient British Castell Gwent, now Chepstow, meaning a place of merchandise.

The castle, which dominates the town, was founded in 1070, but most of the existing



Kerac Wintons

5.—CONINGSBY HOSPITAL, A 17th-CENTURY HEREFORD ALMS-HOUSE

buildings are Edwardian. The keep is one of the finest in the kingdom, built in 1120-30, improved in the 13th and 14th centuries, then held for the King in the Civil War till the whole of the garrison had been killed. Henry Marten, the regicide, was sent here after the Restoration, and then forgotten till his death in 1680. His epitaph, which he wrote in 1678, is a quaint, rhyming conceit on his tombstone in St. Mary's churchyard. It describes him as "a great lover of pretty girls," and tells us to "care not how you end, but how you spend your days."

St. Mary's church, founded before 1100, was the conventual church of the priory, but only the west front and nave are left of this building. There is a curious memorial of 1620 to Margaret Clayton, with her two husbands kneeling by her side, the figures of her two sons and ten daughters and a man with a scythe and a gruesome skeleton. Near the bridge is a curious well, which ebbs and flows in a direction contrary to that of the tide. Chepstow will develop when the great new bridge across the Severn is opened; let us hope that it will not lose the quaint charm of the long, steep street that drops to the existing bridge.



6.—CHEPSTOW CASTLE, WHICH HAS ONE OF THE FINEST KEEPS IN THE KINGDOM

THE HOLDSWORTH PUNCH BOWL and the NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY TRADE

IN a recent article on the Farrer Collection of silver at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, an illustration appeared of a noble punch bowl made by Paul Lamerie in 1723. The reproduction did not show very clearly the engraving on the bowl, in the style of Hogarth, of eleven gentlemen followed by mace-bearers, walking along a quay, and on the other side, seated at a festive table beneath the inscription "Prosperity to Hooks and Lines."

The bowl, which, till 1921, was in the possession of Mr. F. C. Holdsworth of Widdicombe House, Devon, has been an object of admiration and speculation—as to its origin—since its sale at Christie's in that year for £1,500. Writing in *COUNTRY LIFE* at that time, Mr. Avery Tipping suggested that the sea front depicted might be that of Dartmouth and the bowl have been the property of a fishing club. He was right in his identification of the place, but a much more interesting business lies behind the bowl than a fishing club. The solution of the riddle is due to Sir Ralph Newman, Bt., who, as a collateral relative of the bowl's first owner, has pieced its history together and sent me the following information, which makes the bowl an object of very great interest in the history of the Commonwealth.

The bowl was a gift to Arthur Holdsworth from George Treby Holdsworth, who died on November 9, 1726, at the age of 58, and had been Mayor of Dartmouth the year before his death. In his will (proved June 5, 1727) he left half of his plate to his wife, except this bowl, the residue being left to his son Arthur. Its diameter at the mouth is 13 ins., at the base 10½ ins. and height 8½ ins.; weight 140 oz. Besides the inscription already quoted, the procession side has *Amicitia Perpetua*. Two coats of arms are also engraved: on one side those of Treby, on the other Holdsworth impaling Lane. The date letter, Britannia standard, is 1723-4.

Sir George Treby, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, married in 1684, as his third wife, Dorothy, daughter of Ralph Grange. Their son, George Treby, of Goodamoor and Plympton, County Devon, was Secretary at War in 1718, Teller of the Exchequer in 1724, Member of Parliament for Plympton from 1708 to 1722, and for Dartmouth from 1722 until his death in 1742, and Recorder of Dartmouth. Arthur Holdsworth of Dartmouth, merchant and alderman, married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Lane of Dartmouth, alderman, and widow of Captain Roger Vavasour, who died in 1696.

The West Country, which was greatly interested in Newfoundland fishing, used to send large numbers of vessels out to the trade each year, and Arthur Holdsworth was "Admiral" of

ADVENTURERS IN THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY TRADE IN PROCESSION ALONG A QUAY—ONE SIDE OF THE HOLDSWORTH BOWL

St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1707. He was the most celebrated of the Fishing Admirals and Commanders-in-Chief and Generalissimo of the West Country Adventurers.

The Holdsworth family had a very ancient trading connection with Newfoundland. Cromwell consulted a Mr. Holdsworth—probably Captain Holdsworth's father—about the affairs of Newfoundland. This Mr. Holdsworth was a leading man among the Newfoundland traders. He was one of the chief opponents of Kirke, as the Dartmouth merchants had suffered severely from the extortions and tyrannies of Kirke.

The eleven gentlemen depicted on the bowl were a company of Adventurers in the Newfoundland Fishery Trade, and Arthur Holdsworth and George Treby were two of their number. Probably also there were Roopees and Newmans, etc.

George Larkin in his report to the Council of Trade and Plantations, August 20, 1701, states that Captain Arthur Holdsworth, Admiral of St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland, commander of the ship *Nicholas* of Dartmouth, brought over from England this fishing season 234 passengers, mostly or all by boat keepers, who are able fishermen. Holdsworth makes it his business in the beginning of the year to ride from one market town to another in the West of England to get passengers for Newfoundland (*Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series*, 1701, printed 1910, pp. 430-1). One Robert Holdsworth, probably a brother, was Admiral of St. John's in 1701, and later (*Ibid.*, p. 202) Robert and Arthur Holdsworth signed a petition in 1706 to the Bishop of London, thanking him for removing from Newfoundland the Rev. John Jackson, the first resident clergyman in the Colony, whose manner of living, instead of

hindering vice and correcting ill manners, is alleged to have increased these evils. (*Ibid.* Volume for 1706-1708, printed 1916, pp. 82-3).

Captain Arthur Holdsworth, Captain Moxham, Captain Hayman, and others, owners of the ship *Grand Canary*, petitioned in 1708 that £350, the proceeds of the *St. John Baptista*, a prize taken by the *Grand Canary*, while on loan in Her Majesty's service, might be divided between them and the lieutenants and men who were the captors. The *Grand Canary* was a prize ship sold in Newfoundland and fitted out there by the petitioners at their own charge for a cruise in pursuit of a French privateer, and cleared the coast of enemy vessels; she brought in the *St. John Baptista* as a prize. (*Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial*, printed, Vol. II, pp. 541-2). For Arthur Holdsworth see *Prowse's History of Newfoundland*, 2nd edition, 1896, pp. 227-8. The Holdsworths frequently intermarried with the Newmans, a family already established in Dartmouth in the 15th century, and described in the 18th century as merchants or merchant marines of Dartmouth, of which several of the family were mayors. Their descendant Robert William Newman was in 1836 created a Baronet of Manxhead, and the family still have considerable interests in Newfoundland and Portugal.

The way these two countries came to be connected through trade from Dartmouth is appropriate to this historic bowl—and may well have been the origin of it. The Dartmouth Company exported dried cod fish from Newfoundland to Portugal etc. in exchange for wine. As early as 1606 there is a petition to the Privy Council from Thomas Newman and Ambrose Mudd, merchants of Dartmouth and their Company, stating that their ship, the *Pilgrim*, of Dartmouth, "being laden with 1250 quintals of dry Newfoundland fish for Aveiro in Portugal, was surprised by a Spanish Man-of-War before the Barr of that Port. That the condemnation of the said Ship's goods hath Tended to the Petitioners Damage near £4000." Lord Arlington is directed to write to the Earl of Sandwich, Ambassador in Spain, to use his utmost endeavours to procure satisfaction for the petitioners, and also to desire the Spanish Ambassador in England to write effectually to the Court of Spain on their behalf.

So the contents of the bowl, and what the eleven gentlemen got out of it, depended very much on the success of hooks and lines far away on the Newfoundland Banks. Indeed, the story of the bowl, linking the fishing and port wine trades with the little Devon port, illustrates with remarkable vividness how the old prosperity of Britain was built up.

C. H.

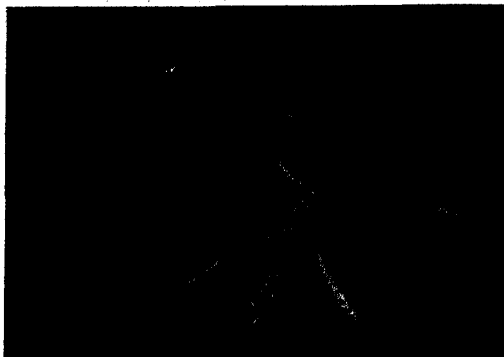
A MOTH LIKE A HUMMING-BIRD

Written and Illustrated by DAMIAN WEBB

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused this summer by the large number of Humming-bird Hawk-moths that migrated here during the hot weather. The premature death of flowers in the South of England, caused by the drought, increased the concentration of moths in the Northern counties, where they were a fascinating and familiar sight as they hovered hawk-like on the late summer flowers or darted with an orange flash of their underwings from one prominent clump to another.

The Humming-bird Hawk-moth is one of the smallest of the hawk-moth family, and has a tongue out of all proportion to its size (Fig. 1). About one inch long in the body, it can readily be recognised by the orange underwings, the ornamental spread of the black-and-white tufted tail, neat in the perfect poise of its hovering flight, and by the rapid dashes, sometimes too quick for the human eye to follow, with which it passes from one group of flowers to the next. Unlike most of the long-tongued hawk-moths, which fly at dusk, the Humming-bird moth delights in sunshine, though it may be seen still working late in the evening, even on very dull days.

Moths appear to have a very keen sense of smell and an unusually sharp eye. Thanks to its very long tongue the Humming-bird Hawk-moth is perfectly adapted to drain the nectar, its sole source of food, from all but the deepest flowers (Fig. 1). Among the late summer flowers its favourites are perhaps phlox and catmint, but bright pale colours attract it momentarily, and many a time I have watched it fruitlessly probing the petals of a half-open pink rose. A clump of catmint once discovered will



1.—A HUMMING-BIRD HAWK-MOTH FEELING WITH ITS LONG TONGUE FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A HONEYSUCKLE FLOWER



2.—THE MOTH MOVES TO ANOTHER FLOWER WITHOUT DRUMMING AT THE RATE OF NEARLY 100 BEATS A



DRAWING IN ITS TONGUE AND (right) 3.—WITH ITS WINGS SECOND, THRUSTS IT DOWN THE TRUMPET-LIKE TUBE

detain it long, as with effortless speed it works from flower to flower, with its tongue fully extended. When it leaves a clump of flowers it rolls its tongue (Fig. 4) into a tight coil from the tip and then withdraws it into the underside of its head.

But more fascinating than its visits to any garden plant, of necessity the product of careful horticultural selection, are those it makes to wild flowers, for it is with these that the perfect adaptation of moth and flower is thrown into bold relief. It is no accident that some flowers yield abundant nectar at the base of a long tube, and there is no more perfect example of such adaptation, and, I might say, no more beautiful flower, than the wild honeysuckle.

By a curious chance this plant, so familiar a crown to the green June hedgerows, this summer flowered a second time, the clusters of bright red berries marking the passage of the previous flowering as they lay scattered among the fresh-budding heads. Each flower consists of a long tube terminating in two prominent lips, curled well back, which mark the opening as a bold circle, seen from the front. At the bottom of the tube the nectar is produced from a special gland, and from the tube project the five stamens, the male organs, and the single style and stigma, the female organ. For the flower to complete its function it is essential for the pollen of one flower to be carried to the stigma of another, preferably of a distinct group.

The long tube of the honeysuckle conceals the nectar from all but the longest tongues. Humble-bees, which can reach with their tongues almost half way down the tube, are discouraged by the absence of a landing-stage, which forms so integral a unit in flowers such as broom and white dead-nettle, for which they in their turn are adapted. The flowers open first at dusk, when they emit a very powerful scent. Their pinkish colour, moreover, is then prominent and the organs of pollination project well beyond the opening. The flowers open in successive tiers and at the

4.—ON LEAVING A CLUMP OF FLOWERS THE MOTH WINDS ITS TONGUE INTO A COIL, WHICH IS THEN FITTED INTO A SLIT ON THE UNDERSIDE OF ITS HEAD



5.—A HUMMING-BIRD HAWK-MOTH PICKING UP POLLEN FROM THE ANTHERS OF ONE HONEYSUCKLE FLOWER AND (right) 6.—HAVING JUST TRANSFERRED IT TO THE STIGMA OF ANOTHER

outset the stamens and stigma are supported high. As the pollen is shed the style drops, carrying it well clear of the visitor's body, but after a day or so the stamens drop and the style is raised again into the direct line of entry. When pollination has been accomplished, the petals turn yellow and the flower drops, giving place to second and later third tiers.

By pushing its head well in, the Humming-bird Hawk-moth can just drain the last drop of nectar, for both its tongue and the flower tube are about $1\frac{1}{4}$ ins. long. In doing so it brings the underside of its hairy body into contact with either stamens or stigma but rarely both (Fig. 5). As it flies away from an exhausted

bloom with wings drumming at nearly a hundred beats a second, one may see the minute grains of pollen stuck fast on the protruding stigma, there to produce a tube which will eventually penetrate the ovules or plant eggs and by fertilisation begin the formation of the berries.

The Humming-bird Hawk-moth is well named, since Humming-birds also seek nectar in foreign lands from scarlet flowers in the forests. Many birds have a keen eye for things that are red, and just as they quickly spot the ripening honeysuckle berries and carry the seeds into distant places, so are the flowers often red from which the Humming-bird seeks the sweetest nectar.

But so intimate and narrow a dependence is dangerous, more especially from the plant's point of view. Countless trumpets of the wild convolvulus gape to the empty air where once the *Convulvulus Hawk-moth* haunted the twilight shadows.

The tongue of this moth is 3 ins. long, but few are seen nowadays and there is no other nectar-seeker here that can probe the long funnel and the days of the plant, measured in millennia, are numbered.

And so, as I waited with high-speed flash long hours in the gathering dusk, I thought of the price that other flowers had paid, and wondered how long honeysuckle would last.

GYPSY RECIPES AND REMEDIES

By
RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

I TRAVELLED once with a gypsy in a horse-drawn caravan through Kent and Sussex. Among the many things I learnt from him were some lessons he had in turn learnt from his mother, and she from hers, for he was one of the old and respected Romani tribe of Scamp, and his mother was a Lee.

There is no Romani School of Cooking—there are few dishes known to the Romanies that have not been learnt from house-dwellers. Few housewives give as much thought and time to the making of steamed puddings as the Romani chaf has learnt to do. Whatever we might have for the day's food it was certain that if I asked my gypsy his opinion of how it should be cooked he would say, "We'll make a bori gooi (a big pudding) of it."

I think, perhaps, the fact that gypsy cooking must often be left to itself in the wagon or on the open fire may account for this predilection. The children can be charged to mind a big saucepan and keep the fire alive under it, while the savoury pudding in its basin within is slowly steamed to readiness. But the greatest care went to its constituents.

"One more little onion," Ted Scamp would say before the steak and the kidney were covered with rust-laden dough, or "We ought 've had some herbs in this. In our wagon there's always herbs drying for the gois."

A rabbit would be cooked in this way with barley and a careful admixture of chopped vegetables. And Ted told me that the best gooi of all was made from blackbirds, reminding me of the nursery rhyme. Then el-pudding, for which the eels were cut in pieces of about an inch and cooked with mushrooms if you could get them, was another favourite, and bacon was as good as any.

"Most of the things we eat different from the gois," he said, "is things we can get for nothing—rabbit, blackbirds, and that. And when times are bad—well, you can always have a Joe Gray or a swede smash-up. Joe Gray? That's potatoes and onions done together in a frying-pan, and swede smash-up's the same only with swedes. Then some of the things we drink has to be made because we

haven't got the money to buy tea. You can burn bits of old bread black, then crunch 'em up to powder and boil it with sugar and milk. Like coffee, it is. And rabbit soup—that don't cost anything, because it's only rabbit and onion that you need with a little rice or barley in it. But, of course, another thing that lots of Romanies like is a bit of hotchi-witchi, and you know what that is—hedgehog."

That was, perhaps, the one thing which I, as a green gorgio, had known about gypsies before I met Ted. And with a story in mind about the baking of hedgehog in clay I asked Ted how they were cooked.

"You take his bristles off with a sharp knife, then put a stick down his throat to hold him over the fire and burn him clean. Then you open him up and gut him and cook him either like a rabbit or like a chicken; I mean, you can boil him with potatoes and onions or you can roast him. He's good either way."

In cooking, as in everything else, Ted Scamp was scrupulously, I think religiously, clean in habit. He would never handle food-stuffs without washing or start to prepare food without washing down the table, though he would have wiped it after washing-up the last meal. And our cooking pots were kept scoured and greaseless. He would use any cleansing powder that came to hand, but once when we had none, I watched him polish the inside of a saucepan by rubbing it with earth, then washing, then polishing.

"Don't you never believe a Romani's a dirty nuss," he once said to me, "because you see him running around with old clothes on. On the outside perhaps, but he's clean as a whistle on his skin. Well, you've got to be, living as we do."

And it keeps our health right. There's nothing wrong with the health of a Romani and if there is, some of them know what to do with it. My old mother knew everything. Didn't matter what was wrong with you she'd know where to find a plant to put you right. I don't know the half of them, but I can tell you one or two. Cuts, for instance. She'd take a dockleaf with the spine out of it and put it on, then some bread soaked in hot water, then

another dockleaf and tied it all up tight. It heals the cut quick and clean, that does. Same with a burn, only she'd do that with a cabbage leaf with some mustard powder and another cabbage leaf and keep it on two or three days, and if it wasn't healed then she'd put on a hot bread poultice. And when one of the little babies had its face all sores when its teeth were cutting she made some stuff from fox-glove leaves that cured it instantly.

"The gorgios used to come to my mother for remedies. She had some funny ones, too. I used to say I had diarrhoea as a chavvi because her cure for that was baked cheese, which I liked. And she made me gargle a sore throat with something she made from honeysuckle berries which took it away beautiful. For a headache she'd tie my head up tight with a rag, and ear-ache she cured by holding the mouthpiece of her old pipe in my ear, putting a rag across the aches and blowing it in. You couldn't come to her with anything wrong she couldn't cure."

Ted was talking quite prosaically and added calmly—"Then for warts she'd kill a slug on a hawthorn thorn."

I realised with a jolt that he had passed unconsciously from medicine to magic.

"Why did she do that?" I asked quietly.

"Don't know. That's what she said, anyway. If you was to kill a slug on a hawthorn thorn your warts would go."

I said no more but made a note of this curious piece of superstition. And years afterwards I knew some of the excitement which folklorists must feel when they find that a casual scrap of information which might well have been invented as a leg-pull is confirmed by another. In Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's *Gypsies of England* is this: "A gypsy woman in the New Forest once assured me that the best way to get rid of warts was to catch a big black slug and impale it on a thorn bush; as the slug died the wart would shrivel, and when the slug was dead the wart would fall off."

"But there's another way to get rid of warts," Ted added. "Tie 'em tight with horse-hair, rub 'em with lean beef, and say nothing."



1.—BIGNOR HILL AND THE TALL CHIMNEYS FROM THE END OF THE GARDEN

COKE'S HOUSE, WEST BURTON, SUSSEX—I

THE HOME OF MRS. J. S. COURTAULD

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

The home in the 17th century of a family of small squires, the house was probably built in 1588. A carefully contrived addition and delightful garden have been made since 1929

THE small agricultural community of West Burton is tucked under the Downs, between Bury and Bignor, four miles by twisty lanes from Burton, near Petworth, with which Coke's House again became linked by ownership in recent times. But through most of its history the manor, in spite of its name, has been connected with Bury and Arundel, which latter lies a few miles southwards over the Downs, lower down the Arun that pierces them between Bury and Amberley. In the middle ages both those parishes, including West Burton, were comprised in the great Honour of Arundel, and in Elizabethan times this manor was held on long lease from the lord of Arundel by the last male of the family of Hall—or de Aula as the Latin documents wrote it. His daughter married Richard Cooke, whose descendants for four generations occupied the manor house known equally as Hall Place or Coke's House. The correct spelling of the name of the house should undoubtedly be Cooke, since that was how the family spelt their name,

but apparently local usage has adopted Coke, which I therefore follow for the house in these articles.

This brief historical background to the exquisite little house gives the broad facts, much as does the view from the far end of the garden reproduced in Fig. 1. Both omit its real character, which lies in its atmosphere of remote secrecy, to be felt only by the approach to it by sunken lanes beneath the lovely contours and hangings of the Downs, till round a corner on a hill you come to an old grey stone wall with a door in it overhung by the boughs of a cedar and magnolia and fig tree (Fig. 2). A brick path slopes up the wall, which was raised higher this side of the door than beyond it to prevent people coming down the lane from seeing over it. Beyond the door the fall of the ground allowed the wall to be lower without risk of prying heads overtopping it, while the people within could enjoy the sight of the Downs rolling from Bignor Hill to Duncton and beyond. This evident wish for privacy by the builder has

been supplemented by Nature with the foliage that now tops the wall and hides, except from directly in front, the little pediment with three ball-surmounted finials above the door. How much these trees have grown in forty years I found by comparing the present picture with one taken in 1908 (Fig. 8). The cedar has doubled in size (also a telegraph pole has been erected opposite), while the fig and magnolia, delightful in themselves, combine to make it impossible now to get Downs and doorway in the same picture, besides hiding the doorway's top-knots.

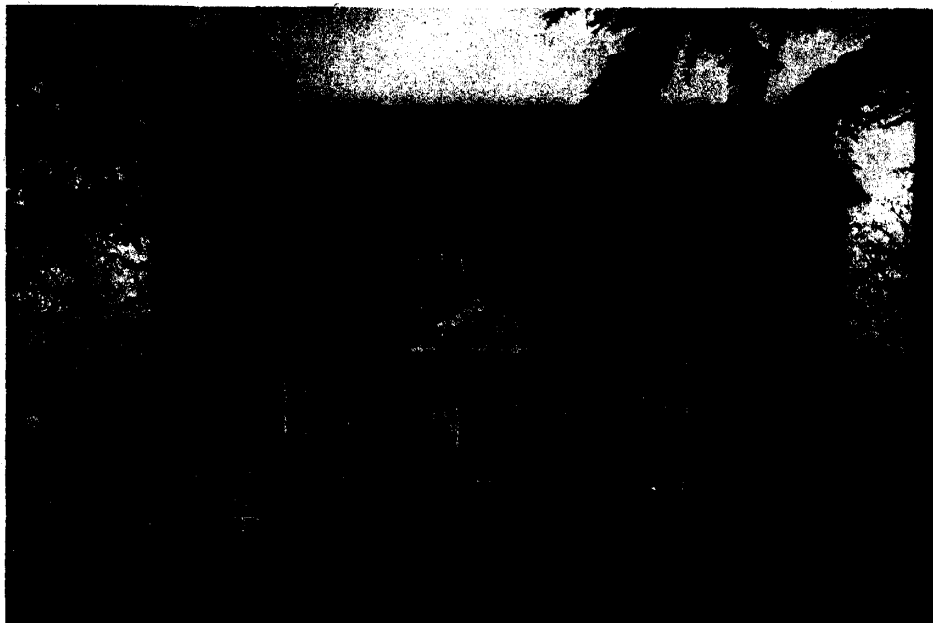
Forty years ago, too, the yard below the house was still used as a farm-yard, containing thatched ricks and a thatched barn the outlines of which were silhouetted against the soft green contours of the Downs. The barn fell into ruin, the ricks have followed the farmer elsewhere, and trees are growing up along the forecourt wall (Fig. 4) that used to run clean and level as a base for the downland scene.

But it is unfair to have an artificially prolonged memory as one passes through the door in the wall into the secret garden that has been brought into being in the interval. The growing up of some of the views is the reverse side of a picture that has become much softer and more delicious with the years, under the care of Mrs. Courtauld and her brother and predecessor here, the late Mr. Wilfrid Holland. Then the little grey house stood rather gauntly at the end of the flagged path from the doorway, with plate glass in the mullioned windows and nothing particular beyond it. Now not only has the garden been extended effectively and appropriately, opening up further great landscapes, but a very sympathetic addition has been made to the house which much improves both the accommodation and the outline of the house as seen from every point of view.

When we come next week to examine the building in closer detail, it will be seen how much and curiously it was pulled about when the Cookes succeeded the Halls, between 1588 and 1663—dates that, with others in between, are recorded on various parts of the structure. Looked at quite cursorily, it will be noticed how oddly the windows are placed and that in most cases they do not fit the drip moulds above them. One would have expected gabled dormers, too, instead of the plain ridge roof which sits a little bleakly across the facade and hides the tall brick chimney-shafts



2.—THE DOOR IN THE WALL



3.—THE WEST FRONT FROM THE DOOR IN THE WALL



4.—THE PORCH AND THE DOWNS



5.—THE EAST SIDE FROM THE BORDER WALK

behind it. Formerly the house ended abruptly with the plain gable in its northern end.

The addition by the late Major J. S. Courtauld, for his brother-in-law, of an extra bay at the back containing a study with a bedroom above it, and another gabled extension

for bathrooms, was made the opportunity for giving character to the north end (Fig. 7) and to the view towards the house from the extension eastwards of the garden (Fig. 5). The original plan is an L., with a short low kitchen wing projecting from the back of the main part, seen towards the left

of Fig. 5. A tall chimney-stack with four brick shafts rises at the junction beside an east gable, on the opposite side of which is a brick chimney-breast with two shafts. Major Courtauld was an architect by training and, in making the addition, carefully followed the handling of what he found. The



6.—STEPS TO THE BORDER WALK.



7.—THE ROSE GARDEN AND NORTH END OF THE HOUSE

new bay projects somewhat farther north than the end of the old house where it is stopped by the new chimney breast with shafts and crowsteps similar to its neighbours and effectively buttresses the gable end of the house (Fig 7). As seen from the herbaceous path (Fig 5) the composition of the three stacks leaves the massive one on the left still dominant and makes a more agreeable combination—4 2 2 in place of 4 2—while the two new gables one barge boarded the other stone-coped marry happily with their bigger neighbour.

The forecourt wall and its doorway were probably built in 1610 when the porch was added to the front by Allan Cooke to provide such a knotted pleasance as Gervase Markham had urged readers of his *New Orchard* in 1618 to include besides fruits and vegetables in the environment of a house since that would be only half good so long as it wants those comely ornaments that should give beauty to all our labours and make much for the honest delight of the owner and his friends. We may imagine some simple box edged parterre on each side of the flagged path in Allan Cooke's days. Now there is lawn more agreeable to modern eyes with the cedar forming a wide cool sitting place in one corner for summer and a mulberry tree diagonally opposite to it near the house (Fig 3). In an old photograph of this view the mulberry is 2 ft high and the little box trees are absent the scene being rather austere whereas now it is soft and textured. To the left of the lawn hedges of evergreens enclose a knotted rose garden (Fig 7). Beyond that and at a slightly higher level hedges of yew box holly and bay enclose a lawn containing clipped yew shapes (Fig 9). Over the hedges the eye can follow the curves of the Downs to Duncton and Teglease or look down on the cedar shaded forecourt. This series of little enclosures reproduces deliciously the character of such a garden as Allan Cooke or Thomas Herrick would have laid out around their modest home.

Returning to the sundial in the rose garden let us follow the glimpse through the hedge that draws the eye past the side of the house. First we find ourselves in another green room this time contained by stone walls that of the house to one side a cherry tree against the rose garden hedge on another and on two sides breast high walls in two stages (Fig 10). The lower stage forms a bench with space behind it for rock plants and precious things hiked through a few free growing rose bushes interspersed while pinks and violas and verbascom varieties are among the plants established at its base. The east side has a flight of steps up to a long mown path between herbaceous borders (Fig 6). The flower masses make an impressive sight in summer looking very high seen thus from their ground level even dwarfing Chanctonbury Ring which swells up on the horizon between them. Up the steps we find that the borders are backed by clipped hedges and pillar roses, and make a foreground for the view of the house already discussed (Fig 5). Beyond the path merges into lawn (Fig 1) with drifts of bulbs and lupins in spring melting into coppice and with the eastward expanse of the Downs beyond from Bury and Amberley to Wolstonbury Hill in the far distance.

It is memorable this contrast, contrived by extending the garden between the secret, aloof enclosed nature of the old house and thus expansive vision over half Sussex in which the character of the house is transformed too.

(To be concluded)



8—THE WAY IN FROM THE LANE FORTY YEARS AGO



9—A GREEN GARDEN ROOM



10—THE WALL GARDEN

CALDY, THE MONKS' ISLE

Written and Illustrated by ALASDAIR ALPIN MacGREGOR



THE ABBEY AND THE VILLAGE, CALDY

CALDY, or *Ynys-y-Pry* as the Celts of old called it, is a low island lying at the western end of Carmarthen Bay, three miles south of Tenby, Pembrokeshire. It measures roughly a mile and a half in length, and has a maximum breadth of about two-thirds of a mile. Nine-tenths of its 500 acres is arable land and pasture. The remaining tenth consists of such broken margins as are surrounded by cliff-tops. These afford rough grazing for the sheep. Though the island lies at no great distance from the Pembrokeshire coast (its western end is but half a mile from Giltar Point, on the Welsh mainland) it is often cut off for considerable periods. In rough weather, Caldy Roads are among the roughest seaways off Wales. In summer Caldy is halcyon, though even then there may be boisterous spells during which it can be neither reached nor quitted.

The entire island belongs to Cistercian monks, who came there in 1929 from Chimay, in Belgium, and, apart from an occasional guest, for whom they may provide hospitality in the guest-house which forms part of the monastery itself, there is no accommodation on Caldy for casual visitors. However, day visitors from Tenby (the monks are careful to avoid the word *trippers*) are permitted to land, so long as they confine themselves to those parts of the island not set aside for the monks' seclusion and meditation, and are willing to pay a landing fee of sixpence. Indeed, all who land, other than the monks or their guests, are asked to confine themselves to Priory Bay, where they disembark, to the village and its shop and post office, lying in the shadow of the monastery itself, and to the road leading from the jetty to the lighthouse, situated on high ground in the south-eastern corner of the island. This route passes close to the Abbey, to the farm-house and its outbuildings, and to the Old Norman Priory and its ancient fishpond, higher up the hill.

There were no bounds to the monks' hospitality. Their liberality, added to the complete freedom I was given, made memorable my stay in their midst. The bedroom allocated to me in the guest-house was large and sunny. Attached to it was a bathroom for my own exclusive use. And, as if all this were not enough, when I retired late the first night, after much strenuous endeavour to obtain photographs, I found on my bedside table a dish piled high with sweetmeats. The young aspirant who had been deputed to attend to my physical requirements so long as I remained under the monks' roof had placed his sweet mission there.

The community, when at full strength, numbers about thirty monks, most of whom are either French or Belgian.

The monks work exceedingly hard. Early and late they are abroad at their tasks and devotions, summoned by the bell in the monastery steeple. Like most agrestic communities, they find double summer time unsuitable. So, you might see them labouring in the fields when, officially, it is midnight, but 11 p.m. with them. Manual work at an hour so late is unusual; but during my stay among them they worked till that hour in anticipation of the arrival from Swansea of the ketch bringing them their annual supply of coal.

The monks, in seeking a life of quietude and contemplation, talk little to one another, even

when working together. In order to make the most of such brief and fragmentary conversation as the rule of silence may allow, one should be fluent in French, since most of them speak English either not at all, or very indifferently. Aware of their silent disposition, I was always hesitant about making myself the least audible in their presence. A nod, or perhaps a whisper in passing, was as much as I felt confident about giving them. Yet I cannot forget the occasion when an unwarranted accession of courage led me to make an embarrassing blunder.

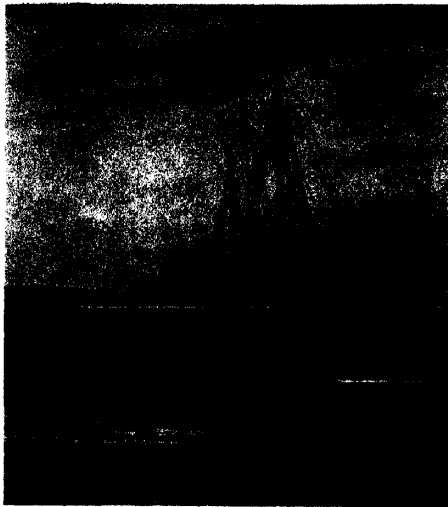
One evening, while supping in the guest-room, which is on the ground floor, I noticed two elderly monks in their working smocks doing something in the shade just outside the window. I looked out to find they were making preparations to stake back a large fig-tree, the branches of which the wind had torn from the south wall. In my best French I asked them whether, in the morning, when the sun might again be on the fig-tree, I might photograph them in their attempt to restore it to its proper position. Before either of them had time to answer or make any sign, there came from an unseen person, at an open window overhead, a very loud *sh*. I stepped back a few feet to find the young aspirant standing there with his forefinger pressed tightly to his pursed lips. As I attempted to slink away from the scene of my importunity, one of the two monks came briskly after me to whisper in muffled French that they were sorry they could give no audible answer to my request that night; but that matters would be simpler for them if I cared to renew it in the morning. On returning to the guest-house, I found my faithful aspirant waiting for me on the stairs, ready to turn on my bath-water, and to take the opportunity this civility afforded of explaining to me that the monks, even when addressed, must not discourse after Compline.

Every dwelling on Caldy has electric light, water and sanitation laid on, thanks to the monks. Lighting is supplied by their own generating plant. Every tenant on the island is a tenant of theirs. During the summer and autumn months the few houses, other than those comprising the village and post office and the farm-house up by the Old Priory, are let by them to tenants who have been coming to Caldy for so many years as to have acquired something of the status of permanent residents.

In springtime, after the daffodils have had their turn, the island is covered in primroses and bluebells. In the front gardens of the cottages forming the village, many beautiful flowers bloom later in the



THE TOWER AND SPIRE OF THE OLD PRIORY CHURCH AS SEEN FROM THE WEST



THE KETCH ENID WHICH DELIVERS COAL TO THE INHABITANTS OF CALDY ISLAND

year. But an aged resident, while diligently watering some rather reluctant green peas at sundown one evening, assured me that many a plant threw too well for her liking. She instanced the forget-me-not. "People would give anything to get it to grow as well elsewhere," she remarked. "Forty years ago, when we lived in London, we did everything to get it to grow, but it wouldn't. Now it's such a nuisance that we're always having to pull it up by the roots and cast it away."

This mention of flowers recalls the morning Brother Thomas (the island's factotum—he who attends to all the monks' external affairs, and is responsible for such water-transport between Caldy and Tenby as is necessary to the life of the community) burst in upon my abstractions to inform me that, "if you really want to see us at what you term our monkish pursuits, hurry down to the cloisters."

Just before High Mass, I followed him through the guest-house to the cloisters, there to find the monks putting the finishing touches to the carpet they had laid with diligent and artistic hands down the centre of each of them. These carpets were composed entirely of chopped herbage of various kinds and colours, and of the shredded petals of flowers then blooming in the monastery garden. As one looked along the cloisters, these carpets resembled textiles intricately woven and richly coloured. Each had its own design and, therefore, its own colours. They were all very beautiful.

Once a year, during the Feast of Corpus Christi, it is customary to have processions in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. At Caldy, on the eighth day of this feast, there is such a procession round the cloisters, which are specially carpeted in this way for the occasion. Brother Thomas's last-minute invitation enabled me to have a hurried glance at these wonderful, if ephemeral, works of art, just before their symmetry was disturbed by the monks' processional sandals.

In contrast with the floral carpeting of the cloisters was the unloading of the coal-boat, which

arrived from Swansea late that same evening, and now lay beached on her flat bottom upon the sands of Priory Bay at no distance from the island's quay. All the monks who are reasonably able-bodied, irrespective of age or of their own particular monastic duties, turn out for this. The discharge of some eighty tons of coal for themselves and for the rest of Caldy's inhabitants is a grim and grimy business, into which everyone enters with resolve, until the last bucketful is tipped into the last cart, by which time the monks resemble a nigger crew.

A gale warning on the day I had arranged to depart suggested to Brother Thomas that, since it looked as though the monks' boat would be unable to cross, I had better avail myself of a passage to Tenby by the coal-boat, the good ketch *Enid*. By this time she had no coal left in her; and the tide was now flowing at a rate which meant that, within a few minutes,

she would be afloat again. The skipper agreed to hold on while I rushed back to the Abbey for my luggage, which I had left in readiness for just such a contingency. From the island's quay a monk ferried me out to the coal-dusty ketch, which was now completely surrounded by water, though not yet quite afloat. I clambered aboard by the blackened ladder, up and down which monks and seamen had been passing continuously since the very early hours. The sooty skipper grabbed my luggage. In a few minutes' time we were moving away from Caldy. With a fresh, easterly breeze on our starboard, we rolled heavily all the way across. The monks' boat could not have ventured on such a sea, the skipper assured me, when docking at Tenby some twenty minutes later.

Then I recalled Brother Thomas's parting words: "I'm so glad you're going," he said, "not because we want to get rid of you, but because you looked so surprised the day I brought you over to Caldy, when I told you how stormy it can be here, and how easily we

are cut off from the mainland. It is doubtful now whether we'll be able to cross again to-day. So, when you do land—if ever you do—look around you and see whether you can recognise anyone who might answer to the name of Drinkie. He will probably be at the quay-side, waiting for us. Give him that note, and see that he cancels the taxi we ordered, for the monks who wanted it won't be able to reach Tenby to-day. Some of them had arranged to spend a day or two at an sisteddof at Llangollen, where the taxi was to convey them."

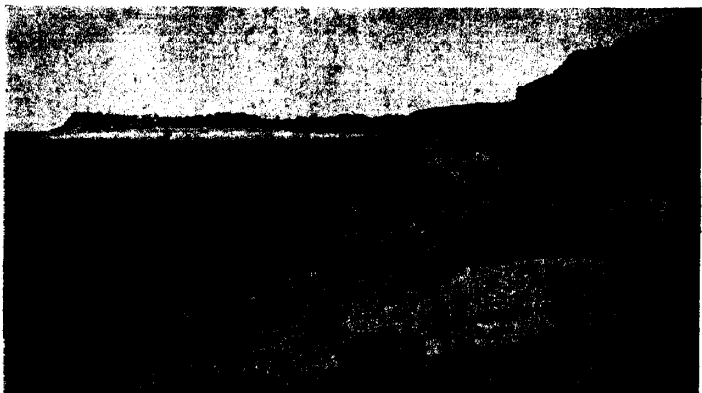
I had no more than located Drinkie, and given him the note, when the Caldy boat, with Brother Thomas at the helm as usual, was sighted in mid-channel. The wind had suddenly dropped: the monks were following us. They would be able to go to Llangollen after all. Ten minutes later, they were climbing out of their boat and into the outside in taxis which Drinkie had requisitioned for them.

"Look as monkish as you can for the fraction of a second!" I said to Brother Thomas, while hurriedly extracting my camera from its case, as he was about to push off for Caldy once more.

"I don't think I could ever look monkish," he laughed in his infectious way. Nevertheless, I released my shutter as he bade me adieu.



BROTHER THOMAS LEAVING TENBY IN THE MONKS' BOAT



PRIORY BAY FROM BELOW THE GULLERY, AT THE NORTH-WEST END OF THE ISLAND

OUR RIDERS' OLYMPIC CHANCES

Written and Illustrated by JOHN BOARD



THE ENDURANCE TEST INCLUDES A STEEPLECHASE OVER THE TWISLEDOWN COURSE

WHATEVER the state of the country may be next August it appears fairly certain that we shall have the privilege of staging the Olympic Games. If it seems improbable that we shall gain any extensive success in the field and track events in two of the three equestrian events our prospects are less bleak, provided that our representatives are given a reasonable chance to prepare for them. These events are the Jumping Competition under the Rules of the *Fédération Equestre Internationale* for the *Coupe des Nations* and the Three Days Test. The remaining event is the *Dressage* Competition for the *Grand Prix* and it is highly improbable that there will be any British entry.

With regard to *dressage* it is good to know that the desirability for increased practice of the art is gradually becoming recognised by the riding public as the result of demonstrations of its benefits by sundry visiting teams during the past summer. I think it is the foreign name (there is no convenient equivalent in English) that has resulted in British horsemen fighting shy of it. *Dressage* is no more than simple equine gymnastics each movement being a perfectly natural one with the object of improving the flexibility, strength, balance and obedience of the horse and the liaison—indeed the one-ness—of horse and rider. Naturally the degree imposed for the Olympic Games demands extreme accuracy which at the moment is beyond British practitioners. Let us hope that by the conclusion of the next Olympiad at least *dressage* will be as common in these islands as it is on the Continent and elsewhere and that we may provide a winning team for the Games of 1952.

Next year to the best of my knowledge at least 17 nations will compete for the equestrian events at the Games—Argentina, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, France, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, the U.S.A., Austria, Canada, Denmark, Eire, Holland, Finland, Hungary and Norway. In addition Sweden, whose team had such a successful tour in this country and in Ireland during last summer, is almost certain to compete and I hear too that entries from Portugal, Chile and Mexico may be expected. That is a very imposing array even without Germany, Poland and Russia. It is significant that with one exception each team is sponsored and financed by its respective Government. That exception is Great Britain. It is possible that this responsibility will be

undertaken eventually but meanwhile the lack of certainty and of encouragement may well be depressing and is in fact handicapping already any team we may put in the field.

I am convinced that potentially we have the men and the horses to win the *Coupe des Nations*. I believe we might well provide a winning team in the Three Days Test. But it must be remembered that magnificent material does not necessarily mean a winning team and that every other nation entered except perhaps poor Austria has been preparing energetically for the last two years for the forthcoming trial.

There is another aspect. The British Isles and especially England have provided the world (especially the Americas) with the next stock of all that is best in bloodstock, cattle, sheep and swine. That stock we constantly renew. We are still able to do so and despite innumerable structures we are in fact doing success in any of the equestrian events—particularly in the Three Days Test—must increase the demand for British and especially English horses.

After a season that was perhaps a trifle disappointing from the international point of view, a British team of Army officers from the B.A.O.R. won the Aga Khan's Cup for jumping at the Dublin Show. At the International Show at the White City I think the

soldiers and their horses were stale from constant competition. A rest for horse and rider in Ireland and subsequent voluntary surrender to a short course of training under Lieut. C. J. Joe Dudgeon, formerly of the Royal Scots Greys and our team completely demolished all opposition on the permanent course of the Society at Ballsbridge. That was indeed a glorious victory and as popular with the Irish crowd (who incidentally sang our National Anthem at the tops of their voices) as it was by the Sassenach supporters of Messrs. Scott, Carr and Nicoll. But the Dublin course is designed admittedly to encourage native horses and native horsemanship and a clear cut victory at Dublin, even over teams representing the world's best, can no more than encourage a higher aspiration in the international series of F.I.F. jumps with the time element constantly present and the courses demanding a maximum of obedience, balance and flexibility from the horses. It is possible that an Army team will compete this winter at the New York and Toronto Shows provided plans are not spoiled by recent structures.

Except for the *Prix des Nations* which will be jumped for at the Wembley Stadium on August 16, the last day of the Games, the equestrian events will take place at Aldershot. The *Dressage* Event on August 9 and 10 in the Command Stadium and the Test from August 11 to 13 over the surrounding countryside. The present intention is to assemble the squad from which our teams will be selected as early as possible at Aldershot. No official announcement on the constitution of our team has been made nor is it likely to be made yet awhile but I expect that three soldiers and three civilians with about twelve horses will be invited to undergo training. These I expect to be Lieut.-Col. Scott with Turban and Lucky Dip, Lieut.-Col. Nicoll with Pepper Pot and Lieutenant Major Carr with Notar. Mr. A. Beard, Mr. F. Butler with Tankard and Lieut.-Col. H. M. Llewellyn with Foxhunter and probably Kilgeddin. The horses will be pooled and they and their riders trained together; the decisions of the captain will be final. This raises a doubt as to the probable mounts of Mr. Beard who is the outstanding civilian rider under F.I.F. rules at the present. I day I hope indeed that an invitation to Lieut.-Col. Dudgeon to train and captain the team will be given and accepted. I have heard him described by an Irishman as 'the best horseman who



THE POND JUMP IS A SEARCHING TEST OF CONTROL

ever came out of Ireland," and, though this is high praise indeed, I am not at all sure it is not justified.

As a method of training, both of horse and rider, I hope that steady and, later, intensive *dressage* will be the order of the day for the first few months and that very little jumping will take place. The essence of the whole matter is balance, obedience and flexibility. All these horses, we know, can jump. But many of them have to be undone and made all over again, and until the head carriage is rendered perfect there is no sense in inviting them to jump. Whatever their pasts may be, there are few that can be described yet as perfectly balanced, but their improvement, last season was quite remarkable. When I see all of them jumping freely (but with "the brakes" working efficiently), without any kind of martingale, I shall feel happier. And I believe this will come about.

The Three-days' Test (*Concours Complet d'Equitation*) is exhaustive and exhausting. For that reason no horse that has not stamina, is not of good conformation and is not perfectly sound and perfectly schooled has an earthly chance. Here again, given the properly conformed, sound and bold type, it is a matter of *dressage*, more *dressage*, and steady, progressive exercise. This is the Test. First day: Elementary *dressage* test of about the degree of the *Prix Caprilli*, demanding not too accurate a performance, provided that correction is made effectively. Second day: Endurance test. The courses are laid out over the Aldershot terrain, which is "international" in character and by no means representative of natural English hunting country, thus being eminently fair to all competitors. The test includes a steeplechase, though not a race, over the Twissdown Course of 2 miles 305 yards and about a dozen jumps, a cross-country ride of 4 miles 1,704 yards, with about 30 obstacles of all kinds and, finally, a ride along roads and footpaths of about 13 miles. There are time allowances for each section, the exceeding of which is only penal-



THE THREE-DAYS' TEST IS EXHAUSTIVE AND EXHAUSTING

ised, as are falls, faults and refusals. The obstacles for the cross-country ride are all natural and extremely varied, including, as of obligation, the Pond Jump, which is a searching test of control, since the horse must jump into

a pond and get out again. The time allowance for each section is a fair one and does not demand any "turning on of the heat," but the horse and rider who can complete the course faultless are superior beings.

On the third day each competitor must jump a course of 12 obstacles in the Command Stadium, not of themselves formidable, since the maximum height is 1.20 metres and the time allowance 400 metres a minute. But this is a test of soundness and suppleness after the most grueling test of the day before.

Offers of suitable horses have already been made by various owners. It is, I think, clear, that no member of the jumping team could be a member of the Test team without minimising the chance of his side (since every part is of itself a searching examination) and *vice versa*. This seems to me to be a job for the Army and it is to be hoped that sanction will be given for men and horses to be made available. There is plenty of material available in the B.A.O.R. and at home. But once more the question of expense roars its ugly head. At a pinch, the British Show Jumping Association might be able to finance the civilian elements of the jumping team. But, apart from the National Horse Association, there seems to be nobody who could assume this responsibility towards our Test team. And, with respect, I think this is the greater event of the two.

I know that we can win both the *Coupe des Nations* and the Three-days' Test. I know, equally, that we shall not do so unless we have shortly assembled the best riders and horses in the country and forthwith put them into strict training under a captain whose word is law. Obviously this cannot be done without official support and financial help. That success is eminently desirable I hope I have made clear. The fatal detriment is delay. The time is already very short.

It is to be hoped that a final decision will soon be made and that the scheme will be implemented.

MUSINGS AT MID-SURREY

ONLY a day or two after these words appear in print we shall be getting news from America of how our professionals have done in the Ryder Cup match at Portland, Oregon. So anything that I can write about their farewell party at Mid-Surrey when they met a team of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society may then seem a little late for the fair. Still, it was such a pleasant and friendly and interesting day that I must say something of it. The reader will know the result already, that the professionals gave a start of two up in each match and won the four-somes by four to one and the singles by five to three with two matches halved. I had hoped—perhaps it was wishful thinking—that the amateurs would win the four-somes, but they did at least well enough for reasonable honour; they did some really excellent things, such as the unbeatable brilliant golf of their captain, Cyril Tolley, and Robert Sweeney in the four-somes and Crawley's fine win against Daly in the singles. There was a number of close matches, and a start of two holes can mean, with horrible rapidity against a professional playing his best game; nor is it easy to retrieve. In short, it was a capital day's golf.

...

The course was admirable; I cannot imagine the greens—and they have a high reputation—looking better, and I want to pay tribute to one hole in particular, the first. I have always thought and said that the fifth hole at Worlington was the hardest short hole of my acquaintance, but I begin to think it must yield to this first hole at the Old Deer Park. To be sure, it is some 220 yards in length, which is long for a one-shot hole, but still it must come into that category, and many of the distinguished persons were taking iron clubs to it.

I walked out with the first couple after lunch, intending to follow them, but became so fascinated by the difficulties of this one hole that I waited there till all the couples had played it. So I can furnish a little bit of statistics to uphold its claim. Two out of the ten amateurs put their tee shots on the green, Lucas and Duncan. One professional, Henry Cotton, was only about a foot short of it and took his putter for his second, so perhaps we can pass him. One more professional, Max Faulkner, finished on the green, but in a truly fortunate manner. His tee shot was decidedly hooked, and the ball appeared to pitch in a bunker on the left. In fact, I suppose it hit the bank; at any rate it had an astonishing kick at an acute angle and finished miraculously enough on the green. Allowing that shot to pass, only four out of the twenty players reached the green—pretty good testimony to the exceeding narrowness of the hole.

...

The opening to the green is really very narrow indeed, and bunkers abound on every side. It is a great contrast to the old hole as I used to play it in my Mid-Surrey days, when there was a cross-bunker in front of the green, and we hit a nice safe little drive and then a comfortable little pitch and got our quite respectable four, or at least we ought to have got it. It is really a tremendous hole now, and the only pity is that it must needs come first in the round. It would make a perfect sixteenth or seventeenth. It does make a magnificent and terrifying nineteenth, but ordinary, peaceful citizens do not often proceed to such extremities.

One very interesting feature of the match was that it was played with the slightly larger American ball, with which the Ryder Cup

match will, of course, be played. I suppose the professionals had already practised a little with this ball, and one or two of the amateurs knew something about it, notably Leonard Crawley, who had used it in America last winter, and had lately renewed his acquaintance by going round Rye with it under 70. To most of the Society side, however, it was quite new.

As a looker-on, I found it impossible to form an opinion on the matter. I am, however, asked some of the players their opinion. As far as length was concerned they seemed to agree that there was really nothing in it—a matter of a few yards at most. That opinion applied to a still day, and it was a pity that there was only the very lightest air of wind. I imagine that there is no doubt that against a wind the American ball does go very perceptibly less far than our own. Further, it would have been interesting to see how far it was affected by a cross wind. It seemed to me that the ball was slightly more vulnerable to a slice, because I saw more shots than I expected die away into right-hand bunkers; at least, I thought I did, but I would never generalise on such brief and imperfect observation.

...

The ball seemed to take plenty of bite when it pitched on the green, and Leonard Crawley assures me that it is a very pleasant and comfortable ball to make sit down upon the green. Certainly I saw one shot of him sit down all too well, and that at a crucial moment in the four-somes. It was a really superb pitch played up to the 17th green from the left where he had very little room to come and go on. His ball pitched on to the plateau and seemed certain to lie dead, but it set down with such a hearty good will, fairly digging its toes into the turf, that it left his partner, with a putt of six or seven feet;

the putt was just missed, the hole just not halved, and in the end the match just lost.

As to the putting, I could form no views of my own, but one or two people told me they thought the ball demanded a more definite tap. That was the word they used, and I remember to have thought and written that the American Walker Cup players this summer had a tapping method of putting.

Perhaps there may be some connection between these two views, just, perhaps, it is only imagination. It is so easy to be fanciful. I am very suspicious of my own fancies and rather so of other people's.

One opinion which I heard expressed and

do not think at all fanciful is that the American ball, because of its slightly larger size, is easier to hit from any lie that is at all "tight." I cannot doubt that this is so, and if only the ordinary everyday player would appreciate the truth of it he might not be so vehemently opposed to any change in the ball as he is. He is, with all respect to him, a bad player with a brassy, which is in fact an extremely difficult club to play well with. One has only to walk in and any course to see that this is so, and that the number of shots hit clean and true with a brassy is small indeed compared with those that are half-topped or smothered, or scuffed or sliced.

However, this is a truth that the ordinary player is reluctant to acknowledge; he does sometimes admit it so far as to take his spoon, but this necessity he attributes not to his own disabilities but to the unjust badness of his lie. I am sure that if he had a ball that looked readier to be hit through the green he would hit it perceptibly better, but he will take a great deal of convincing.

I once said something like this before, and had a long and polite letter from a player of medium handicap saying that my experience of brassy play must be quite exceptional. But I, too, shall require a great deal of convincing that I am wrong.

CORRESPONDENCE



ENGRAVINGS FROM THE FIRST DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S LA METHODE NOUVELLE ET INVENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE DE DRESSER LES CHEVAUX (1688), SHOWING HIM DEMONSTRATING THE CORRECT SEAT ON THE "GREAT HORSE" AND (right) PERFORMING HAUTE ECOLE EXERCISES. (Below) SINGLE-REIN CURB BITS OF THE 17th CENTURY, FROM "THE SAME WORK"

(See letter: Horsemanship in Stuart Times)

ARE HORNETS MORE NUMEROUS?

From the Duke of Bedford.

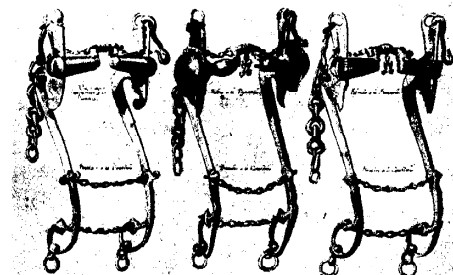
SIR,—I wonder if an increase in hornets has been noticed in many localities. Until about three years ago an English hornet was, as far as I was concerned, an almost mythical insect and I had never seen one. About 1946 I heard of a nest in this district; in 1945 two queens entered my study. This year, not long ago, I saw a large number just outside my garden, and a single one about two miles away on the same day.—*Herford, Cromwell, Woburn, Blechley, Buckinghamshire.*

[We have had reports from elsewhere of an increase in the number of hornets.—Ed.]

AUTUMN WASPS

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of October 17 you published a letter from me commenting on the scarcity of wasps this year. Within a few hours of posting that letter I saw more wasps in a short period than I had seen during the whole of the season; they were swarming round a young ash in the garden, and remained there throughout most of the afternoon. Within a day or two, moreover, I noticed more of them coming to my fruit-juice traps, and on local allotments many scores were drowning ceaselessly around long rows of runner beans. Which only goes to show once again that, though wasps may be very scarce during the summer, they often turn up in abundance in autumn.—*PETER MICHAEL, 56, Cranmore Lane, Alderhot, Hampshire.*

[Though wasps appeared in greater numbers at the end of September and the beginning of October, it certainly seems, taking the country as a whole, to have been a remarkably wasp-free year. So far we have not heard of any satisfactory explanation of this shortage. It can hardly have been



due to lack of queens, for they were numerous in the spring.—Ed.]

RIGHTS OF WAY

SIR,—May I add two notes to the letter about "hidden" rights of way in your issue of October 10?

1. The symbol used on Ordnance Survey maps to denote a footpath is very similar to that used to denote a parish boundary.

2. It is clearly stated on O.S. maps that "the representation on this map of a road, track or footpath is no evidence of the existence of a right of way."

Trespassers on agricultural land, leaving gates open, breaking fences, trampling on crops, etc., are a serious nuisance. Farmers should therefore welcome the clear definition of public rights of way, provided it is accompanied by a strengthening of the law

so as to make the notice "Trespassers will be prosecuted" a reality instead of an empty threat.—*A. G. How, Devon*

BRITISH-GROWN MAIZE YIELDS

SIR,—Appropos of your correspondence earlier this year about the growing of maize in this country; my experience in the recent hot, dry summer may be of interest.

On May 20 I planted out 100 young plants which had been sown in boxes in a cold frame in the last week of April. The land was fairly light and well manured. The plants were 18 inches apart in the rows, and the rows themselves were 2 feet apart. On the same date I sowed seeds for 100 more plants; and, as the seed seemed poor, I sowed them in groups of three. Even so, some transplanting was necessary, as well as thinning.

During their first month the plants were watered three or four times and had one good rain. After that they had no attention except hoeing and only two light showers of rain fell. The first 100 became ripe perhaps ten days before the others and produced a slightly heavier yield, but the difference was small.

The whole crop was harvested in the middle of September and yielded 58 lb. or just over 4 oz. per plant. The grain was in splendid condition, but I imagine that the yield was light. Perhaps Cincinnati could tell us. It worked out just over 2 tons per acre.—*K. G. Ridd, Cambridge*

[Cincinnati gives his opinion that on a commercial farm scale a yield of 2 tons to the acre is good. The average is nearer 1½ tons, but some of the new maize hybrids, so far grown only on a small scale, yield up to 3 tons to the acre. Ed.]

HORSEMANSHIP IN STUART TIMES

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested to see the enclosed photographs of engravings illustrating my copy of one of the most noted early works on horsemanship—*La Methode Nouvelle et Invention Extraordinaire de Dresser les Chevaux*, published by William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, in 1688.

Newcastle, who possessed large estates at Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, and Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire, was a renowned horseman and was riding-master to King Charles II. He was an ardent Royalist, but on being defeated by Cromwell at Marston Moor was compelled to take refuge on the Continent. Until the Restoration his exile in straitened circumstances at Antwerp, and it was here that, in spite of his penury, he raised a stable of eight Barbary horses, of which he perfected a very thorough

and scientific method of breaking and schooling.

As a result of his experiences he published in Antwerp the most notable work on horsemanship the world has yet seen. Further editions appeared in 1667 (an English translation), 1677, 1737, and 1740.

The *Méthode et Invention*, dedicated to Charles II, is, apart from its other merits, a beautiful production, and a superb example of the craftsmanship of contemporary printers and binders.

The Duke's methods were based on sound, logical principles and humane treatment—something of a novelty in 17th-century horsemanship. The first photograph shows him demonstrating the correct seat on the "great horse," which it is interesting to compare with the correct seat of to-day. The second portrays him performing the following *haute école* exercises: (*top, left*) courbette for right turn, (*top, right*) courbette for left turn, and (*bottom, left and right*) left pass. The bits illustrated in the other photograph were the type normally employed on the contemporary "great horse." Although of the curb variety, they were used with only a single rein, as can be seen in the first photograph.—J. M. B. Chad, Somerset.

AN OLD HARVEST CUSTOM

STR.—I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of a corn nek made from the last field of wheat grown in the parish of Martinhoe, North Devon, in 1916, and now preserved in the church there. Each year a nek composed of three platts representing earth, air and water was made from the first swathe of corn taken on the farm. Immediately it had been made harvest work proceeded with full speed for that day. In the evening a man would hold aloft the nek and a ring would be formed round him. He would then burst through and head for the farm-house, and everyone, including persons hidden from his view, would try to throw water on the nek as he ran.

On the degree of their success depended the success of the harvest: if water touched the nek, the harvest generally would be either poor or difficult to gather; if the nek reached the farm-house dry, both harvest and conditions for work would prove excellent.—W. J. NEWMAN, The Rectory, Martinhoe, North Devon.

LINK WITH THE BLACK DEATH

SIR.—The enclosed photographs depict Dode Church, a tiny Norman shrine situated at the end of a lane at Buckland, near Luddesdon, Kent. I understand that its owner, Miss I. Arnold, is reopening negotiations (which were interrupted by the war) with an American religious order to

restore the church for the benefit of wayfarers. They propose to build a house of rest adjoining and to hold services in the church again.

This little church is one of the ecclesiastical mysteries of Britain, for no services have been held in it for close on 600 years—since 1349, when the Black Death wiped out its congregation. It is of Norman origin (as will clearly be seen from its architecture) and is in quite good condition, having been restored by Miss Arnold's father in 1905. It still has the beaten earth floor of the medieval church. Its upkeep is provided from the rent of two fields adjoining and admittance to it can be gained by obtaining the key at an adjacent cottage.—P. H. LOVELL, 28, Albany Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

A CONVERSATION PIECE PROBLEM

SIR.—Even when every allowance has been made for the relatively static character of fashions in the first half of the 18th century (and really they were so static as Mr. John Harvey assumes in his letter of October 10), the costumes in the conversation piece illustrated by Mr. Clifford Smith in



A CORN NEK OF 1916 PRESERVED IN A DEVON CHURCH

See letter: An Old Harvest Custom

your issue of September 12 can by no means be made to pass for 1728—or for 1729 either, the year of Samuel Molyneux's decease.

Datable pictures afford by far the safest guide; and the man's wig, coat and waistcoat, and the bodice of the lady facing the spectator in the



WILLIAM FERGUSON, OF RAITH, AND HIS FRIENDS, A CONVERSATION PIECE BY ZOFFANY: circa 1790

See letter: Pictures of Windsor Chairs

Kew Gardens group can be paralleled in many pictures painted in the 40s, e.g. in the two Devis groups that you published in your issue for September 19.

It may be said with confidence that no such parallels can be found in portrait groups dating circa 1725. Sitters with outsize tastes in costumes sometimes deliberately elected to be behind the times, but they cannot be credited with—foreseeing the future and anticipating fashions that had not yet been introduced.—RALPH EDWARDS, Suffolk House, Chiswick Mall, W.4.

PICTURES OF WINDSOR CHAIRS

SIR.—In your issue of October 10 Mr. J. P. U. Ward draws attention to the Windsor chairs in the conversation piece by Arthur (not Anthony) Devis, of about 1750, showing three persons seated on the bank of the Thames at Kew, which I illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of September 12. He describes the painting as an uncommonly early record of Windsor chairs in England and remarks that he cannot otherwise recall any earlier graphic record. I know of none earlier and should be

interested to learn whether any of your readers can cite one.

Both of the chairs there depicted have plain "stick" legs, widely splayed and without stretchers (like the three-legged tables of country make known as cricket tables), and the lack of one chair is strengthened by a single rod resting on a ledge protruding from behind the seat. A chair with a back of similar construction is to be seen in the accompanying conversation piece by Zoffany, of some forty years later, but here the legs are turned and moulded and joined by stretchers, in present-day fashion.

The painting, formerly the property of the late Viscount Novar, shows William Ferguson, his ancestor, celebrating with his friends, under a giant oak tree, his succession to the family estates in Raith. The chair with a rounded back on which he is seated is likewise of Windsor pattern. Upon the table in front of him are tall wine glasses, and the brass-bound wine-cooler at his side is filled with bottles. At the edge of the group Zoffany has introduced a portrait of himself, seated cross-legged, his hand upon the back of his host's arm-chair.

I should be glad to ascertain the present whereabouts of the picture and of the wine-cooler, which in Lord Novar's day was still preserved at Raith. Also, whether the giant oak in the park is still pointed out to visitors as that under which William Ferguson and his friends forthrightly on that pleasant summer afternoon over a hundred and fifty years ago.—H. CUSACKO SMITH, 25, Campden Grove, W.8.

PROGRESS ON THE RAILWAYS

SIR.—In his recent article on Mr. John Cobb's establishment of a new world's land speed record, for which I share his great admiration, Mr. J. Eason Gibson says that "very slight advances have been made by railway locomotives since Stephenson first started the countryside." The following examples of locomotive performance will, I think, show that progress by railway locomotives has been far from slight.

(1) On February 20, 1804, Richard Trevithick wrote about his locomotive which he was testing at Penydarren, "we have not tried to draw more than 10 tons at a time."

(2) Two Prussian engineers visited the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1827 and reported on the working of Stephenson's Locomotion and its sister engines, saying: "... When the rails are wet such a locomotive draws 16 wagons, ... when dry 20 wagons, each holding one chaldron (35 cwt) of coal. This gives a load (1) 16-20 empty wagons 320-400 cwt. (2) 16-20 chaldrons of coal 840-1090 cwt. Total



DODE CHURCH, BUCKLAND, KENT, AND A DETAIL OF THE NORMAN DOORWAY

See letter: Link with the Black Death.

1168-1460 cwt. or 73 tons. On the average its speed is 5 miles per hour.

(9) At the Rainhill Trials in 1829 Stephenson's *Rochet*, with a load of 9 tons 10 cwt. reached a maximum speed of 29¼ miles an hour.

To turn to modern times:—

(1) In November, 1897, the L.M.S. ran a trial train drawn by Sir William Stanier's 4-6-2 locomotive No. 6201, *Princess Elizabeth*, with 8 coaches weighing 180 tons over the 401¼ miles from Ruxton to Glasgow in 353 mins. 38 secs., non-stop—an average speed of 68.1 miles per hour.

(2) Locomotive No. 6100 of the Pennsylvania Railway of America drew a train of 16 Pullman cars weighing 1,198 English tons for 275.8 miles at an average of 66 m.p.h. and reached a maximum speed of 101 m.p.h.

(3) A 2-6-4 locomotive of the Norfolk and Western Railroad of the U.S.A. has drawn a 4,800-ton train up a gradient of 1 in 200 at 25 m.p.h., and has maintained 64 m.p.h. on the level with a load of 7,500 tons.

One could multiply these examples almost without end, and though it is obvious that, as a railway is not perfectly straight and is built to do a certain type of work, its locomotives cannot make attempts on the world's land speed record, the advances made in speed and traction have, I think you will agree, been immense.—J. L. WHITWORTH, *Melville, Dean Row, Wilmshurst, Cheshire.*

A LECTERN AS WAR MEMORIAL

SIR,—You may care to see a photograph of the War Memorial unveiled last week at the King Edward VI Grammar School at Louth, Lincolnshire. It takes the form of a lectern made of English oak with the names of the fallen carved in panels, one on either side. In the front is a fine achievement of the Royal arms carved out of solid root oak and emblazoned. The lectern was designed by Mr. S. Phillips Dale, F.R.S.B.A., and made and carved by Mr. H. H. Mahall, of Blackheath, Colchester. I think you will agree that this is a grand example of fine craftsmanship in wood.—D. P. ESSEX.



THE WAR MEMORIAL AT LOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LINCOLNSHIRE

See letter: A Lectern as War Memorial



A TUSSELE BETWEEN TWO OF THE CHILLINGHAM HERD OF WHITE CATTLE: THE CHALLENGE AND (right) THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

See letter: White Cattle in Condam

WHITE CATTLE IN CONTEMPT

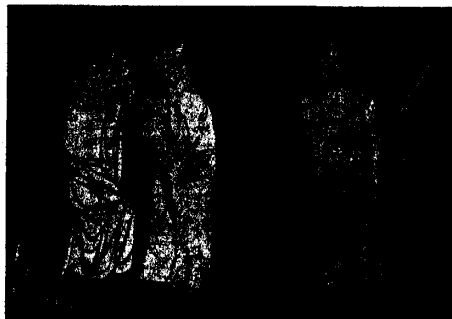
SIR,—Apropos of your recent correspondence about wild white cattle, I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of a tussele between two of the herd of white cattle at Chillingham Park, Northumberland. I understand from the keeper



trict, I am indebted to Mr. Winston Churchill's work, *The Malahad Field Force*, for refreshing my memory.—S. N. CARTER, *Aberarder, Inverness-shire.*

A MEDIEVAL PAINTING

SIR,—In your issue of October 17 mention was made of Sutton Bingham, the Somerset village from which the



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN AT SUTTON BINGHAM

See letter: A Medieval Painting

that they depict the head of the herd in conflict with a younger bull.—VOLGER TANGUISH, Todd (Miss), *Bognor Regis, Sussex.*

NORTH-WEST FRONTIER ACTION

SIR,—With reference to Sir Ralph Griffiths' interesting article, *A North-West Frontier Shoot*, in your issue of October 10, surely the date given for the action at Landikai (1907) is incorrect.

"The Gate of Swat" was forced by Brigadier-General Meiklejohn's brigade on August 17, 1897, and it was during the impetuous pursuit by the cavalry that Captain Palmer (Guides) and Lieut. Groves (Lancashire Fusiliers), acting as war correspondent for *The Times of India*, became involved in a situation that resulted in the wounding of the former and the death of the latter.

A gallant, and partly successful, attempt at rescue by Lord Fitzcarrine (correspondent for *The Times*), Lieut. Colonel Adams and Lieut. Maclean (both Guides), although involving the death of the latter and the wounding of the Colonel, resulted in the rescue of Captain Palmer. The recovery of the bodies of the two dead officers, and the eventual award of the V.C. to Lord Fitzcarrine and Colonel Adams.

Sir Hindon Blood, in his official dispatch, referred to the incident as "an unfortunate contretemps," apart from which "The Gate" would have been forced at the cost of seven native ranks wounded.

As well as having an intimate knowledge of *The Malahad* and dis-

Binghams of Pingham's Melcombe case. This village, which lies close to the Dorset border, has a small and little-known church, originally Norman, consisting only of nave and chancel. On the north wall of the chancel there is a well-preserved painting, illustrated in the accompanying photograph, which may interest your readers. It is either of the late 13th or of the early 14th century and represents the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.—A. WILLIAMS, 11, Belle Vue Road, Weymouth, Dorset.

NUTS OF UNITY AND DISCORD

SIR,—While on a trip with my students to the forest country of Ceylon recently, I found the jungle nightjar, which lay their salmon-pink eggs on the open ground, breeding in several places. And once, when we flushed one of these birds close to our feet, we found that she had been sitting on a couple of nuts of the areca palm in addition to her two eggs. As we began to wonder at this curious phenomenon, a villager who was passing by gave us the explanation.

It appears that, when a villager finds a nightjar brooding, he introduces into the clutch, two areca nuts.

After he has gone, the returning bird draws one of the areca nuts near its eggs, and pushes away the other. The next day, the man returns to the spot and picks up the areca nuts, after taking careful note of the respective positions in which they were placed by the bird.

When the accepted areca nut is sliced and served with betel and lime in the conventional manner, it either deepens one's fellowship with a friend, or brings about unity between two people who have been separated through some misunderstanding. But when the discarded areca nut is sliced and served in the same way, it brings about enmity between friends.

Though we had no time (and were in no mood) to test this superstition, our informant was of the opinion that there was some truth in it.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, *Batthaloo, Ceylon.*

CHELSEA DERBY STATUETTES

SIR, In your issue of September 26 you illustrated a Chelsea Derby statuette of the poet Milton, and mentioned a Shakespeare companion-piece. The posture of the Milton with its scroll closely resembles the Abbey monument to Shakespeare, designed by William Kent and executed by Scheemakers and bearing an inscription from *The Tempest*.

It would be interesting to discover whether the Shakespeare statuette was modelled upon the statue, and whether an original model of Milton, by the same sculptor, is still in existence.—RONALD F. NEWMAN, 135, Grand Avenue, Suburban, Surrey.

[The earliest Derby porcelain statuette of Shakespeare and Milton date from a period before the amalgamation of the factory with that of Chelsea under the management of William Duesbury. The figure of Shakespeare was undoubtedly based on the statue by Scheemakers in Westminster Abbey. Hitherto no prototype for the companion figure of Milton appears to have been identified, and there is every probability that it is an original composition of the anonymous Derby modeller, inspired by the Shakespeare statue and designed expressly to be a pendant to it.—ED.]

A STATION FOR CANINE RESEARCH


SIR,—With reference to the excellent Leading Article *Healthy Liveness*, in your issue of October 17, it may

(Continued on page 891)



A NIGHTJAR'S EGGS IN CEYLON, WITH ARECA NUTS PLACED BESIDE THEM BY A SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGER

See letter: Nuts of Unity and Discord



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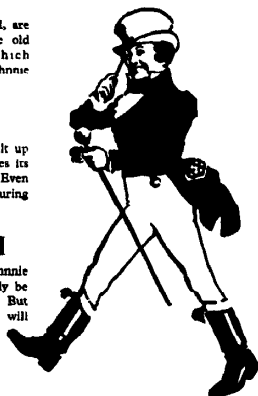
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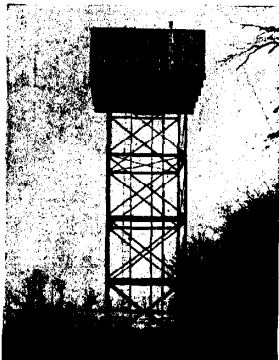


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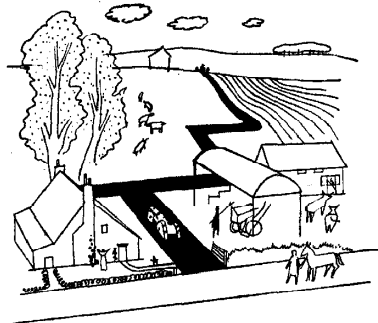
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interest your readers to know that the National Greyhound Racing Society has for a long time realised the necessity for further knowledge about the problems not only of greyhounds, but also of dogs in general. To this end the Society has given the sum of £10,000 to the Veterinary Educational Trust to start a Canine Research Station, and has promised a further £80,000 over the next six years.

The canine section is to be established adjoining the V.E.T.'s Equine Station at Lancing, Sussex, Newmarket, under the direction of Mr. S. F. J. Hodgman, M.R.C.V.S., honorary veterinary surgeon to the Kennel Club, who will have under him a picked staff of about fifteen research workers. Preliminary research will be

conducted into the problems of greyhounds and puppies, but the results will be open to veterinary surgeons and dog lovers all over the world in the interests of the whole canine race.

It is also hoped that the medical profession will materially benefit, since experience has proved that there is a close affinity between the physiology of human beings and that of dogs. *U. A. TILLEY, The National Greyhound Racing Society of Great Britain, Ltd., Jersey Street, S.W.1.*

AN ADVENTUROUS MOLE

Sir,—While in the yard recently I heard a strange sound coming from a small drain and looking there saw a mole clinging to the underside of the cover. Since the outlet to this

drain is nearly 75 yards away in a paddock, the animal's adoption of a man-made tunnel struck me as most unusual.

There is no sign on the lawn under which the drain passes of any workings, though a mole is creating havoc in the kitchen garden.—*R. B. WRIGHT, The Fields, Southam, near Rugby, Warwickshire.*

BAKING IMPLEMENTS

Sir,—Wooden spoon-shaped implements of the kind mentioned in letters from Mr. Gray and Mr. Dale in your issue of September 19 and October 10 were used commonly in country districts 50 or 60 years ago for moving loaves in the old brick ovens heated by the burning of bundles of brushwood. I saw many

in France during the 1914-18 war. Tins for loaves did not appear to be used except in town bakeries.

When I came to this house two years ago I found a large brick oven of this type together with a wooden paddle-like implement. It is 5 ft. 4 in. long and the handle is bevelled at the end to a thin edge.

I have heard it called a baker's bap, and I should like to know whether this is its correct name.—*R. P. CHAMBERLAIN, Hill House, Great Yeldham, Essex.*

The implement to which our correspondent refers is a baker's peel and was used, like the spoon-shaped implement he mentions, for moving loaves in old-fashioned ovens. Bap is the name given in Scotland to a small loaf or roll of bread.—*[Ed.]*

MOTOR NOTES

LAYING UP THE CAR

By J. EASON GIBSON

FAILING a last-minute modification of the petrol restrictions, a large number of motorists will shortly be laying up their cars, and a review of the best methods of ensuring that the lay-up car does not suffer as little as possible may consequently be helpful.

It is best to observe the suggested procedure after a reasonably lengthy run, which will ensure that both the engine oil and the cooling water are at their normal working temperatures. If this is not possible, the engine should be run long enough to ensure an approximation to these conditions. All water and/or anti-freeze mixture must first be drained from the radiator and the cylinder block, by opening the taps provided at the base of the radiator and on the cylinder block. Should the coolant still contain the correct proportion of anti-freeze, it may be stored for use when the time use of the King's Highway is again permitted.

While the engine is still warm, the oil should be drained from the sump, which should then be refilled with flushing oil, or very thin engine oil. The engine should next be turned as fast as possible by the handle, to ensure that the lubrication system is completely flushed. On no account should paraffin be used. The sump should next be drained, and refilled to the correct level with the usual grade of oil. The engine should then be run for a few minutes to permit the oil to circulate throughout it. This will also help to reduce any tendency of the cooling passages to rust. One should remember, of course, that the radiator has been drained, and the engine should therefore be run only long enough to reach working temperature. This should be judged not by the radiator thermometer, but by feeling the cylinder block, which should be no hotter than can be borne with the naked hand.

The sparking plugs should now be removed and about an eggful of engine oil poured into each cylinder, after which the sparking plugs should be replaced. With a rag soaked in paraffin clean the engine down thoroughly, and go over it again with a dry rag, taking particular care that the ignition lead, and all rubber connections are quite dry and free from oil.

The battery should be removed from the car and fully charged, and after the case has been carefully dried should be stored in a cool, dry place. It should be borne in mind, however, that a battery should never be exposed to extremes of temperature—under 40° F., or over 80° F. The high part of the lead should be well smeared with vaseline to prevent corrosion. A refreshing charge should be given every four to six weeks—a simple matter for a motorist with a trickle-charger in his garage. When these periodic charges are given, the level of electrolyte should be checked, and if need be topped up with clean distilled water.

Next wash the car and have it well polished with a good-quality wax polish, which will help to preserve the cellulose. The carpets will require brushing or vacuum cleaning, and it is worth while to sponge them well with a weak solution of ammonia and water. Cloth upholstery should be similarly treated, but should the

upholstery be leather it is best to wash it down with soapy water. All plated parts are best protected by smearing with grease or vaseline. Before covering the car with a dust sheet spray some anti-rust powder well into all corners of the internal trimmings and over the taxidining. The car should now be jacked up to take the strain off the tyre walk, and this is best done



JOHN COBB BESIDE HIS NAPIER-ENGINE RAILTON AFTER HIS RECORD-BREAKING RUN

by placing blocks of wood or bricks under both axles. Small stones or flints embedded in the tyre pattern should be extracted, and any traces of oil or tar removed. The petrol tank can now be drained, as otherwise the evaporating fuel will leave a gummy deposit which might easily clog the fuel pipes, pump, or filter.

At weekly intervals the engine should be turned over by hand to ensure piston freedom, and it is best to leave it at rest in a slightly different position each time. This can be judged conveniently by the position of the starting handle. Finally, make certain that the car is still properly insured, at least for fire and theft.

To the technical information I gave in my article, *394 Miles an Hour*, I can now add some details of the personal problems that faced John Cobb when he recently raised the world's land speed record to 394.197 m.p.h. These details were provided by Cobb himself on his return from his successful visit to the U.S.A.

On earlier record-breaking cars it was necessary for the driver to accelerate with great care, to avoid ruining the fragile tyres before the measured distance was even entered. Cobb says that on his Railton, owing to the reduction in weight and the use of four-wheel drive, which spreads the strain, it is possible, once the car is under way, to drive as one would on a normal racing car and to open out fully and up to maximum speed on each gear. During the accelerative run into the measured distance it is necessary to carry out two gear changes, second gear being engaged at 100 m.p.h., and top gear at 250 m.p.h. The time occupied in gear-changing can be safely estimated as at least two seconds, but during these two seconds, on the change into top gear, the car will have travelled over 120 yards. During a momentary glance at the instruments, while one was travelling at the maximum speed touched on the record runs—420 m.p.h.—the car would have covered over 400 yards.

Owing to the difficulty experienced in steering a perfectly straight course, which is largely due to the lack of land-marks, a wide black line is painted down the centre of the driver, since even minute deviations from the direct line would add unwanted fractions of a second to the time. While the ordinary motorist with little experience of high speeds is doubtless impressed, in fact aghast, at the thought of travelling at 400 m.p.h., some drivers with racing experience have expressed the view that 400 m.p.h. is a completely enclosed cockpit on the featureless expanse of the salt flats probably feels less unerving than about 150 m.p.h. at Brooklands, where the close proximity of solid-looking landmarks certainly increases the impression of speed. John Cobb assures me that, on the contrary, the effect on the driver is terrific. As the speed rose towards the 400 mark he had the feeling that the entire world was rushing at him. The mountains surrounding the salt bed, although over 15 miles away, appeared to grow and grow with the alarming speed of a cinematographic trick shot, and, even as he was looking at them, they were a mile away on the thin black line, it ran and rushed under the car.

A proper appreciation of the implications of the car's speed is not the least of the problems facing the driver. At racing speeds that can be described as reasonable (say at 150 m.p.h.) one is convinced that should an emergency arise one will be able to meet it, whereas at 400 m.p.h. it is perfectly clear that should things go wrong—well, that will be that.

Although John Cobb received every assistance from his suppliers, it seems wrong that he should have been compelled to dip so deeply into his private pocket to achieve such a success which must have added to our prestige abroad. One is reminded of that shameful page in the history of our technical progress, when the winning of the Schneider Trophy was made possible only by the public spirit and generosity of Lady Houston. On the other hand, it may be preferable that such achievements should be carried out by private enterprise alone.



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NEW BOOKS

RUSSIA AND WORLD GOVERNMENT

Reviews by **HOWARD SPRING**

WHEN reading Mr. Julien Cornell's *New World Primer* (Falcon Press, 15s.), I made a note: "What about Russia?" and several times after that note had been made it recurred to my mind: "Where does Russia come in?" "Would Russia consent?" It was not until almost the last page of the last chapter that the author himself faced the question written over everything he has to say, and he does it with these words: "There is no doubt that Russia, clinging to the idea that the great powers must retain the right of veto—that is, the right of unimpaired sovereignty—would reject a world government." As the book is a plea for world government, it seemed to

which many are thinking now. Those lines are not international, but supranational; the main idea being that just as, in the United States, each state maintains its autonomy in domestic matters while the Federal authority handles those things which are the concern of all, so in the affairs of nations the time has come when a national autonomy and a world government are not irreconcilable—are, indeed, necessary to our preservation.

So far so good. The step proposed seems so sensible, so inevitable, that the fact of its not being taken is deeply significant. Is it mere stupidity and pightheadedness, or is there something deeper? What, for

NEW WORLD PRIMER. By Julien Cornell (Falcon Press, 15s.)

BLESSINGTON, D'ORSAY; A MASQUERADE. By Michael Sadleir (Constable, 10s.)

I DO WHAT I LIKE. By W. A. Darlington (Macdonald, 15s.)

me that the author had given insufficient thought and space to the grit in the wheels, and especially to this considerable pebble. The Russians, after all, control, I believe, about a sixth of the world's surface, without taking into account the nations deeply affected by Russian thinking.

ADVANTAGES OF UNIVERSAL CITIZENSHIP

Therefore, one finds it, to say the least, inadequate that in all this book there are only fifteen lines about the probable Russian attitude. Mr. Cornell says, as casually as if he were brushing a fly off his coat: "Suppose the other nations should decide to undertake it. The economic advantages of free trade, common currency, universal citizenship and others which would ensure to the benefit of members of the organisation, would be so considerable that no nation, even Russia, could afford to remain aloof. All nations would have to join, as the consequences of keeping out would be disastrous." I wonder.

I write as one who is convinced that world government is spiritually desirable and economically inevitable if mankind is to remain on the earth in a condition of civilisation. But I feel that Mr. Cornell, in stating the points which commend his ideas both to our commonsense and to our virtue, has failed to recognise, much less to grapple with, the points which make the matter difficult.

The scheme of the book is simple and in many ways admirable. First it sets out to show—and does show—in a series of short chapters that all the forms of international co-operation, organisation, and what not thus far devised have proved (and will continue to prove) inadequate to prevent war.

It then considers William Penn's scheme for a Parliament of Europe and Kant's *Essay on Perpetual Peace*, to show us that men in the past have thought on lines similar to those on

example, causes war? On page 15, Mr. Cornell—who is a young Quaker lawyer of New York) says flatly: "War arises not from the greedy or evil desires of backward peoples, but from the inadequacies of the social structure." In other words, the causes of war are purely economic. Yet on page 38 he says that France and England tried vainly "to appease the insatiable appetite of Hitler for power and conquest." Does such an appetite come within the economic definition? Is it something we can leave out of account?

THE PROBLEM OF ECONOMICS

Even more deeply implanted in the heart of our present dilemma is this. Assuming that economics is all that we have to deal with, and that when we have arranged our economic affairs war will disappear, we are confronted by the startling question: "What brand of economics? The economics of capitalism, which are one thing, or the economics of Communism, which are quite another?" You can't, in the contemporary world, just say "economics" as though that word meant the same thing the world over. The very essence of our *impasse* is that it doesn't.

As I have said, Mr. Cornell rides out of this difficulty with the remark: "Well, if Russia won't come in, let the rest of us get together. She will then find the consequences of keeping out disastrous." Maybe, though for so vast an imperialism it is doubtful. She could happily survive at least as long as an isolationist America; and, assuming that at last she *did* come in, there remains the question: Into what economic system?

I sincerely commend Mr. Cornell's book to everyone who is seeking a way out of the world's disastrous dead-end. If I raise a few points of difficulty, it is not because I am the "Mr. Cynic" whom he challenges to find a more

excellent way, but because I am so heartily with him on his road that I don't want to walk it blindfold.

THE D'ORSAY LEGEND

The firm of Constable has republished Mr. Michael Sadleir's *Blessington d'Orsay: A Masquerade* (10s.), which was first published in 1933 and now comes to us revised and enlarged. Before I say anything about the book, let me add a small contribution, from an angle utterly unexpected, to the d'Orsay legend. I need hardly say that Alfred d'Orsay was a most handsome man and a beautifully dressed one. He died in 1852, and rather more than forty years later I was a small boy growing up in the sort of society that certainly had no association with him or with Lady Blessington. Yet in our back street, if a youngster appeared looking a bit more stylish than the rest of us, he was greeted by a yell: "Yah! Dorsey!" (That is how it was pronounced: to rhyme with horse.) A forelock plastered down with water, which was our idea of an elegant coiffure, was called a "dorse." These words had gone clean out of my mind till I was reading Mr. Sadleir's book, but I have no doubt that, through some odd and indecipherable channels of association, they reach back to "the exquisite youth" who is one of the three protagonists of this "masquerade."

Mr. Sadleir has chosen the perfect word to describe his book. Lord Blessington, Sally Pount who became his wife, and Alfred Count d'Orsay, the associate first of the two and then of the widowed Sally, are too bright and iridescent, bubbles which bounce from the earth when they touch it or burst and are done with, to sustain more than an almost illusory role in the affairs of the common world. The woman is the most solid of the three: it was she who knew real suffering and real labour, being as it were the almost substantial water-spray that must be perpetually in motion to sustain the bright dancing of the others.

Their story is too well known, and Mr. Sadleir's rendering of it too justly celebrated, for anything to be necessary now save to say that here is this new version, and that those not already acquainted with the story will find it, paradoxically, fascinating in its lack of depth, a perfect rendering in prose of a funeral march of marionettes.

DRAMATIC CRITIC'S LIFE STORY

To some, Mr. W. A. Darlington is known as a dramatic critic who ranges with ease amid masterpieces. To many he is known as the author of a novel and a play called *Alf's Button*, which have no association with masterpieces. But a man's own book and play, I suppose, occupy a large and perhaps over-emphasised place in his own imagination, especially when they have rolled the shekels brightly in. We could, I feel, have done with a good deal less about *Alf's Button* in Mr. Darlington's autobiography, *I Do What I Like* (Blackwood, 15s.). The book is "the story of how one man came to get the job he wanted, and what it was like to do that job." From the beginning Mr. Darlington wanted to write about the theatre, and he was one of the lucky ones to whom the world grants the privilege of earning their livings by doing what they like.

He takes us through his childhood days in Wales; where his father was a government inspector of education, to Shrewsbury and Cambridge, to his experiences in World War I, and thence to *Alf's Button* and a critic's

job. It all made, I thought, rather flat reading.

There is one charming moment, when Mr. Darlington, an undergraduate, meets "Q," who has just become Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. "He gave me practical advice, not as professor to pupil but as one professional writer to another of less experience." There was a conversation about how to make money out of writing. Mr. Darlington hoping for encouragement as a writer of musical comedy lyrics. "A 'very restricted market,' he said dryly. 'No—write verses to amuse yourself if you like, but make up your mind that prose is going to earn you your keep.'"

JOURNEYS OF THE HEART

IT is good to have Mr. Siegfried J. Sassoon's *Collected Poems* (Faber, 10s. 6d.); best of all for those who are his contemporaries or near-contemporaries, and who can therefore remember the first impact of many of the poems—the exciting discovery, in newspaper or booklet, of poems as they came hot from the poet's heart—scorchingly hot, as in *Base Details* and the rest of those early war poems, passionately mellow with beauty, as

WEATHER

THE roar of the wind as it stitches, stitches

*The coarse brown earth into crooked rows
With a million needles of silver rain
Comes, suddenly in, and swiftly goes,
And the volume of wind and water grows,
Then dies with the turn of the weather-vane.*

EVELYN CRAIG RUSBY.

in Everyone suddenly burst out singing:
a new music then, not a famous
anthology piece. But whether the
poems are early or late ones, whether
read by young or old, there is no mis-
taking that this poet has the one thing
common to all true poets, the capacity
to feel more deeply than others. It is
this, and this alone, that can make
language incandescent, as it grows
incandescent here. Truth and beauty
are the claimants for that incan-
descence:

In me the tiger sniffs the rose.

But the rose is never injured by
the tiger:

A flower has opened in my heart...

*What flower is this, what flower of
spring.*

What simple, secret thing?

If that flower is not poetry, we ask (yes,
even of posterity!), then what is it?

Mr. Andrew Young's brief poems,
as illustrated afresh in *The Green Man*
(Cape, 3s. 6d.), are large enough to
hold delight. How perfect, for example,
is *By the Fems*, in which the poet
studies his reflection in the stream,
seeing it as it was in youth except that
his hair:

*Now sits a little foam in the
smooth bay.*

The delicacy, the originality, of that
touch occurs again and again, as well
as wonderful phrases for aspects of
nature closely observed.

The Singing Farmer, by L. A. S.
Jerome (Blackell, 12s. 6d.), is not
only a loving and scholarly transla-
tion of Virgil's *Georgics*; it is also
a tribute to the author's son "and
all his friends who died with him in
the second world war somewhere in the
Pacific." and a memorial to the
author's own fortune, his determined
concentration on this above the
battle, during more than three years
of internment in Singapore. There are
notes, glossary, maps to the book.
There is also an excellent edition
of the strength that is in the spirit of man.

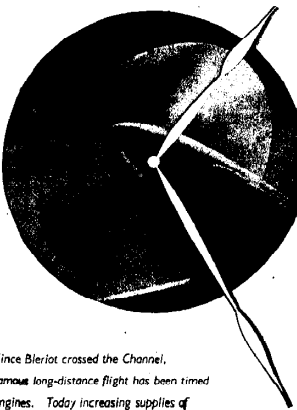
War-time years spent in India
have resulted in *Indian Landscapes*, by
S. N. Curzon (Routledge, 5s.). I think
the best of the poems is *At Agri*. But
there are outstanding lines in others
that give promise for the author's
future work.

V. H. F.



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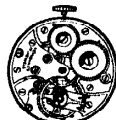
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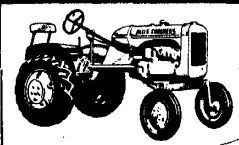
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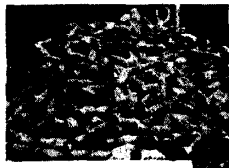
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REVENUE
NOVEMBER 30

FARMING NOTES

HOUSES FOR FARM WORKERS

MR. TOM WILLIAMS has devised a roundabout way of providing more houses for farm workers. Instead of giving straight-forward priority to the building of cottages by private enterprise, he has preferred to "foot it at the behest of Mr. Abernethy Bevan, to put the onus on the rural district councils, who are to be asked to earmark some of their new houses, when they are finished, to new farm workers coming into the districts where more men are wanted. The agricultural committees will tell the local farmers the names of potential newcomers, who would then be able to submit their names as applicants for tenancy of one of the new houses. Obviously this procedure is intended to obviate the creation of cottages tied to particular farms and occupied on service tenancies. In practice it means that the farmer who needs an extra man will have to employ the nominee of the Ministry of Agriculture, who, as likely as not, will be a novice fresh from the Services or a man thrown out of employment in urban industry. The newcomer may or may not like farming as a day-to-day job. If he and the farmer who first employs him part company, his services will presumably be offered to another local farmer; but if he proves a misfit altogether and takes work outside agriculture, will he be required to give up his house? If not, this priority for farm workers' houses may mean little in practice. If so, is not Mr. Williams perpetuating the tied cottage, despite all this manoeuvring?

Better Milking Methods

WITH becoming modesty, Professor W. E. Petersen, one of America's leading authorities on milking technique, who is now here on a lecture tour as the guest of *The Farmers Weekly*, says: "All I can tell you is solidly founded on the good practice of many generations of British farmers. The basic rules are: 'Treat the cow kindly, milk her fast and milk her dry, and finally feed her with proper and regular rations.' All this sounds elementary enough, but Professor Petersen, with the aid of a striking film showing how milk is produced in the cow's udder, succeeds in bringing fresh light to the dairy farmer's daily problems. He found a warm welcome last week at the gathering organised by the Royal Agricultural Society, when the president, Sir Archibald Weigall, and such leading lights as Lord De La Warr, Dr. John Hammond, Sir Thomas Baxter, and Mr. R. S. Hudson came to hear and see what America can show us.

Farm Buildings

CONGRATULATIONS to *The Farmer and Stockbreeder* on the book, *New Ideas on Farm Buildings*, which brings together the wisdom and ingenuity of those who entered a competition which the paper recently ran. Many of us who have to use old buildings, admirable for their purpose when they were constructed 50 to 100 years ago, are looking round for ways of adapting them for more economical working in these days, when the minimum farm wage is 10s. a week. This book, which costs 30s., should fire some really to tackle the job now and put to the test the promise of priority for farm building work.

A Call to Industrialists

MR. JAMES TURNER, the president of the National Farmers' Union, who is a big man and he can talk in a big way. At the Bradford Conference of the Association of Agriculture, Mr. Turner told the industrialists of Yorkshire that the trade prospects of

this country depend largely upon our resources of basic wheat replacing, as far as possible, the resources of money which we lost in winning the war. Then he asked the industrialists to come round the table to dovelat on trade policy, for all the diverse resources at our command. They would find a surprising volume of trade in the co-ordinated development of food production throughout the world. So far as British agriculture is concerned, Mr. Turner thinks that for the foreseeable future there will be a demand for all we can produce. But how economically and advantageously the demand is met depends on the supply of agricultural equipment. If urban industry can expand the production of such equipment quickly now, Britain will be able to earn foreign currency as readily by this line as any other and, into the bargain, we shall have the advantage of farm equipment produced economically by large-scale methods.

Farmers of the World

PARIS is to be the meeting-place for the International Federation of Agricultural Producers next year, when the annual general meeting will be held there from May 19 to 28 at the invitation of the French Federation of Agriculture. I.F.A.P. is the farmers' counterpart to F.A.O. The Food and Agriculture Organisation is part of the United Nations Organisation, and it has a vitally important part to play in keeping the Governments of the world up to their undertakings in food policy. A director for I.F.A.P. has just been appointed. He is Mr. Andrew Cairns, at present the secretary of the International Wheat Council. A Canadian of Scottish birth, Mr. Cairns studied agriculture in Canadian and American universities, and he has already had a wide experience of international organisations during his service with the Ministry of Food and F.A.O.

Feeding Straw

MOST of us have some bright straw that should tempt cattle to eat it in the winter. I never remember seeing the sheaves at harvest festival so glowing golden and looking so appetising. The digestibility of straw can be helped considerably by feeding some molasses with it, and I am glad to see that provision has been made again for the issue of molasses coupons by the agricultural executive committees. The allocation is intended mainly for fattening cattle, but those who have not much other fodder than straw for their dairy cows and young stock will also be able to get some. I am told that distribution may be held up unless farmers return straight away any empty molasses drums that they may have; 12s. 6d. is paid for the 5½ cwt. drums and 7s. 6d. for the 3 cwt. drums.

Ploughing Postponed

UNTIL the third week in October the ground was still as hard as iron where the stubbles have not been broken immediately after harvest and on some farms no more first ploughing could be done. Nor would the plough penetrate into a ley on the clay which I have not mind to bring into crop for next harvest. It seems doubtful now whether this field can be tackled in time to make a good job of sowing wheat this autumn. Obviously, it is a field that should grow wheat, but not oats, and there may be a chance to get it into spring wheat in February or March. I fancy that the acreage at autumn sowing, which the December 4 returns will show must fall far short of the extra 500,000 acres we have been asked to grow. CINCINNATUS.

ESTATE MARKET

TRAFALGAR ESTATE TO BE SOLD

VISCOUNT TRAFALGAR, writing to COUNTRY LIFE, says: "Now that the Government have finally decided not to purchase Trafalgar House for a Naval establishment, this historic house, the home of the Nelson family since the famous Battle of Trafalgar and one of the most beautiful country houses in England, will be coming on the market next spring.

The original Trafalgar property, purchased in the year 1806 for £80,000, extends to about 1,500 acres, but the estate now includes an additional 2,000 acres of land adjoining, so that the whole covers approximately 3,500 acres, all of which will be sold. In addition, many of the Nelson relics in the possession of the family may be offered for sale, as well as a number of pictures and certain furniture.

"The estate, five miles from Salisbury in the Avon Valley and within easy reach ofournemouth and Southampton, possesses a wealth of magnificent timber and affords some of the best pheasant and partridge shooting in the south of England. The water meadows bordering the Avon are unsurpassed for snipe, mallard, teal and other wild-fowl. There are about three and a half miles of fishing in the Christchurch Avon, trout up to 8 lb. having been taken."

The agents in the impending sale of the real property are Messrs. Hooley and Wills, who say that the date of any sale has not yet been fixed.

AN ANCIENT SURREY MANOR

BRAYBOUEFMANOR, near Guildford, Surrey, has a history that can be traced for nearly 900 years. Part of the records consists of law reports, for the lord of the manor tried to establish a bridge over the Wey and the owner of church land at Shalford successfully objected, his real motive being to retain a virtual monopoly of ferry rights. The traffic was worth competing for, on account of the great concourse of pleasure-seekers and traders to Shalford and other fairs. Opposite the gates of Brayboeuf are the ruins of St. Catherine's Chapel. In 1914 the late Lieut.-Colonel J. A. C. Younger bought the property of 74 acres, which is now for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Crowe, Bates and Weekes. Residentially the house has been modernised. It is Tudor and part dates from 1100. The house contains a lot of old oak panelling, beamed ceilings and ornamental fireplaces, the date on one mantelpiece being 1586.

OLD ENGLISH GATEHOUSE

BOLEBROKE, between East Grinstead and Tunbridge Wells, a freehold of 388 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Charles J. Parris and St. John Smith and Son. The ownership of the estate is recorded throughout centuries. The third Duke of Dorset bought it in 1790. The house was renovated in 1913. The old English gatehouse is the architectural and antiquarian feature of the property. The buyer has to pay £855 for fixtures and fittings and £3,320 for the growing timber. The title to most of the estate is rooted in conveyances by the Earls De La Warr and others, in 1911 and 1924.

Major C. F. Randolph's executors have, through Messrs. James Harris and Son, sold Kitchcock House and 1,182 acres at Botley, seven miles from Southampton, including five large farms and 488 acres of woodland, for £23,800. There were to have been 27 lots, but the estate was sold as a whole.

80 YORKSHIRE FARMS SOLD

ALL the Silesden estate, in the West of Yorkshire, has been disposed of. The 5,885 acres were until recently held by Lord Hothfield. The final realisation, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., was by order of Mr. T. Place. Much of the property has been dealt with in private treaty, including sales for over £130,000 to tenants at a special conference. Black Pits grouse moor, 1,800 acres, realised £14,000 at the closing auction, when over £51,000 was obtained for the last of the many lots.

COLLEGE'S LAND PURCHASE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, Cambridge, represented by Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons), has been sold Fen land, Micklewaite Farm, 300 acres, with house and buildings, at Whittlesey, Cambridgeshire, and, for trustees, through the same agency, a square mile farm at Upwell has also been purchased.

Oaklands Park, a Georgian mansion and 178 acres, at Sedlescombe, near Battle, Sussex, has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, on behalf of Captain Harvey Combe.

Lord Monson has sold four lots of Barton Hall estate, Lincoln, to the Corporation of that City. Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons), acting for him, has sold most of the rest of the estate, including 1,100 acres of farms for £27,000, and 552 acres by private treaty.

Captain Philip Dunne has sold all but one farm on the Birchier estate, of 724 acres, near Leominster, Herefordshire, to Brigadier and the Hon. Mrs. Copland Griffith, of Bodenhams. The auction will not be held. The agents concerned were Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Messrs. Morris, Barker and Poole, Mr. B. M. Lowe and Messrs. Alwene V. Daborn and Son.

The late Sir Blundell Maple's trustees intend to sell Englestone, 28 acres, at Ascot. At one time the house was held by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts; Lieut.-Colonel Sir Archibald Weirall lives there at present. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Barton, Wyatt and Bowen will hold the auction on November 28. Shipton Court, Oxfordshire, 478 acres, having been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, the latter firm has just resold part of the estate for a total of £15,500.

ADVISABILITY OF EXPERT ADVICE

IT cannot be too strongly emphasised that, except for farmers of considerable experience and sound judgment of local conditions, a country owner would be buyers to obtain the best local expert advice before bidding for farms in districts with which perhaps they are unacquainted. Two recent valuations by eminent experts illustrate this point. In one instance the report was to the effect that the land was not clean, the fences and trees were all dilapidated like the buildings, and the farm-house really needed rebuilding. In the other, agricultural value was secondary to residential, and the price seemed reasonable. But the expert's report was that the orchard was full of worn-out trees, the house anything but pleasing externally or comfortable inside, and that in the summer the property might appear tolerably worth having, but that in the winter the prospective purchaser would wish himself back in a town, for the private approach lane from the main road would then be a quagmire.

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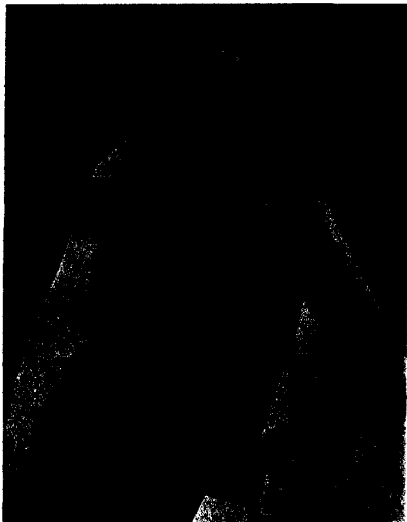
CARDIGANS AND SWEATERS

THERE are more sweaters and cardigans, more styles and colours, plenty of Utility and exquisite hand-knitted sweaters, but the classic twin-set is still elusive and often under the counter. In fine cashmere or wool they remain one of the most important exports of the dress trade to the U.S.A., so that quotas are necessarily small for the home market. They retain that perfection of quality and simplicity of line which has given them this important status. Most of them keep to the simple round-necked style that has become a classic; it is the shoulders where the greatest change has taken place. Padding has been eliminated in many instances so that the jackets of this winter with their narrow shoulders devoid of padding can be slipped on easily. A "bound" edge has replaced the ribbed webbing on some of the necklines, and most of the cardigans and sweaters are waist-length, as the longer hip-length ones look dowdy over the mid-calf skirt which is bringing a shorter jacket in its wake. Colours are changing; the pastels have been replaced by "blurred" indeterminate tones of olive green, purple mauve, or golden beige, or by deep intense greens, blues and reds.

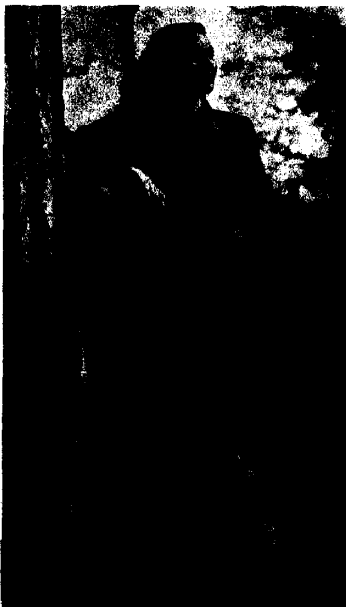
Hand-knitted sweaters and cardigans are in the shops in immense variety. They are designed in all manner of fancy stitches, often elaborately combined together in the way of an Irish fisherman's sweater. Fair Isle's tend to have the pattern massed at the neckline and on the wrist with the ground in natural colour. Some sweaters in fine wool and plain colours are knitted to look as much like tailored blouses as possible. Angora jackets, unobtainable for years, have appeared again. They button down the front from the throat; so they can be worn either as a sweater or a cardigan and are knitted in a plain ribbed stitch and in bright colours.

The nicest and warmest looking waistcoats are to be had at Lillywhites in Icelandic patterned thick wool material, either checked brown, white and nigger tweed, or in dog-tooth tweed. They are fun to wear with slacks or under a tweed suit at race meetings in the coldest weather. The straight ribbed yoke is a feature of several of their jerseys and is very becoming. Necks are high and simple. In one soft pale blue jersey, the high shawl collar buttons closely and gives it a very snug look. It has a tiny ribbed pocket as the only trimming and the whole jersey is ribbed. A very good plain, straight little wool pullover with a round high neckline and no sleeves is perfect to wear over long-sleeved shirts in the finest possible wool.

(Continued on page 898)



Cardigan and sweater in the finest wool with closely fitted waistline by Pringle. A small quota available at Benthalls



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At Fortnum and Mason the plain wool sweaters are zipped down the back and fit as closely as the paper on the wall. Some have three-quarter sleeves which are a change, and the shoulders are left unpadded.

All manner of novelties are being shown as well. Twin sets with a motif woven in on the shoulders of the cardigan and round the neck of the sweaters are shown by Dorville and look very effective. The patterns are geometric or floral, diamonds or a spray of formal flowers and leaves. The jumpers are knitted in various narrow ribbed stitches, fresh looking with a pleated skirt for country wear. There is also a Dorville cardigan in a wide rib with a band of moss-stitch running down the front to take the buttons and button-holes and a turn-down collar in moss, a chic design for wearing with tweeds.

SWEATERS with raglan sleeves are featured, carrying out the sloping shoulder theme of this winter's fashions, and hand-knitted sweaters often have a seam running over the shoulders, and the sleeves are knitted in one with the fronts and backs. A small pocket on the chest is the only decoration permitted.

Lillywhites show smooth, fine cashmere gloves and fringed scarves in stripes that are a mixture of clear pastel colours, and an amusing idea for a double glove. This, the warmest in the world, has a scarlet knitted glove enclosed in a white lambskin mitt, lined with the curly side of the skin, with a zip that opens all round the fingertips. There are some stocking caps in a woven fabric with a long tassel at one end and a band of three or four pastel finishing off the other to pull over the hair. Thick hand-knitted yellow stockings are



Utility sports jacket by Janger

shown by Matilda Etches with her long full-backed green tweed coat. Hand-knitted pillboxes are in fashion in thick knobby patterns and worn well back on the head matched by hand-knitted gloves in bright colours and thick wool. Ankle socks have elastic woven in the tops and are mostly in plain colours and neat ribbed patterns. With sweaters becoming more fancy, accessories fade out and make the background of plain colour. Similarly tweeds for the spring are in neat patterns and in mixtures of neutral colours.

A new shop for woollen fabrics has just been opened by Charles Creed, and, as Mr Creed is a real connoisseur of fabrics and has access to many specialised sources in the North, the collection is outstanding. A coating tweed, soft, thick and fleecy, checked in a design of four large squares, one black, one sky blue, and the remaining two diagonal blue and black, would make a delightful coat or housecoat. Smart women are buying enough for a travelling rug as well, as the design has the right proportions and is soft as a thistle-down. A suit in slate blue has a sheen on the surface and would make a good spring suit. It is about the right time to begin thinking about one, as tailors take months to make. A faced cloth in black is superb; so is a black dress fabric. And there is a trend in one of those combinations of fabric stripes in tones of brown and natural that Mr. Creed always features in his own collection of tailor-mades. This particular one has inch stripes of herring-bone alongside pin stripes in solid brown and then a feather-stitch stripe in brown. Dice checks and diagonals keep to inconspicuous mixed brown and grey tones which are being bought everywhere for spring tweed suits.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



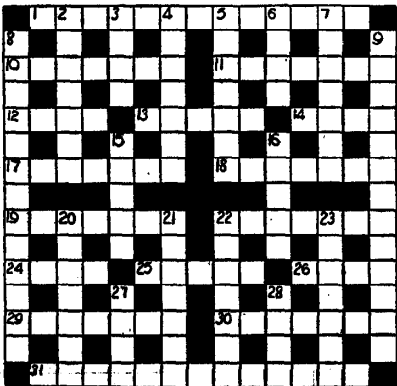
For
Morning
Freshness



CROSSWORD No. 925

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 925, COUNTRY LIFE, 216, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2" not later than the first post on Thursday, November 6, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 924. The winner of this Crossword, the chess of which appeared in the issue of October 24, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Standing room; 8, Unlocks; 9, Cubical; 11, Winsome; 12, Shippon; 13, Rome; 14, Spaghetti; 15, Bad health; 19, Sling; 21, Unleash; 23, Operant; 24, Delator; 25, Etching; 26, Rhododendron.
DOWN.—1, Splints; 2, Anchors; 3, Dispersal; 4, Neck; 5, Rubbish; 6, Outpost; 7, Outward bound; 10, Landing stage; 15, Ashmolean; 17, Dullish; 18, Exacted; 19, Spencer; 20, Italian; 22, Harp.

ACROSS

- Poetical contrasted with philosophical justification (5, 2, 6)
- They were not often made so clear (7)
- Ranjit to become a guardian (7)
- 12 and 13. Trial light? (4, 5)
- The lane comes to a standstill (7)
- With a churchyard expression? (4)
- Rents (7)
- This instrument might almost hold sherry (7)
- Does this town have to spoil the takings? (7)
- Artist in the clutches of a sailor in the White Horse (4)
- 25 and 26. "A — was leaving the port of Bombay"
- "Bound for old Biggity's shore" (9)
- Italian composer (7)
- He will have his outings to consider before long (7)
- No pale heroine, she! (8, 5)

DOWN

- It offers waves of opposition (4, 3)
- Edinburgh's royal measure (4)
- Respectful of bones (7)
- Throws out (7)
- To the speaker she is often sainted (4)
- These are beyond the pale (7)
- The more they get licked the better they stick (7, 6)
- His timber pier (anagr.) (7, 6)
- 15 and 16. County town and county (10)
- Wherein the 31 shows takes the ring (7)
- King's Cross and Charing Cross (7)
- Heather-hiking or hitching? (7)
- Change has made even the proudest become this (7)
- Is fast and has back-again, too (4)
- The Capote kind of face (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 923 is
The Hon. Mrs. Angus Campbell,
Doddington Cottage,
Nantwich,
Cheshire.

For the loveliest *nylons*...



always look for the name **WORLEY**

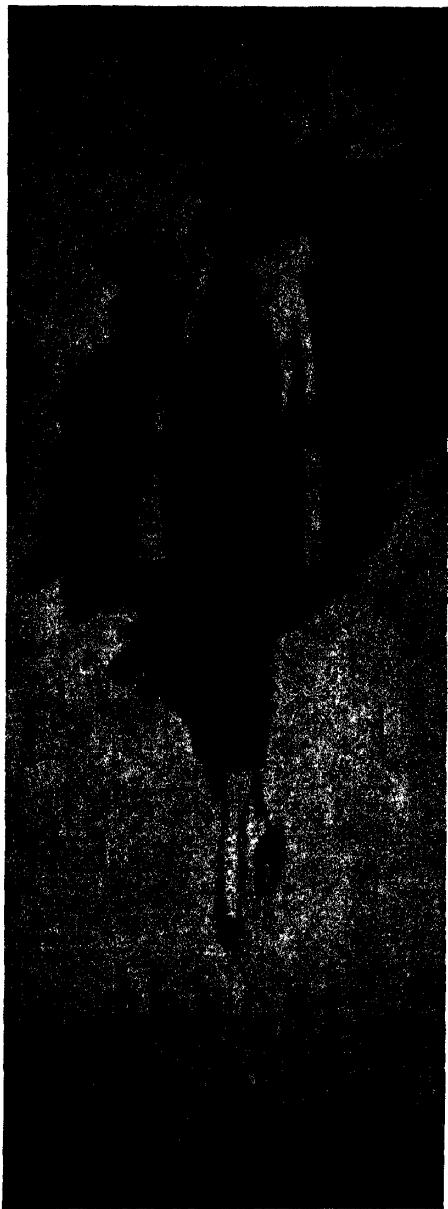


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